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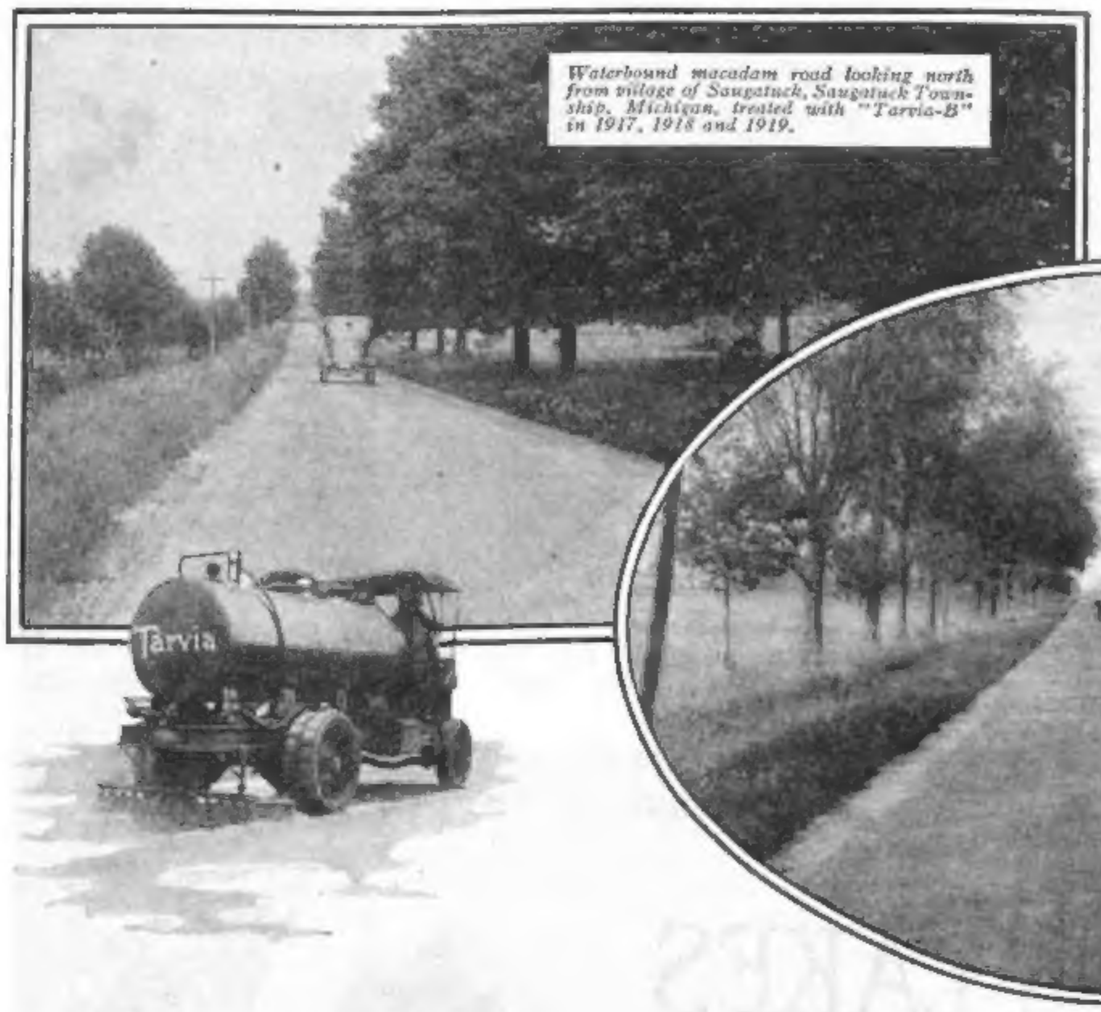

Waterbound macadam road looking north from village of Saugatuck, Saugatuck Township, Michigan, treated with "Tarvia-B" in 1917, 1918 and 1919.

West Michigan Pike, near village of Douglas, Saugatuck Township, Mich. Waterbound macadam treated with "Tarvia-B" in 1917, 1918 and 1919.

Photograph in oval: Waterbound macadam road near South Haven, Van Buren County, Mich., patched with "Tarvia-KP" and then treated with "Tarvia-B" in 1918 and 1919.

West Michigan Pike, Van Buren County, Michigan. Waterbound macadam roadway treated with "Tarvia-B" in 1918 and 1919. Part of a 15 mile stretch of Tarviated roadway.

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West Michigan Pike, north of Saugatuck, Allegan County, Michigan. Waterbound macadam, treated with "Tarvia-B" in 1917, 1918 and 1919.

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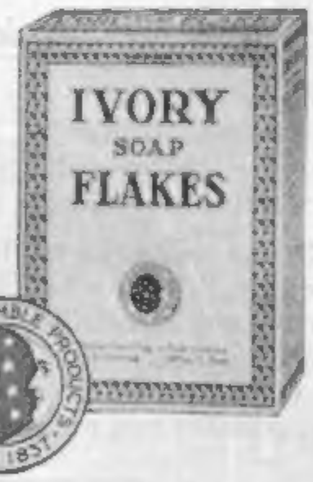

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TRIPTOLEMUS THE MASCOT

After a Little Miss Evarts and Clarence Emerged From Orange Obscurity, and Clarence Helped the Young Lady Into Her Peignoir

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

YOUNG Clarence Devlin sauntered into the hotel smoking room, where Mr. Oliver Grote was comfortably disposed in a large armchair with the three bottom buttons of his waistcoat unloosed and a soft, fat, black, oily cigar gripped between his richly auriferous teeth. Perching his graceful, neatly tailored figure on an adjoining table, the young man addressed the elderly grain broker with a seriousness and earnestness that seemed foreign to his nature, as Mr. Grote had observed it.

"Earwigs don't get into your ear, Mr. Grote."

The person addressed raised his heavily lidded eyes with obvious effort, and slowly rolled those full and fishy orbs to envisage his informant.

"Whadayameangetintamear?" he inquired in a word.

"Anybody's ear," replied Clarence. "It's all wrong, Rodolphus—all wrong! Popular misconception or error, as it were. They eat leaves and flower petals. Strict vegetarians. Name should be earwing, owing to their hind wings being shaped like the human ear. It's an interesting inside fact, not generally known, that the earwig connects the Orthoptera with the Coleoptera."

"The hell you say!" exclaimed Mr. Grote sarcastically.

"I got it straight," Clarence assured him. "I thought perhaps you'd like to know. I've made a little study of these things—insects—and anything I tell you may be relied and bet on."

"There's some insects round here that affect the human ear very unpleasantly," remarked Mr. Grote, expelling a thin line of blue smoke. "Tobacco doesn't seem to faze 'em," he added.

Clarence lit a cigarette that he had taken from a handsome silver case.

"Oh, another thing," he said. "The female earwig hatches her young from eggs like a hen—sitting on them. Ain't science wonderful? Well, I'll have to leave you. Any time you get stalled on a bug let me know. Information cheerfully given."

"Young whelp!" muttered Mr. Grote. "He must be crazy." He mused for a moment or two. "I wonder what he was getting at? Just freshness?"

Clarence made his way to the veranda that overlooked the usually placid bosom of the lake, now disturbed by the splashing and churning activities of a multitude of bathers, rowboats and motor craft. "It was too sudden for him," he murmured—"dropping earwigs out of a clear sky. I ought to have led up to it gradually."

A stout lady doing things with colored silks as she rocked in a near-by chair called to him.

"Where have you been all yesterday and to-day, Mr. Devlin?"

Clarence drew a chair within conversational range.

"I haven't noticed you with the rest of the young people," she continued. "Somebody said you had gone back to town."

"Very young people fatigue me," Clarence answered with a winning smile. "That sort of thing is all right for a little while—for a change," he went on, waving his hand toward the beach, "but after all one learns nothing, does one?"

"Mercy me!" ejaculated the lady. "I thought the idea of a vacation was to forget things. What do you want to learn?"

"Well, I have a sort of a hobby for scientific subjects," said Clarence modestly. "Botany, for instance, or—or entomology. I've been going strong on entomology lately. I've been out in the woods collecting—er—Coleoptera and Orthoptera. Awfully interesting, don't you think?"

Mrs. Halliday regarded him with amazement.

"They sound awful enough," she said. "I was out in the woods myself one day when we first came up here—just one day, and that was enough for me to collect—what did you call yours? Mine were chiggers. What are you shaking your head about?"

"Not chiggers, Mrs. Halliday," Clarence corrected respectfully. "The true chigger—or more properly, chigoe—is a native of the West Indies and South America. What we get here is an Acarida, commonly known as the harvest mite, or bug, a species of Tetranychus. It is irritating ——"

"I should say it was!" remarked the lady, rubbing her leg reminiscently.

"But not so much so as the real spigotty chigger, which bores under the skin and proceeds to lay its eggs there, producing a very painful ulcer."

"Horrors!" exclaimed Mrs. Halliday.

"Speaking of laying eggs," said Clarence, "did you know that the earwig sits on its eggs like a hen, and hatches them out? Yes, honest! I'm not fooling. It's a scientific fact. Really the earwig should be called earwing. Its rear wings are shaped like the human ear, and that's how come, as they say in dear old Alabama. People who didn't know that got the name mixed up—you know how one mixes names—and the next thing there was a rumor in circulation that the poor beast took a devilish delight in getting into people's ears and eating into their brains. Give a dog a bad name and hang him, you know. Of course as Mister Earwig never took the trouble to deny the report, it got to be generally believed, but it's not so. He's a strict vegetarian."

"Don't Tell Me That You Told Me So," Said the Professor Irritably. "I Admit That You Did, and That I Didn't Believe You"

"Well, you do know something!" said Mrs. Halliday, not very flatteringly. "If you had told me all about the origin of the fox trot I shouldn't have been surprised. Have you studied cockroaches at all? My apartment in town is just ——"

Clarence's eyes had wandered to the beach.

"Excuse me," he said, rising, "I think I see Mullane, and I want to speak to him before he goes off duty—something rather important."

He bowed, smiled and departed in haste.

"Mem—cockroaches," he said to himself. "This thing seems to be branching out somewhat."

Mrs. Halliday gathered up her embroidery hoop and bag and joined a newly formed group of other earnest workers.

"My dears, what do you think of young Devlin?" she said. "Do you know that boy goes off by himself into the woods to study insects? Did you ever? Like—wasn't it Maeterlinck that poked into ant hills and found out how they had ant cows and milked them? Well, he's discovered—young Devlin has—that chiggers actually lay eggs and sit on them—really! He's been telling me some of the most interesting things, and I didn't think he was the studious kind at all. Did you?"

Clarence had approached a superbly muscled, brick-red young man attired in a faded and badly worn bathing suit that bore across its breast the legend "Life Guard." Him he greeted:

"Hello, Mike! How's the brawny boy, and how many drowning heiresses has he reskooed from a watery grave to-day? Gee, I'd like to have your job!"

"Just about scoffin in it," said Mike disparagingly. "I'd trade it for your rich uncle."

"You don't know how to take opportunity of your advantages, or you'd have a rich father-in-law by this time," said Clarence. "Get hep to yourself, you big, handsome brute."

"How do you do it?"

Clarence surveyed him critically.

"I'd begin by dressing the part."

"Sure! I can buy me a new suit of clothes for a hundred bucks up—if the price hasn't rose on me since I last noticed. You give me a pain."

"You don't need to wear that old bathing suit, anyway."

"I do," said Mike. "They'd pinch me if I didn't. It's only some of these Janes that can get away with less."

"I mean you don't have to wear one that's all patched and darned."

"The moths got into it last winter," Mike explained.

Clarence looked thoughtful and pulled an envelope from his pocket, which he consulted for a moment, while Mike kicked his bare heels against the stump of a pile on which he was sitting.

"I've made quite a study of moths, Mike. Queer birds."

"I'll say they are! With all the eats that there is, to pick old clothes for a steady diet!"

"It's just the Tineidæ do that," Clarence informed him.

"What idee?"

"Just one moth family of that name, Mike. They probably held a reunion on that bathing suit, the way it looks. But there are moths that you couldn't tempt with a new silk-lined Tuxedo. Some of them have got the raw fruit fad, and some won't eat anything but flour. There's one kind that will hunger-strike if they can't get honey, but the most of them stick to leaves of trees and different salads. Speaking of that, did you know that an earwig wouldn't chew your ear on a bet? That's right. And what they call chiggers ——"

"Say," interrupted Mike, "where do you get that stuff?"

"I go into the woods and watch all kinds of bugs," replied Clarence. "It's a hobby of mine. I take them home and put them in cages and observe their habits—take them apart to see what makes them ticks instead of butterflies—put them under my microscope and all that. I had a great day in the woods yesterday. Found a genuine Coleoptera. Man, oh, man!"

"You must be bugs yourself," said Mike wonderingly. "Or are you lying to me?"

"Did I ever lie to you, Mike?" asked Clarence reproachfully. "There's Clytie Evarts all by her little lonely self under the orange umbrella. Stroll over and talk to her before the rest of the crowd come out—for practice. There's nothing like practice, Mike."

"I gotta girl of me own," said Mike, "and I haven't your education. I wouldn't know a flea's hind foot from a mosquito's suck pump—nor care. But everyone to their taste."

"Then I'll go myself, and put in a good word for you," said Clarence, and lounged off; and presently Mike, whose faculties were keen, heard frequent exclamations wafted in a direct line from the orange umbrella:

"How won-derful!"

"How perfectly dear of them!"

"The cunning little things!"

"No, really? It must be too fascinating for words!"

And after a little Miss Evarts and Clarence emerged from orange obscurity, and Clarence helped the young lady into her peignoir, and the two walked slowly across the beach to the hotel, and as they passed near Mike the handsome guard heard the young lady say: "I would just love to go with you some morning! It must be absolutely adorable!"

And Clarence replied: "I'm afraid that would never do. If you were along I wouldn't be looking at the bugs nor thinking of the bugs."

"Stalling, eh?" Mike murmured.

And Clarence, in the retirement of his room, after dancing scientifically and artistically from eight until past midnight, indulged in a little soliloquy himself as he disrobed:

"Well, my reputation as a rising young entomologist ought to be fairly well established round this dump by this time—thanks to Andy and the rest.

"Another hour of study, after a scholar's breakfast, and then a walk in the bosky. 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise.' Be very wise, Clarence, and try not to show it.

"Some little Coleoptera! I'll say so!

"Marcella!

"Marcella!

"Marcella!"

And then Clarence heaved a sigh and tumbled into bed.

Back of the dunes and between the beach and the old town there is the tongue of a stretch of timber that extends due north past the town itself for a couple of miles, and in this stretch, tract or parcel of land can be found more Orthoptera, Lepidoptera, Fulgoridæ, Belostomidæ and such—incomparably more than Pulex irritans on the hide of an Indian dog; more than an able-bodied and energetic man could possibly shake a stick at.

Prof. Donald Muir, of textbook fame, had his summer cottage in this neck, or tongue of the woods, and during

his summer vacation he never knew a dull moment. He very seldom did, for that matter. Give him a handful of pulse, or whatever it is that hermits eat, a cup of fair water from the bubbling fount, some simple, easily adjusted garment of duffel gray or the like, and Mrs. Muir to remind him to put it on, and his material needs would have been satisfied. Furnish him with pens, ink, paper, pill boxes, pins, chloroform, magnifying glass, microscope, butterfly net, molasses and a few other inexpensive odds and ends, and let him have the run of some insect-infested region, and he had all he required to occupy hand and brain and fill him with the tranquil happiness that was reflected in his kindly face.

He was of the rapidly disappearing type of savant, the professor with the true single-track mind on which trains of thought run with a painful disregard of stop signals, sidings, cows, washouts and schedules. He lectured, but no reporter ever discovered peppy stuff for the science section of the Sunday edition in what he said. He was sometimes banqueted by societies, but toastmasters were usually disappointed in him. He was not what was expected.

His publishers found him singularly indifferent to the financial advantages of more frequent publication and stubborn as a mule in his opposition to popular embellishment. They could have made considerably more money for themselves and some more for him if he had had sense and would have consented to be less exact in unimportant details whose verification took valuable time. Still they made the best of him, and probably would have made more if Mrs. Muir had not given some attention to that end of it.

Young Clarence Devlin had made the professor's acquaintance two days before he began to establish his own entomological reputation at the Beach Hotel. Clarence was ostensibly in search of a stream reported to be absolutely turbid with black bass. The professor was climbing a tree—not exactly climbing, but arrested in the act at a height of eight or ten feet from the ground, apparently unable to get higher and unwilling to risk his limbs by letting go all holds.

There are some light-minded, silly and callous young men who—confronted by the spectacle of an elderly gentleman perilously stuck between earth and sky, clasping a tree trunk with desperate energy and ridiculously thin legs—would have indulged in rude mirth and perhaps have made jeering or jesting remarks. But Clarence's only expression was one of deep concern, and he promptly hastened to the aid of the distressed—directly through a patch of bramble, by the way.

"Just let me have your feet, sir," he called, and Professor Muir let him have one on the side of his ear.

"I'm afraid I kicked you," said the professor.

"Not at all," replied Clarence politely, grabbing the foot. "Now the other one, please. Keep them stiff. That's it. Now you're all right."

"I'm very much obliged to you indeed," said the professor. "You have extricated me from a rather awkward predicament. I sincerely hope I didn't hurt you."

"Don't mention it," said Clarence. "Very glad indeed to have been of any assistance, and you didn't hurt me at all. A beautiful morning, isn't it?"

"I wanted to get those galls up there," explained Professor Muir, peering into the branches of the tree. "I may be mistaken at this distance, but they seem to resemble those caused by the Nematus gallicola, which is not exactly likely. H'm! Too bad!"

"Do you mean those red blossoms up there?" asked helpful Clarence. "Let me get them for you, sir. No trouble."

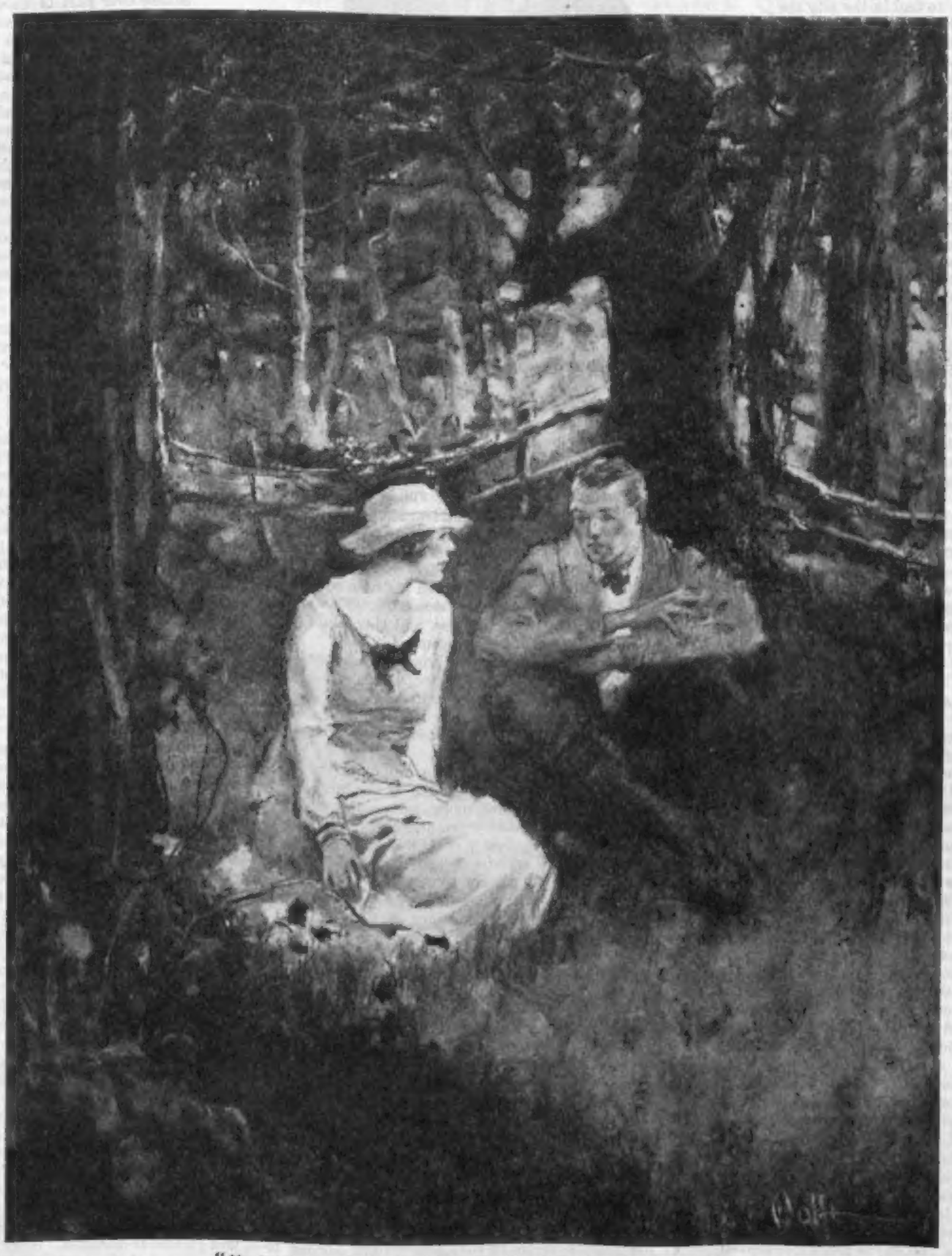
"Are they blossoms?" inquired the professor doubtfully, still peering.

"We'll soon see," said Clarence, and going to an outward-drooping bough, he made a spring, caught it and swung himself hand over hand along and upward to the trunk of the tree, where he drew himself up and quickly made his way to the objects of the professor's curiosity.

"Yes, they're blossoms. Some sort of a vine," he reported, and breaking off a spray tossed it down.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the professor disgustedly. "I thought they were galls. Well!"

Clarence descended, snagging the sleeve of his coat as he came, but not betraying the fact by a cross word.



"She Said—She Said That the Bug You Specialized on Was Humbug"

"Didn't you think they were galls, Marcella?" the professor inquired of the very, very pretty and demure girl who had been silently watching these proceedings.

"I tried to tell you so, papa," she answered with a slight, shy smile at Clarence. "You were so eager."

"Of course, of course! To see Nematus gallicola galls here and in a beech tree—isn't it a beech?—one naturally would be eager. But this gentleman ——"

"Devlin is my name, sir," said the young gentleman.

"I have to thank you again, Mr. Devlin. I am Professor Muir. My daughter."

Clarence bowed to "my daughter" gravely, respectfully. There was nothing whatever in that bow to indicate his real feelings, but the next instant he responded to Professor Muir's benevolent smile with positive radiance.

"I don't suppose you are interested in entomology, but ——"

"Tremendously, sir," said Clarence, a little too enthusiastically. He hastened to add, "Of course I know very little indeed about it, but—I—I collected butterflies once."

"Well, well!" said the professor, evidently much pleased. "So you collected butterflies! Are you walking this way?"

Clarence was.

"We live close by, and are on our way home. I'm very sorry that I haven't my collection of tropical American butterflies to show you. It is, of course, far from complete, but fairly representative. I have a beautiful Menelaus that would interest you. So you collect butterflies!"

"Not now, I'm afraid," replied Clarence. "And I never had a large collection," he continued with equal truth, remembering the two or three sorry nondescripts that he had once flung his cap over and subsequently impaled. "But a Menelaus!" He spoke in a tone of awe. "I would give anything to see it!" he exclaimed almost passionately.

"I shall be glad to show it to you some day," said the professor. "In the meantime I have a few local specimens—not exactly rare, but rather uncommon. If you have time and would care to stop for a moment or two ——"

Clarence had all the time there was this side of eternity—and care? Why, yes, rather so!

The Muir family discussed their young visitor that evening. Mrs. Muir, who had driven to town in the little buggy for supplies, had returned too late to meet Mr. Devlin, and she was rather curious.

"A remarkably sensible and intelligent young fellow," said Professor Muir. "Remarkably so. I enjoyed his conversation extremely. He is particularly interested in the Lepidoptera—and appreciative. He doesn't show any of the usual jealousy of collectors. I say collectors, for of course he doesn't pretend to be anything more."

"I think you ought to know better than to

(Continued on Page 57)

THE REDS AND THE GLANDS

By Edward H. Smith

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

CHICAGO had never seen a worse winter. There had been months of unrelenting cold and snow which had all but brought famine to the doors. Mines were shut down, coal hard to get. But worse yet, the country was in one of its periodic industrial slumps. Factories and mills were closed and their idle employees had been crowding into the central metropolis since fall, hoping to find in the city the boon of shelter. Chicago was soon overcrowded. Its charities were inadequate.

Every day and all night long one saw the desperate idle haunting the public kitchens, where thin soup was doled out, the bread lines at the bakeries, the saloons in the Tenderloin, where one might get a glass of beer and a fistful of free lunch for a begged nickel. On every street corner these starvelings accosted the citizen, wrapped in their pitiful rags, quaking with the horrible cold, begging for help. At night every doorway in West Madison Street, in Van Buren Street, along Lake Street, every cellarway, every covered wagon was choked with exhausted workmen seeking sleep and shelter from the storms. The public lodging houses, the private flops could not contain them all. Crimes were committed by the hundred. The city was in turmoil.

The winter long a young physician sat in his office overlooking Madison Street and watched the grim processions of hungry men. This man had not long been graduated, but his professors and his colleagues predicted a brilliant career for him. It was agreed his school had never turned out a more skillful surgeon. Already other men were sending him patients. For one of his years he was being treated almost too well in a worldly way.

These things meant little enough to this young professional. He looked out of his windows to see the endless, thin, disjointed march of suffering men, carrying the banner in the fiercest weather of the winter. Whenever he left his office half a dozen whining derelicts importuned him and he gave what he could. They came to his office to have their frostbites treated, to be sewed up after their encounters with their hungry fellows or the police. He could not escape them.

The Volcano in Eruption

A PROTESTING pity began to stir in the physician. The more he saw—the longer the agony of these men lasted—the higher his emotion rose. He looked about and saw the painful contrasts of life. They stirred him to resentment. He saw the blundering efforts of public charity and raged at the stupidity and dishonesty of officialdom. He heard the stories and supplications of the men who came to him for free treatment.

He was no common type of man, this young doctor. Even the surface callousness which grows on the surgeon like a patina was alien to him. He was indeed more the poet than the man of science. If he was efficient with the scalpel it was because he was fundamentally tender and by nature dexterous. In such a man the repeated shocks of deeply stirred sympathy, the constant sight of indescribable horror, the uninterrupted excitement of anger against nameless individuals, against the vague figure of life itself, were certain to create emotional volcanism.

On one of the first days of a wan spring certain self-appointed leaders of the band of hunger determined to hold a protest parade. Some sympathetic citizens resolved to join it and walk the streets with the unhappy out-of-works. A wiser and less emotional man than the young doctor might have doubted the efficacy of such a march.

When this man heard of the project he put on his hat and light spring coat, took his walking stick in hand and went down to join the parade, leaving patients in his anteroom. He was bursting with feeling for the men and with anger at the authorities. When the procession moved up Madison Street he was to be seen in the van, a strange contrast against the tatterdemalion rabble that followed. Some other prosperous men and women were in the line, but he stood out over them all—an exquisite, almost a dandy.

The police had been ordered to break up the parade without using clubs or revolvers. They moved to the attack. Most of the marchers had learned by bitter blows not to resist. They scattered. The young physician stood his ground and rallied some of the men about him. He began to protest volubly to the police, to shout his objections. Almost involuntarily he raised his cane to gesture. It was the signal. The police closed in. The excited marchers tried to resist. Fists flew and then clubs. The police were victorious in a few seconds.

The young physician was found lying unconscious in the mud and slush. When he came out of the hospital a few hours later vengeful fancies were in his mind. At the end of a month his office was closed and he had disappeared. When he was next heard from he had publicly proclaimed himself an anarchist.

For twenty years this man went up and down the country preaching the doctrine of the end of the law, openly inciting to violence, leading mobs, addressing meetings with highly colored, madly emotional, inflammatory speeches. It happened that I encountered him often in various parts of the country in later years. We were friendly, even confidential, and I must say that a genuine amusement at his excited philosophy was not untinctured with respect for his sincerity and pity over his lot.

This man regarded himself, to be sure, as a philosopher. He had read a great deal of the literature of radicalism and was thoroughly convinced that he had made an intellectual transition from the basic conservatism of all romantic natures to his present views. He regarded the episode in Chicago as important only in having wakened him to what he called the truth. He never saw and could never understand that mere emotion had swung him from one mental world to another. The mere suggestion of this verity sent him into paroxysms of feverish protest. Even the more calculating agitators about him regarded him as an unreliable, emotional convert to their preachments. He was blind to the fact for those many years, until another and stronger emotion came along and swept him back into a middle-aged respectability. I doubt whether he ever even dimly suspected the psychological nature of the fiery radical.

An explanation of the revolutionary spirit abroad today, of radicalism and the present world unrest, will be attempted in this article, so I tell you the story from life for what it may suggest.

There is something wrong with the world. The utmost sanguineness, the most violent optimism, cannot hope to escape the evidences—six years of war, and fresh conflicts still breaking out; social and industrial turmoil on all sides, and new areas constantly infected; revolution and bloodletting over part of Europe and Asia, with other regions in growing danger; discord and hatred and inability to compromise between peoples, nations, classes and individuals; a total breaking down of old restraints and a failure of sanity.

Many forces have been trotted out and exhibited as the true causes of all this disturbance, these manifold woes which have overtaken the Western world, the most progressive nations. Social injustice, improper distribution and misuse of wealth, weakening moral and social restraints, agitators, violent political doctrines, the fever and complexity of modern life, false ideals, egotism—all these are in the lists. Every social thinker and theorizer has his own selections and backs them with volubility.

According to the latest science, however, such forces are not the cause of the world's sad mess of trouble, but intermediate conditions brought about by the true cause and used to cross to an effect. They are the symptoms, not the disease. Social conditions, radicalism, ferocity, unrest in the individuals who make up the world are the results of some underlying stimulant and the mere agents of that deeper energy.

The most modern medical and neurological science says briefly that the Western world is suffering from a case of nerves. The populations of Europe and America and part of Asia are nervously and emotionally unstrung, keyed up to dangerous mental states. This nerve condition is brought about by diseased or disordered glands in the human body. We are sick. Our world is sick. To state the matter in more scientific terms, our civilization is suffering from a disturbance of certain endocrin or secreting organs. These organs determine, through their secretions, the action of the human nervous system—the brain and the nerve centers. This disturbance causes neurasthenia and emotional instability and such illnesses are responsible for the unrest and turmoil that are afflicting this dizzy earth.

Bad Health and Bad Conduct

TO PUT the thing into its simplest form, the nerve centers of our body determine to a large extent the conduct of the human being. If there is a fault or disease in the nervous system, the man or woman may misconduct himself. He or she may be deficient in self-restraint, morality, common sense, ability to live under decent control. Human conduct and character are largely physiological matters, governed by the condition of the nervous system. And the nervous system is ruled by certain endocrin organs or glands.

Civilization is threatened in the gravest ways by diseases of certain glands. A constantly increasing number of individuals in all of the higher races suffers from this subtle and rather mysterious malady. It is the prevalence of this complaint which tends to make our agitators, disturbers, war breeders, inciters of class and national hatreds. But the disease may do much more, for it has a tendency to unbalance the judgment and to key up the unrestrained emotions of whole populations, of half of mankind, and to push the whole organization of the world to the brink of an abyss.

I make these perhaps dogmatic-sounding statements on the authority of Dr. Max G. Schlapp, professor of neuropathology in the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital. Doctor Schlapp's ideas and conclusions are based on many years of clinical experiments carried on at the Post-Graduate and elsewhere. He has examined and treated more than 30,000 persons suffering from nervous and glandular maladies. He is backed, moreover, by very large accumulations of other scientific data and by the

experiments of many eminent investigators along these lines. Doctor Schlapp's standing among American neurologists entitles his theories to the serious attention of thinking people. It is an irrelevant but vital fact that he treats successfully many of the sufferers who pass through his hands.

To make this matter generally understandable it is necessary to explain a complex body of scientific fact and theory in the simplest terms. Here is a knotty and ungrateful task. However ——

The ductless glands of the body are the suprarenal, thyroid, pituitary, pancreas, liver, parathyroid, pineal, the interstitial sex glands and some others of lesser importance. Much has been written about ductless glands of late and these highly important and still deeply mysterious organs are much in the public mind and the newspapers. Unhappily a great deal of twaddle has been written and told about them.

The glands are the refineries of the body. Food taken into the system through the digestive organs is comparable to crude oil, which must be converted into fine oil before the machine can use it for producing energy. The various glands do this work of converting or refining and they turn out our food changed into such chemical substances as can be used by the body. They secrete the extracts which run our personal machine for us. Each gland develops its own particular kind of substance, which has its special functions to perform in the body.

These secretions of certain glands are called hormones. The hormones act on the nerve centers, of which the most important is the brain. They control the action or responses of these nerve centers which dictate our conduct—establish our general mental and nervous condition. For the nervous system to act smoothly, sanely, efficiently the right kind of hormones must be refined and secreted by the glands and in the proper quantities and proportions.

If your oil mixture is too rich your automobile smokes and does not develop sufficient power. On the other hand, it clogs itself up with carbons and very soon the machine must go to the repair shop.

Here is a crude illustration of what happens when the glands give off too much or too little of their important substances. Your automobile, fed with improper energy substances, will not behave on a hill. Just so the human nervous system, with improper feeding of hormones, will not behave under a strain.

How the Brain Reacts to the Senses

WE HAVE all seen the man who cannot restrain himself from evil indulgences if he happens to be upset; the girl who weeps and goes into tantrums at the slightest provocation; the disorderly child which cannot bring itself to proper conduct in spite of all honest trying; the man or woman who commits strange social blunders and painful indiscretions, not through ignorance of form but through sudden uncontrollable impulse. We are all familiar with the individual who cannot be depended upon in any situation, who may be lovable and agreeable to the last extreme, but who is thoroughly unreliable. These people are likely to be suffering from milder forms of glandular trouble, or emotional instability, to give it a more practical name. Their hormones are off.

To grasp the working of this type of malady it is essential to know how the brain operates and how its functioning is disturbed by bad hormone mixture, which is nothing more than a chemical unbalance in the blood and other body fluids.

First of all, the brain is dual, or two-sided. One side contains what are called the intellectual and the other side the emotional centers. Speaking broadly, the former perform three services: They receive the incoming impressions or percepts which enter through the five senses, or the sense organs. If you taste sugar the intellectual centers of the brain get a message of sweetness. Second, the intellectual centers value and transmit the percepts which come to them from without. Third, they act as restraints upon their opposites, the emotional centers.

On the other hand, the emotional centers are designed to produce feelings. If you are moved to pity, anger, tears, blows, the emotional centers have produced this effect. A stimulus from without has touched these centers and they have exploded some of their cells, causing emotional waves to sweep you. These centers also act on the glands, the heart, the blood vessels, and so on, through the sympathetic nervous system. This is that section of our nervous equipment which controls the involuntary activities of the human being. The action of the emotional centers on our glands is of prime importance here.

Ordinarily the human being controls his acts through his intellectual centers. He does this thing or that because he has thought and the sane intellectual side of his mind has decided on a course. But if the emotions are sufficiently stirred they cause a wave of feeling to rise and sweep over the dam. The intellectual centers have lost control at such times and the individual acts not sensibly and calmly but emotionally and hotly.

In the well-balanced individual the emotional and mental sides of the brain are nicely adjusted, neither being either too weak or too strong. The result is sane, measured conduct—normality. But in diseased or disturbed individuals either one side or the other may get the upper hand. If it happens that the emotional side becomes overstimulated, the individual will not be able to control himself and the wildest conduct may result.

Let us go a little further into detail. The sense organs—the eye which sees and the ear which hears, and so on—act on the brain through the intellectual centers. The original impressions so transmitted to the brain through what is often termed the sensory gateway are called percepts—that is to say, things which are sensed—seen, heard, felt, tasted or smelled. The word percept is used to distinguish from the concept, or image—the final impression of a thing, situation or experience as recorded on the brain.

A simple illustration: A child sees its first lily growing in a garden. The first percept is that the flower is white and has a certain shape. The child runs and puts its nose to the lily. A percept of agreeable odor reaches the intellectual centers. The child looks about and finds that the lily is growing in a lovely garden with fine trees and luxuriant grasses. This percept goes to the intellectual centers. It is cool and pleasant in the garden. This sensed fact goes to the brain in the same way.

Now the intellectual centers take this mass of percepts and put the parts together into a complete picture called a concept. The concept is one of pleasure and delight. Whenever thereafter this child sees lilies or thinks of these lovely flowers a mild feeling of a pleasantly reminiscent character is stirred in the emotional centers of the child's brain.

This part of the mind begins to function. A feeling of soft summer and happy peace comes over the child. Nothing more happens in most cases. In others the individual may be so stirred by the thought of lilies that he must go and pick or buy some.

Supposing, however, that at some later day the beloved mother of this child dies and the coffin is banked with lilies. It is a time of grief and strain and great emotional overexcitement. The child sees the lilies on its mother's bier and its mind associates them thereafter with the loss of the parent. The concept of lilies in the brain now may readily change from one of pleasure to one of sorrow and pain. Thereafter whenever the child thinks of lilies its emotional centers will be stirred painfully.

If the intellectual side of the person who undergoes this experience is strong enough, such a mutation in the concept will not take place. Lilies may thereafter remind him of his lost mother, but the lily will still be beautiful to him and the concept of it a pleasant one.

We see here the proper activity of the two controls in the brain. The emotional side is deeply stirred by the association of lilies and the inescapable tragedy of death. But the intellectual side steps in and reasons. Death must come. It is not to be gainsaid. It is the natural order of life. No quantity of grief can undo its devastations. Therefore, says the intellectual side, the emotions must be checked and kept within bounds. A sense of proportion is established and sane behavior supervenes.

But if the emotional side is disturbed and it cannot be controlled by the intellectual, then there is trouble ahead. The afflicted person may never be able to look upon a lily again without bursting into tears and the most violent spasms. A phobia may result, causing the unfortunate to shun all flowers, to hate all their associations, to conceal himself in the house and to avoid expeditions into the open for fear of encountering blossoms.

Well Loved Things Grown Hateful

SWINBURNE strikes this poignant note with the famous passage from The Triumph of Time, wherein he hints at a phobia of his own. The story needs to be retold. The famous lyrist was asked to the home of friends. There he met a beautiful young woman who wore roses as she sang and played for him at the piano. He was enchanted by her beauty and appeal. The fiery, hotly emotional young poet proposed to this correct British girl with so much fervor and eloquence that she is said to have laughed in his face. He went away crushed, buried himself in the country and poured out this most passionate and exquisite poem of love defeat. He cries:

I shall never be friends again with roses;
I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note grown strong
Relents and recoils and climbs and closes,
As a wave of the sea turned back by song.
There are sounds where the soul's delight takes fire,
Face to face with its own desire;
A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes;
I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.

The things which had stirred him to his love and his wound turned ashen and bitter in his mind.

How does this happen? Why? The answer is that these things, like all else that goes on in the human body and brain, have their physiological cause and explanation. The brain is a mass of organic cells like any other part of the body. Its health depends on the health of these minute cells, which are present in millions. These cells live a life consisting of three kinds of activity—the nutritive, the formative and the functional. The nutritive is that process whereby a cell takes nourishment into itself from the surrounding body fluids—the blood and lymph—and stores this nourishment within itself in the form of potential energy. This energy is discharged or exploded—as you like—when the human body has need of it to perform any of its many acts.

The formative activity of the cell consists of its ability to divide itself and form one or more daughter cells. It is the power of growth, of giving birth.

The functional activity is the process in which a cell responds to some stimulus from outside and performs some act, such as the contraction of a muscle cell, the reaction of a nerve cell, the secretion of a gland cell, and so on. It is this activity of the brain and nerve cells which interests us most, because a derangement of it can be treated, or—to use the lay word—cured.

The brain cell may be disturbed in several ways. Bad heredity may cause these cells to be incapable of taking up nourishment and storing energy. Again, faulty or diseased inheritance may bring about the formation of brain cells with deficient power of growth, so that the child will come into the world with half a brain or one undersized, undeveloped or ill nourished. In other cases some injury in youth or maturity may result in the

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THE RINGER

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

OLEOPOLIS used to be a one-block, one-street hamlet, without so much as an official name. Up to each end of the short and shack-lined street crept the Texas flatlands—a section of the long-abandoned Square-E ranch, with a tumble-down Mexican bull ring in the center. Fifteen miles to southward lay the Mexican Border.

Mule Sherrod used to be a coal-cart pilot in East St. Louis. Like Oleopolis, hundreds of miles southwest of his abode, he had no official title—in those days. He and the town won name and fame in the same year.

A man in the one-street hamlet chanced to yank up an ill-driven hitching stake behind his cabin. The bottom of the stake was wet and blackish and greasy and odd smelling. A week later the oil rush set in. The town quadrupled every month in population. Among other improvements, to the new bonanza site were added a post office and the modest name of Oleopolis.

Sherrod half killed a fellow coal-cart driver who was so clumsy as to lock wheels with him in a jam and to overturn his loaded cart. A local fight promoter chanced to be in the happily interested crowd that watched the battle, and Sherrod in due time repeated his fistic triumphs by whaling a husky middleweight from the river district in a preliminary bout at the Pastime Athletic Club's weekly carnival. Then Barney Falk took him in hand, and presently the newcomer was heralded as "Mule Sherrod, the lad with a kick in both mitts."

This was fame, and there was more to follow—much more—very much more.

At first Mule belied his namesake's stubbornness. He was mildness itself toward his Napoleonic manager, and was guided as sweetly as any bridle-wise Thoroughbred. He trained to perfection. He fought to instruction. He eschewed temptation.

Not only did he look like a comer, but he fairly oozed a docility which was balm to Barney Falk's sore-tried heart.

Seen for Days Mule's Face Did Not Look Very Much Like a Face

Dig out your dust-smeared copy of Tacitus and read of Nero's gentle obedience in the early years of his reign and how meekly he submitted to every command of Seneca and of grim Agrippina. Then prepare for the comparison.

A few months of local victories and of local adulation did queer things to Mule Sherrod's mildness. His joyous gratitude to the genius who had lifted him from the hard seat of a coal cart to the ease of a super-pork-and-bean fighter's career was beginning to ebb. The praise of the mixed-ale bunch proved to him that the prowess was his own, not Barney's. And Mule slowly reverted to type. Barney Falk's days of tranquil contentment in his new fighter were past.

Mule was not cursed with temperament—to the extent of wild rages or of refusing to train. Barney was spared that. Mule still plodded along the rocky climb to glory with tolerable steadiness and still carried the money-making kick in both mitts. But his dominant trait cropped out, the trait which had made him the butt of the coal yards. In his brief and slanting frontal brain space there was room for but one nonutilitarian idea, and that one idea took the form of rabid superstition.

Friday and thirteen and Friday the thirteenth and the spilling of salt and walking under a ladder and mirror breaking and all the rest of the time-mildewed hoodoos were his terrors in life. He even added a few original superstitions to the ready-made set. And when it came to dreams ——

Because of a dream about three black cats trying to drag him out of the ring and back to the coal yards he reneged on his match with Rast Threegan, a Kansas City negro, at the very last minute. Nor could all Barney's prayers and threats wheedle him into the ring with an opponent whose name and hue so fitted in with the theme of his warning dream.

This was but one of the Mule's many fate-making dreams, on whose mystic counsels he placed full reliance. Luckily it did not mar his upward progress. For Threegan was matched a month later against Schaul, the middleweight champion of Missouri, and was knocked out in the fifth round; and Barney, in Mule Sherrod's name, not only challenged this lofty state champion but coerced him into a match.

Mule's fight for the state championship fell on the night of June first. On the night of May thirty-first Mule was visited by one of his prophetic dreams. For a man of minus mentality Mule had dreams that were incredibly full of original incidents and characters. This one all but induced him to back out of the championship bout with Schaul.

In his vision Mule found himself in the twenty-four-foot ring, pitted against a most scientific mountain lion. This adversary, it seems, was a true sportsman, for he eschewed biting and clawing and stood up to Mule in a spirited give and take with the gloves. And the dreamer, casting off his first natural feeling of surprise at the novelty of such an antagonist, had sailed in to give the mountain lion the licking of its mountainous life.

He had put it all over the lion. He had landed almost at will. But just then a peculiar aspect of the fight had struck him. Every time he hit the lion his blow left a discolored and darkish blotch on the animal's fawn-colored skin. Presently there were so many of these blotches that the beast was no longer a mountain lion. It was a leopard by reason of the spots imparted by Mule's punches. And as a leopard the foe refused to continue to fight fair. It sprang upon Mule and was industriously chawing him to death when the racket of his own screeches woke him.

He recounted this dream shudderingly to Barney Falk there in the gray dawn and he besought the manager to interpret it to him.

Was "Schaul" the French or Dutch word for "lion" or for "leopard"? Wouldn't it be best to stay on the safe side and let the match go by default?

Barney rose in his wrath and delivered an oration. He reminded the worried Mule of the tale they had read in the Post-Dispatch the day before about a baby mountain lion that had escaped from the zoo and that had been found asleep in a dry-goods box.

"There's where you got the idea of the lion," expounded Barney, "and about the fight too. The piece in the paper said how he gave 'em a hot little fight there in that box. Yep, and I c'n locate the leopard part of it for you too."

He exhumed a newspaper three days old, and found the sporting page.

"Here," he declaimed—"here's that signed statement of yours I wrote for the Star. 'Member this wind-up I put to it? 'I'm conf'dent of hitting Schaul hard enough and often enough to bruise him till he looks like he was a leopard's-wool schaul.' 'Member how the boys laughed over that crack? You was all puffed up to think how witty you was. Well, there's your lion and your fight and your leopard, all present or 'counted for, the whole bunch of 'em. Where do you git any sort of hunch on that to make you want to crawl out of this match—like you did out'n the Threegan go? Git back to bed, you poor Ocity! See if you can't dream about someone leaving me a million bucks or about some doctor who'll cure you of being bughouse."

Doubtful, grumbling, the fighter shambled back to his couch of dreams. He was worried all day over the possible omen of the vision. That night, however, after fifteen rounds of murderous manhandling he beat the formidable Schaul to a standstill and won thereby the coveted title of middleweight champion of Missouri—which brings us by prosy degrees back to the boom city of Oleopolis.

Oil did not flow merely like water in Oleopolis. It flowed like a blend of gold and diamonds and radium. It enriched hundreds. It brought thousands of eager wealth seekers flocking to the place. It established there a huge and ultraprosperous mushroom community, and on the heels of this a public spirit was born.

One of the first fruits of this new public spirit took the form of a committee, chosen to plan some sort of mammoth entertainment for the coming Fourth of July. Jed Binswanger, formerly of East St. Louis, was elected chairman of this committee. With boundless funds to draw on and no responsibility except to give the boys the time of their oil-spangled lives on the Fourth, he set to work. He and his fellow committeemen had half decided on the importing of two professional ball teams from the North, when in his latest copy of the St. Louis Bazoo he read the story of the championship fight between Mule Sherrod and Kid Schaul.

Binswanger had left his home state just as Mule's star had begun its rise. He had seen Mule fight twice and had been impressed by that inspired line about a kick in both mitts. And now the comer of those home days was champion of Missouri. Jed Binswanger's inspiration was born. He burst in upon a session of the entertainment committee waving the paper and shouting his gleeful proposition.

Next morning before breakfast Barney Falk's East St. Louis home was invaded by a messenger boy, who handed

He Kissed Both Hands to His Admirers

the manager this expense-ignoring telegram from his casual acquaintance of pre-oil days:

Oleopolis Entertainment Committee guarantees you five thousand dollars for a fight between Mule Sherrod, middleweight champion of Missouri, and any good man of your choosing who will put up a fight worth sitting through for July fourth next. Can train here. Old bull ring of Mex. days being put in shape for auditorium. Pick out someone who will make Mule work his best. We leave all details to you. Wire reply.

Once in the last days of the nineteenth century a one-hundred-thousand-dollar world's championship fight was advertised. The fighters actually received some part of one hundred thousand dollars—some fraction of it.

But in real life, to a mere state champion—and in the middleweight division at that—five thousand dollars is a sum harder to visualize than a dream leopard.

Barney thrilled with pure bliss. In the first flush of delight he bawled back the departing messenger boy and dispatched by him the following wire:

Offer accepted on condition of one thousand dollars advance for training expenses and remaining four thousand dollars one hour before Mule enters ring. On receipt of advance will start at once for Oleopolis. Please get training quarters ready. Am arranging with best middleweight in East to meet Mule Sherrod for twenty-five-round go.

After he had sent off his reply—collect—Barney wrote a day letter to Saffron Hart in far-off New York—a man known to everyone in the fight game and to nobody outside it; a man who had grown rich by supplying emergency pugs to promoters from Quebec to San Diego. His string was world famed.

Send me rugged-looking middleweight to go ten rounds of scheduled twenty-five-round bout with Mule Sherrod July fourth at Oleopolis, Texas. Have him meet me at Gusher Hotel there by night of July second. Guarantee four hundred dollars, plus day-coach expenses. Wire here. Call him Bad Bill Sullivan, as many Irish at Oleopolis.

This done, Barney's glow of pleasure ebbed ever so little as he set forth to notify Mule of the coming battle. Before going upstairs to waken the champion Barney riffled the leaves of his calendar. Finding that July fourth fell neither on Friday nor in the dark of the moon, he breathed the easier. Yet he recalled his promise to the new-made champion of a full two months' loafing before any other fight should be arranged, and he entered Mule's room with a face gayer than the heart to south of it.

Mule was half dressed. He was studying his own mirrored visage before going through the ticklish task of undertaking to shave it. Even four days after his hammer-and-tongs fight with Schaul, Mule's face did not look very much like a face. It was sore and swollen and discolored, and one ear suggested a prize baked potato. Sherrod was not a pretty sight and, unlike the historic singed cat, he felt worse than he looked.

"Mornin', champ," was the manager's blithe hail. "Dream about a bar'l of ready money last night? 'Cause if you did your dream has come true already."

Having thus roused a mild interest in Mule, the little Napoleon went on to break the news. He did not really do anything so rough to the news as to break it. He merely glozed it over with honeyed words and then with tender touch resolved it into its component parts.

Yet gentle as he was, it seemed for a time as though his gentleness were thrown away. For before the alluring tale was more than half told his hearer was high up in the air and threatening to batter his way through the ceiling.

Barney was reminded almost tearfully of his promise of a two-month rest for his champion. The manhandled face was turned on him from every angle for inspection. Mule even raked up the leopard dream and feigned a growing belief that those splotches on the dream brute's coat might have been splashes of oil. In any event he was not going down to Oleopolis to undergo another wholesale punching. He was not going to fight again anywhere for the next two months. And then, as befitted a full-fledged champion, he was going to toy for a time with set-ups and cinches before risking his dear-won title in a real he-tight.

Barney let Mule talk himself tired. Then the song of the siren recommenced. How could dear old Muly imagine his manager—his best friend on earth—could break a promise? This go, down to Oleopolis, wasn't to be a fight. It was going to be a hippodrome and the trip would make a nice holiday for them both. Those oil folks didn't know one end of a fight from another. All they wanted to see was plenty of wild swinging and scrambling footwork and a Garrison-finish knock-out, and that was what they were going to get.

At Sight of the Green-Striped Bath Robe a Second Burst of Cheers Shook the Ramshackle Old Adobe Structure

He had wired Saffron Hart to send along a set-up guy—a feller who'd make a grandstand showing for ten rounds and then do a stage fall. Hart had a whole string of dead ones he hired by the year for just that. Between times he kept them rehearsing fake rallies and rushes and staggers and spread-eagle tumbles. The man wouldn't lay the weight of ten ounces on Mule any time during the silly slapping match. Then at the signal all Mule had to do was to brush the ringer's jaw with the tip of a glove and down he'd go, quivering and clawing and making believe to try to get up, while the referee'd count off the seconds and the crowd'd go daffy.

After that there was the five thousand dollars cash—minus just these few expense dollars. Yep, and there was more money in it than that too. He had wired Hart to name his man Bad Bill Sullivan. That would start the local Irish to betting, and Barney Falk would be there to cover their crazy wagers. The name Bad Bill alone would draw a crowd, for they'd expect all sorts of wild-beast scrapping from a lad that had won for himself a moniker like that. They'd know he had never picked up the title in a ping-pong hell or at the Saturday-night sessions of the Y. M. C. A. And was his champ going to make them lose such a gold mine as all that? Yep, and the Fourth didn't come on a Friday either this year, or anywhere near Friday. It didn't even come on the thirteenth this year—and the bets alone ——

They started for Oleopolis the next Thursday night on the train scheduled to leave St. Louis at ten-fifty-five. In Barney's pocket snuggled a telegram and a confirming letter from Saffron Hart, pledging the writer to have his best middleweight actor at Oleopolis not later than noon on July second. This middleweight's present name, the letter continued, was Sol Janowsky, but he was quite willing to change it temporarily to Bad Bill Sullivan. And he had red hair too—that would help—red hair and a nose

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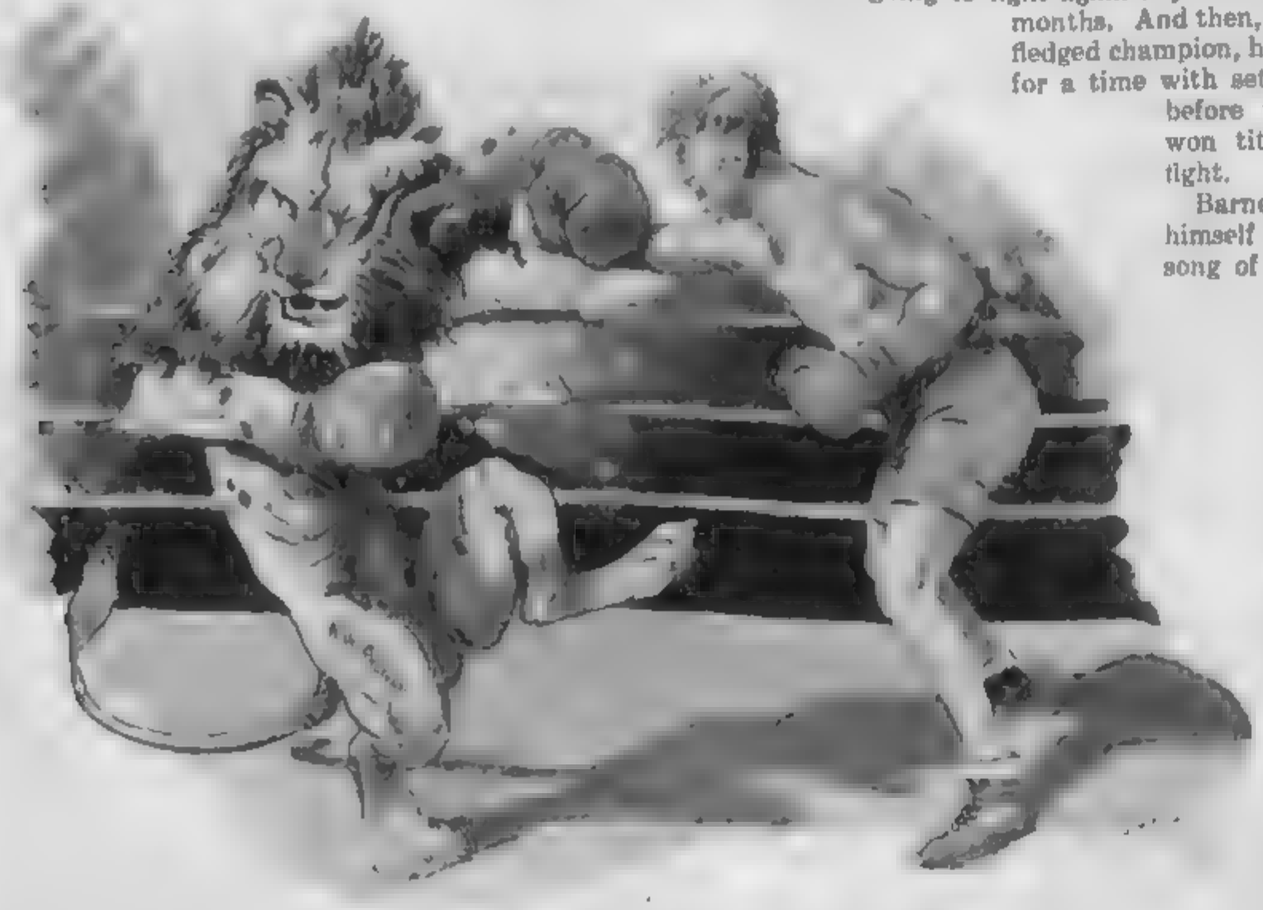


Every Time He Hit the Lion His Blow Left a Discolored and Darkish Blotch on the Animal's Fawn-Colored Skin

GUESTS FROM ITALY

By Kenneth L. Roberts

Prospective Americans Standing in Line in the Yard of the American Consulate at Naples. Above—At a Naples Quay, Seeing Off Friends for America

THE Italian is a great gadder. He does not do his gadding for the pure joy of gadding, as does the American tourist. In fact the very thought of traveling across the seas to strange and unknown lands, where to the best of his knowledge and belief the lumbering bison is still slain expeditiously by savage persons whose only garb consists of a feather entwined with studied negligence among their raven locks, sends a series of tremors shooting through the Italian's breast. The great, restless, greenish-blue ocean fills him with qualms. He hates it. The sight of Italy disappearing behind him causes him to burst into racking sobs. The Italian is a great gadder, but he is not gaddish by nature. He has to force himself into a condition of gaddishness.

At thus forcing himself the Italian has met with an almost unprecedented success, and has given a striking demonstration of the superiority of mind over matter.

One hundred years ago, in 1820, thirty Italians emigrated to the United States. It is not known what reason these thirty bold spirits had for braving the perils of the deep and following in the footsteps of their well-known countryman, Christopher Columbus. It probably was an excellent reason, however, for it took a powerful reason to coax an Italian all the way across the Atlantic Ocean. In 1830 there were nine Italians who made the long cruise to America. In 1840 the number had worked up to thirty-seven. In 1850 it had increased to 431. From this point it worked up slowly but surely until in 1880 the total number of emigrants from Italy to America was slightly more than 12,000.

Subsequent to 1880 the Italian began to cultivate his propensities for gadding. As a cultivator the Italian has no peer. He can beat anyone in the world when it comes to cultivating grapes or onions or romance or imitation antiques or gestures. He met with the same success as a gadder cultivator. In 1900 there were 100,000 Italians who endured the pangs of seasickness and homesickness in order to emigrate from Italy to America. In 1903 there were more than 230,000 of them. In 1907 there were more than 294,000. In 1914 more than 296,000 Italians, according to figures compiled by the Commissioner General of Immigration, crammed the steerages of the great trans-Atlantic liners and filled the lives of the immigrant officials at Ellis Island with crowded hours. It looked as though the entire Italian nation were on the verge of emigrating to America, when the war came along and put an emphatic curb on all emigration.

Let us for a moment contemplate the number of Italians who came to America in 1914—the last occasion on which no restrictions were placed on their movements. One's contemplator must be in good working order, and should have an extra large field capable of contemplating almost anything in the mob line. Two hundred and ninety-six thousand persons are nearly one-third of a million. If all the inhabitants of Rochester, New York, were to be deported and their places filled with Italians who came to America in 1914 alone there would be so many Italians of the 1914 vintage left over that the citizens of a city the size of South Bend, Indiana, would also have to be deported in order to make room for them. Two hundred and ninety-six thousand persons are nearly twelve army divisions recruited to full war strength. If they were lined up in columns of four and marched past a given spot at the rate of forty a minute, without any stops for rest or refreshment or sleep or anything else, they would occupy five solid days and nights in getting by.

The Old Immigration and the New

IN THAT same year—1914—the total number of immigrants to America from all foreign countries was 1,218,480—nearly a million and a quarter people, and more than a million of them couldn't talk enough English to ask how to get to Main Street or to demand a piece of apple pie. They knew little about America except that it was a great place for money. They were thoroughly aware of the fact that the coin of the realm could be obtained in large quantities in America, and they were present to get their fingers on as much of it as human fingers could conveniently grasp. Most of them were willing to live in any old way and do any old thing so long as they could get money—enough money to go back to their homes in a few years' time and spend their declining years lapped in the luxury which their American dollars would bring.

Nearly one-quarter of this million and a quarter aliens were Italians. In fact for the ten years prior to the war the Italians had been pouring into the United States with as much vigor and energy as though Italy had decided to Italianize America. More than 2,278,000 Italians emigrated to America in the ten years before the war—more than two and a quarter million—just about the same number of people that there are in the state of Wisconsin, which has been regarded as pretty solidly populated for a good many years.

One of the most successful ways in which to create a protracted and ear-splitting commotion in a crowd of sociologists, political economists and other earnest workers for the world's good is to mention the word "immigration" in a loud, firm voice, and then go away. The sociologists and the political economists will do the rest. Each and every one of them will leap wildly into the middle of an argument on the subject of immigration, and they will keep arguing until neighbors telephone to the janitor that they want that awful noise stopped right away.

The arguers, generally speaking, are divided into two classes: Those who jump up and down ferociously and declare in raucous, penetrating accents that immigration, if permitted to continue in the same wild, free, unbridled manner in which it was proceeding before the war, will almost totally wreck the United States; and those who declare with sobs in their throats and tears coursing down their cheeks that if immigration is not allowed to proceed in the same unhindered, sane fashion that characterized it prior to 1914 the United States will probably have to go to the repair shop for a long, long time.

All of the arguers agree on two brands of immigration, and refer constantly to them as the old and the new immigration. The old immigration came from countries in the north and west of Europe—Great Britain, Germany, France, Sweden and the surrounding nations. Prior to the year 1883 practically all of our immigrants came from that part of the world. Since 1883, however, practically all of our immigrants have come from Italy, the countries which used to be Austria-Hungary, Russia and the Balkans. This is known as the new immigration.

Roughly speaking, those who think that the United States is lost unless immigration is greatly restricted argue about as follows:

The new immigration is far worse than the old. The Slavs and the Latins, who comprise the new immigration, are for the most part illiterate and unskilled, with a low standard of living and a standard of morality that could walk under a Sheraton highboy without disarranging its hair. The old immigration belonged to the same racial stock as the native Americans, and could be easily assimilated; whereas the new immigration belongs to a different racial stock, and does not mix with the native Americans. The new immigrants live by themselves in cities, prefer to retain the manners and customs of the countries from which they came, and have no idea of living permanently in America and of becoming American citizens. America doesn't need immigrants, because the public lands have been taken up, and because there isn't the same demand for manual labor as there was in the days when railroads were being built.

Standards of Living Unaffected

NEW immigration is highly undesirable, because it lowers the standard of living and the tone of the community, increases the numbers of the criminal class and adds to the problems of our schools. It overcrowds the labor market, causes large amounts of money to be sent from America to the immigrants' homes and keeps down wages. It damages America politically, because the new immigrants are easily influenced by agitators, haven't the slightest idea of democracy as Americans understand it, and are full of anarchistic and Bolshevistic ideas which are about as valuable to America as a few hundred cases of the black plague would be.

Again roughly speaking, those who claim that it will be an awful thing for the United States unless immigration is permitted to continue without any restrictions put forward the following arguments:

The new immigration differs from the old immigration, but it's no worse. Back in the old days the American people used to rave just as wildly against the Irish and the Germans as they now rave against the Latins and the Slavs. The new immigrants are lovers of music and beauty and art, and are therefore nice people to have round. Once in America, they soon outgrow the effects of their old homes. Their children grow taller, and rapidly insist on new standards of living. They, and especially their children, are easily assimilated.

Americans never try to live like newly arrived immigrants; the immigrants always try to live like Americans; consequently the talk of lowering the standard of living is all bosh. New immigration acts as a safety valve on labor conditions, for the immigrants come when times are good and their labor is needed; but when times are hard they go home again. They don't lower wages to any marked extent, for as soon as they discover what the American wage is they howl for it. If they send money home they have given more than its equivalent in labor. If they provide fertile ground for political agitators they are no worse than many of the native Americans. They are not to blame for living in slums, for the slums are due to Americans and

not to the immigrants. Among the people who protest most bitterly against any restrictions on immigration are manufacturers and large employers of labor, the steamship companies, charitable and immigrant-aid societies, immigrant bankers, ticket agents, the American Association of Foreign Language Newspapers, members of the Socialist Party and such organizations as the Slovak Guards, the United Polish Societies, the Order of the Sons of Italy, the German-American Alliance and countless others of a similar nature. All these people want immigrants to pour into America.

Among those who favor restrictions on immigration are the labor unions, the foremost writers on political economy in America and the Immigration Commission created in 1907 to make a full examination into the subject of immigration. Three members of the commission were senators appointed by the Vice President, three were representatives chosen by the Speaker of the House, and three were citizens appointed by President Roosevelt, who considered the question of immigration one of the most important before the American people.

One of the planks in the Republican platform of 1920 declares that "The standard of living and the standard of citizenship of a nation are its most precious possessions, and the preservation and elevation of those standards is the first duty of our Government. The immigration policy of the United States should be such as to insure that the number of foreigners in the country at any one time shall not exceed that which can be assimilated with reasonable rapidity, and to favor immigrants whose standards are similar to ours."

The American consulate at Naples is a comfortable building on the Via Santa Lucia. It faces the sparkling waters of the Bay of Naples and the dark blue mass of Mount Vesuvius, and when the wind blows from the southeast the smoke clouds billow down the slopes of Vesuvius and surge straight toward the American flag that hangs over the front windows.

The Rumor and the Truth

NAPLES consulate is the happy hunting ground for those who are seeking information concerning Italian emigrants, for all of the Southern Italians bound for the United States—excepting those from the islands of Sicily and Sardinia—must pass through the American consulate at Naples.

Some months ago a rumor filtered through various parts of Europe to the effect that Italy did not care to have her sons emigrate to the United States, and that she was therefore refusing to allow them to go. The person who started this rumor must have been deep in the grip of some subtle intoxicant which inflames the imagination and deadens the reason, for it would have been difficult to evolve a rumor which would have been further removed from the truth.

Early in 1920 the Naples consulate was literally besieged by Southern Italians who wished to go to the United States immediately if not sooner. The lines of would-be emigrants extended for blocks down the street. Men slept on the sidewalks outside the consulate in order to get quick action on the morrow. Some of this crowding was due to faulty management. Late in March, 1920, a new system of handling the mob of emigrants was installed, and there was no more sidewalk sleeping and no more blocks-long lines. Nevertheless the Southern Italians headed for the United States poured through the consulate in an unending stream—efficiently handled, orderly, but unending nevertheless. From 400 to 600 of them were going through the consulate every working day—an average frequently of better than one each minute. Those who think that the Italian Government is stopping emigration to the United States need only to linger for a few hours at the Naples consulate in order to realize that they have several thinks coming to them.

Early in April, 1920, the Italian emigration authorities in the city of Palermo did, it is true, urge the American consulate in Palermo to cease visèing the passports of Sicilians desirous of emigrating to America. This, however, was not due to any desire to stop emigration, but rather to a desire to assist the would-be emigrants. Palermo is the one great port of exit for the Southern Italians living on the island of Sicily. Early in April, when the Italian emigration authorities requested the American consulate to cease placing American visés on Italian passports, there were 40,000 Sicilians whose passports were completed and

Street Scenes in Naples, Where the Flow of Emigration Was So Great Recently That Applicants for Visés Slept on the Sidewalks Outside the American Consulate

in order. The whole 40,000 were waiting for ships to take them to America.

That means that in spite of all the immigration restrictions now imposed by the United States on incoming aliens there were in Sicily alone more Southern Italians waiting for transportation to America than arrived in America during the entire year 1914 from Ireland or from Sweden or from the German Empire or from England. Though 1914 was the biggest immigration year, except the year 1907, that America has ever known, there were more Sicilians waiting to go to America in early April, 1920, than came to America all through 1914 from Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, France, Holland, Montenegro and Serbia put together. They were filling the city of Palermo to the uttermost limit. They were using up all the food, so that prices were rising and so that those in the city couldn't get enough to eat. So the Italian authorities respectfully requested that the American consulate refuse to grant visés until more ships began to ply between Palermo and New York and relieve them of the burden of the 40,000 who wished to leave. That is the only attempt which the Italian authorities have made to interrupt emigration to America.

To-day, as has always been the case, the majority of people who intend to emigrate from Italy to America are Southern Italians. The United States Immigration Bureau makes as careful a differentiation between the people from the north of Italy and people from the south of Italy as it does between Greeks and Rumanians. Northern Italy is the umbrellalike top of the Italian boot, or the territory between the Alps and the Apennines.

The Amalfi of Old Times

SOUTHERN Italy is all that lies below Northern Italy, though many Italians in the districts technically known to our Immigration Bureau as Southern Italy resent being classed as Southern Italians. It even hurts an Italian severely to be lumped in with all the other Italians. A resident of Amalfi, for example, dislikes to be classed with the residents of Bari or Brindisi or Cosenza or some other community which—to his way of thinking—is nothing but what he delights to characterize—in Italian equivalents—as a hick town.

The residents of the little town of Amalfi, for example, consider themselves far superior to the residents of the adjacent city of Naples, even though Naples has a population of 600,000 and the population of Amalfi is less than 6000. This is because Amalfi, small as it is, was once nearly as powerful on the sea as is England to-day. History shows that Amalfi in the ninth century was one of the chief cities in the world which was carrying on trade with the East, and that in the year 848 its fleet went to the assistance of the Pope against the Saracens.

So the present-day residents of Amalfi remember the old days when the ships of Amalfi sailed all the charted seas, and they are very proud of their antecedents. They do not belong with the common herd, they claim. So it is also with the residents of Bologna, who are very proud of their city and its traditions, and who boast loudly of the mighty events in which Bologna participated back in the Dark Ages. The same is true of those who live in Florence and Venice and Genoa and Pisa, all of which cities were great world powers at some time in their existence.

These delicate distinctions, however, do not weigh very heavily with the United States immigration authorities. To them all Italians are South Italians or North Italians, and in their coarse American manner they laugh when a South Italian intimates that he is better than other South Italians because of something which the residents of his home town did away back in the year of the sour grapes, or round 688 A. D.

There is a difference between the North Italians and the South Italians. In the north are the great industrial cities. The residents of Northern Italy are, generally

(Continued on Page 130)

HANDSOMELY TRIMMED

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

EPHRAIM ANSTRUTHER, of Anstruther & Moore, conceded by himself and others to be one of the ablest, most respected, most conservative members of the River City bar, sat at his desk in his private office on the third floor of the First National Bank Building engaged in the performance of what to him was invariably an interesting and important task. He was signing protests of dishonored commercial paper.

The firm of Anstruther & Moore was counsel for the bank downstairs; the firm handled for the bank downstairs many matters of considerable importance. In the course of his dealings with his bank nothing that Ephraim Anstruther did could possibly be of less consequence than the act of appending his seal and his signature to the certificate of protest of an unpaid draft or note. The duty was a routine duty—and Ephraim liked routine. The function was the function of a notary, not that of an adviser. The act could just as well have been performed by Ephraim's personal stenographer, who also was a notary.

The fees were small—a dollar or two a throw—but he even liked the fees. In fact, for years now it had been his custom to collect these notarial fees from the First National on the first of every month in gold. Next morning he would drop the clinking yellow coins upon his daughter's breakfast plate. Rumor had it that his daughter ate them up. Be that as it may, it may readily be understood—from the point of view of a rubber-stamp age—that the whole thing was perfunctory and unimportant.

And yet to the mind of Ephraim Anstruther this was the one office, the one act, that more than any other seemed to make him part and parcel of the great commercial world without. For his seal and his signature upon a certificate of protest, without further authentication, would command instant recognition, honor, in any hamlet, town or city on the continent. So as a matter of fact would the seal and signature of Mary Jane Jones, who was only his stenographer, but that didn't signify with Ephraim. As a notary public he personally was a world-wide institution, and he gloried in it.

He had signed his fifteenth protest when he noted the brisk step of a man—wearing leather soles and heels—who was swinging swiftly down the inside corridor of the law firm's suite of offices. The steps reached Ephraim's private office. Ephraim's door stood wide open. The man stood wavering for an instant on the threshold, then he swung on into the room.

"Nobody stopped me," said this individual, with a happy-go-lucky laugh, "so I walked right in, Mr. Anstruther, I take it—or Mr. Moore?"

"Anstruther is my name," said Ephraim courteously, but a bit coldly, his pen poised in air; "won't you ——"

"Beat you to it," nodded the stranger, dropping into a chair which he had already dragged across the floor—a bit of assurance of which Ephraim highly disapproved. The stranger persisted in his evil ways. He drew forth a leather cigar case and offered a cigar to Ephraim.

"I beg pardon," said Ephraim, "but I never smoke."

"I do," said the stranger. "Do you mind if I ——"

Ephraim didn't—or at least he said so. While the stranger was lighting his cigar Ephraim looked him over with what he told himself was an appraising eye. He tried, in fact, to size him up. But Ephraim couldn't size the stranger up—and for a very good and sufficient reason. Unknown to himself, Ephraim was incapable of sizing anybody up. Or to put it more exactly, it was necessary for him to employ method. He judged a man by rule—he valued him by rote. So far, in this particular case, there was nothing for him to work upon. Here was a man well dressed, bluff—here was the glad hand and the kindly eye and nothing more.

"What can I do for you?" asked Ephraim.

"Got a case for you to try," nodded the stranger, "for one of the finest little women in the world."

"May I inquire your name?" said Ephraim.

"I'm Gurney," said the stranger.

He tossed a bit of pasteboard across the desk with such dexterity that it landed right side around just under Ephraim's aristocratic nose. Ephraim studied the card—as a matter of fact, for him cards came easier than men. But this card told him less than nothing. It was a visiting card, done in old-fashioned script engraving, setting forth a name and an address somewhere in Jacksonville. Ephraim slightly shook his head.

"You don't belong in River City," he remarked.

"Stopping off," nodded the stranger. "I've got a relative or two."

"Somebody referred you to this firm?" persisted Ephraim. "You have some introduction—reference—a letter from your bank?"

"Gosh, no!" said Mr. Gurney. "I wasn't referred to you by anybody. I just blew in."

Harry Moore Immediately Brushed Away Her Finger With That Portion of His Make-Up Intended by Nature to Act as Locale for a Mustache

Mr. Ephraim Anstruther crystallized immediately into blue ice.

Ephraim was unaccustomed to doing business with parties that just blew in and his gorge rose against this man, but he had to be polite.

"I see," he said doubtfully, once more poising his pen above the certificates of protest. "And—what kind of a case did you have for us to try?"

"A divorce case," returned the stranger.

The lawyer shivered. Personally he wouldn't have touched a divorce case with a ten-foot pole, except possibly for a director in the bank. "For—yourself?" he queried.

The stranger shook his head.

"For the finest little woman in the world," he answered.

Worse and more of it. This thing had gone quite far enough. Ephraim Anstruther emphatically shook his head, sighing with relief as he did so, for this clearly let him out.

"Unfortunately, my dear sir," said Ephraim, "we never handle matters of divorce."

Gurney of Jacksonville removed his cigar from his mouth. He edged forward on his chair. He stared at the lawyer.

"You don't handle matters of divorce?" he echoed. He opened up the pages of a local evening paper that he had been carrying under his arm. "Don't handle matters of divorce? Man, here's three columns in your River City True American that says you do. Here's one column on Page One and two full columns on Page Thirteen. A divorce case—you're handling one right now. Your name is in the paper. The Delannoy divorce. You take a look and see."

Ephraim Anstruther groaned. That damned Delannoy divorce case! He knew about it. But that case was Moore's case, not his own. He took the paper from the man—he took a look and saw. Yes, there it was. Harry Moore, of the well-known firm of Anstruther & Moore—all in black and white. Meantime the stranger kept on.

"Getting my shoes shined," he warbled—"read the paper, and that slapped me in the face. Delannoy case—on all fours with the case I've got in mind. You're going to win the Delannoy case—and if you win that case you win mine, hands down, for the finest little woman in the world."

In his enthusiasm he had neglected his cigar. While he relighted it another step resounded in the private corridor. Harry Moore, with another copy of the True American in his hand, burst tumultuously into the room. He was a very lively young man, was Harry Moore—too lively, as a matter of fact. Ephraim Anstruther, noting his breezy advent, wondered now—as he wondered fifty times a week—why in the name of heaven he had ever taken Harry Moore into the firm. If he had had to do it over again Emily could go to thunder. If he had had it to do over Ephraim would have—well, he would have taken Harry Moore into the firm just the same. Harry Moore was inevitable. Besides that, he was present—he was here.

"Well, what do you know about it, chief?" said Harry Moore, quite disregarding the presence of the stranger. "The old V. C. gave us a decision fifteen minutes after the case was closed. Two days' trial—clinched it inside of two minutes. Turn of the wrist. We win!"

"I'd have staked my bottom dollar that you would," cried the stranger, getting up and stretching forth his hand.

Harry seized it as though it was the hand of his dearest friend. Harry looked into the stranger's eyes and smiled the smile that was making Harry Moore famous within the confines of River City.

"You should have been there," said Harry Moore to the stranger. "You should have heard the old V. C."

Ephraim Anstruther rose. He nodded stiffly to Gurney of Jacksonville.

"This," said Ephraim, "is my partner, Mr. Henry Moore." He handed the stranger's card to Harry.

"Want to see me?" queried Harry with another homemade smile.

"I sure do," said Gurney.

Ephraim laid a warning hand upon Harry Moore's arm.

"Mr. Gurney comes to us solely," said Ephraim—"solely through reading our names in the columns of the True American."

"Oh, I see," said Harry, with another—and this time grateful—glance toward Gurney.

"Perhaps," went on Ephraim, "if you could see him in your private room you could explain just why ——".

"No trouble to show goods," cried Harry Moore to Gurney. "The operating room is just down the corridor. You follow me."

The stranger followed Harry Moore.

"All I want," explained the stranger as they started off, "is simple justice for one of the finest little women in the ——"

"Oh, Harry," cried Ephraim sharply just before the two had left the room.

"Yes, chief," said Harry, wheeling.

Mr. Anstruther glanced at him steadily over the top of his glasses.

"I'm going to leave inside of fifteen minutes," he said to the junior member of the firm—"important. Suppose you drop round and see me at the house to-night."

"I always see you at the house every night," Harry reminded him.

"Early," added Mr. Anstruther.

"I'm always early," nodded Harry Moore.

He was no earlier that evening than his senior partner. Anstruther had finished dinner—had cleared his decks for action. Emily, too, had finished reading all about the Delannoy divorce. Vague unrest permeated the atmosphere of the Anstruther home—the sinister, ominous calm before the storm. Emily Anstruther, the dimpled daughter of the house, met Harry at the door—her finger on her lips. Harry Moore immediately brushed away her finger with that portion of his make-up intended by Nature to act as locale for a mustache. Emily's finger lost out. There was a silent, sensational little scuffle that added considerably to the romance of Harry's advent. Emily was a roly-poly little girl, made for the express purpose of being squeezed now and then—principally now. She was a bit too roly-poly for the existent fashion in females. She was not exactly pretty and she didn't know just how to dress. But she had a pair of eager, sympathetic, understanding eyes that made up for all her shortcomings, and Harry liked her just the way she was.

After an indecent interval of lingering in the hallway Harry started toward the only lighted room on the ground floor of the house. Emily held him back for an instant, her finger once more on her lips and genuine anxiety in her swift, warning glance.

"'Smatter?" whispered Harry Moore.

"Papa's on the warpath," Emily whispered back—"been that way all afternoon and evening. He's gunning for a scalp."

"Whose scalp?" queried Harry.

"Yours," said Emily.

Harry pulled himself together. Boldly he prepared to beard the lion in his den. He crossed the threshold of the Anstruther library with his wide smile on his lips.

"Hello, pop," he said to Ephraim with a genial wave of his hand.

Anstruther looked at him—looked through him, in fact.

"Glad you dropped in, George," said Anstruther—"want to talk to you."

"Eh?" faltered Harry.

"Yes, take a seat," said Anstruther.

"You called me George," said Harry.

"I beg your pardon," nodded Anstruther—"my mistake. You're Harry Grimm. I always mix you up with George Moore."

"Hey, there!" cried Harry, startled.

"Yes, Grimm," returned Anstruther.

"I'm not Grimm," said Harry, "and I'm not George. I'm Harry Moore."

"Of course," nodded Anstruther—"natural mistake for me to make. Almost everything you do reminds me of George Grimm."

"George Grimm? Have I ever heard of him?"

"Papa's partner a long, long while ago," said Emily.

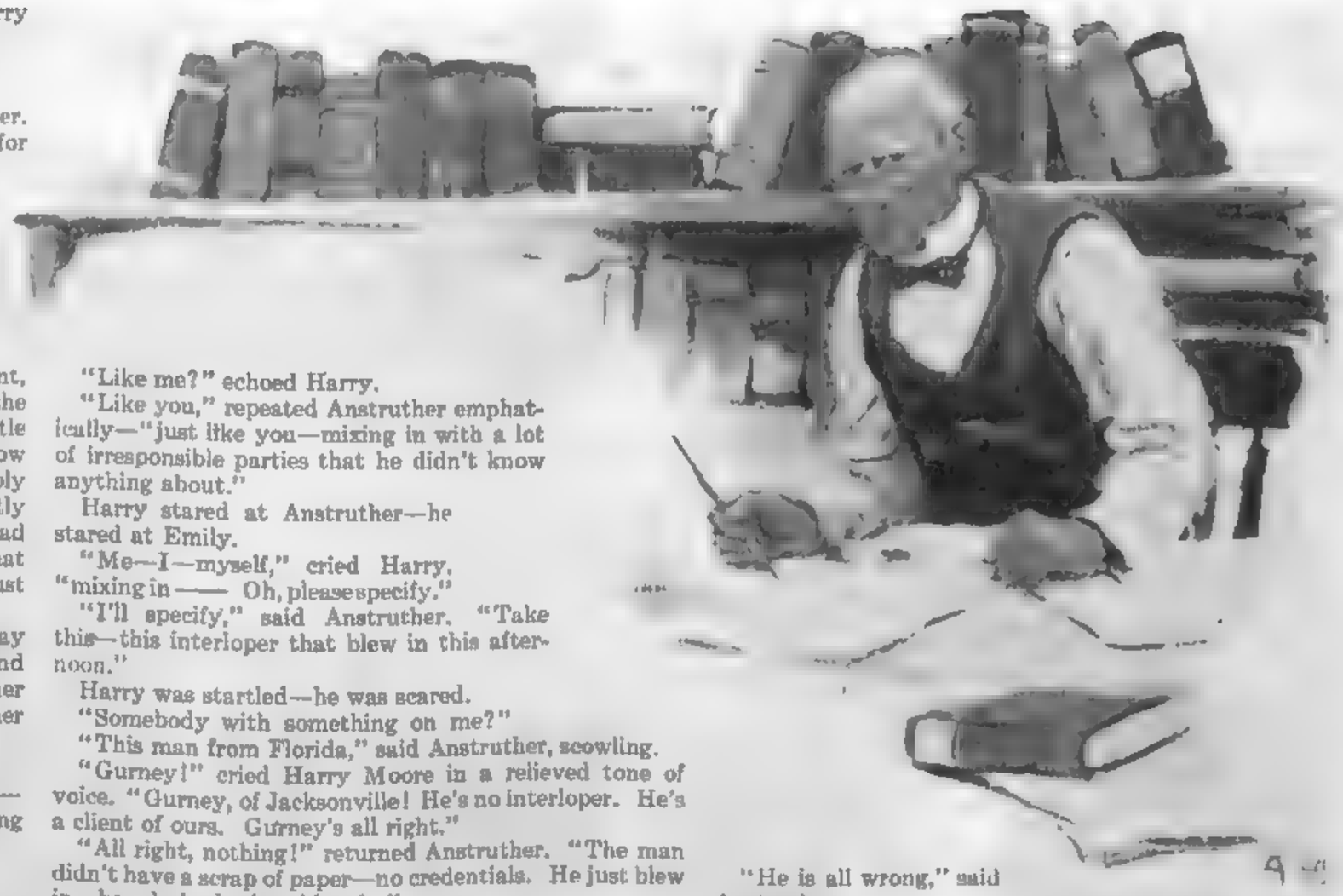
"My partner," echoed Anstruther, "and he cost me seven thousand dollars with one turn of the wrist."

"How come?" said Harry.

Anstruther shook his head. "I like George Grimm," he mused. "I always liked George Grimm. That's the devil with these chaps—you've got to like 'em."

"Sting you, did he?" persisted Harry.

"Never mind," said Anstruther. "He cost me over seven thousand dollars, and he started in like you are starting."



"Like me?" echoed Harry.

"Like you," repeated Anstruther emphatically—"just like you—mixing in with a lot of irresponsible parties that he didn't know anything about."

Harry stared at Anstruther—he stared at Emily.

"Me—I—myself," cried Harry, "mixing in —— Oh, please specify."

"I'll specify," said Anstruther. "Take this—this interloper that blew in this afternoon."

Harry was startled—he was scared.

"Somebody with something on me?"

"This man from Florida," said Anstruther, scowling.

"Gurney!" cried Harry Moore in a relieved tone of voice. "Gurney, of Jacksonville! He's no interloper. He's a client of ours. Gurney's all right."

"All right, nothing!" returned Anstruther. "The man didn't have a scrap of paper—no credentials. He just blew in—he admits he just blew in."

"Gurney is all right," said Harry stoutly.

"How do you know he's all right?"

"Sized him up," persisted Harry—"talked to him. He belongs—he's one of our kind. He's no interloper—not this Gurney. Gurney is all right."

"If the man's all right," said Anstruther, "why doesn't he go to a law firm that he knows?"

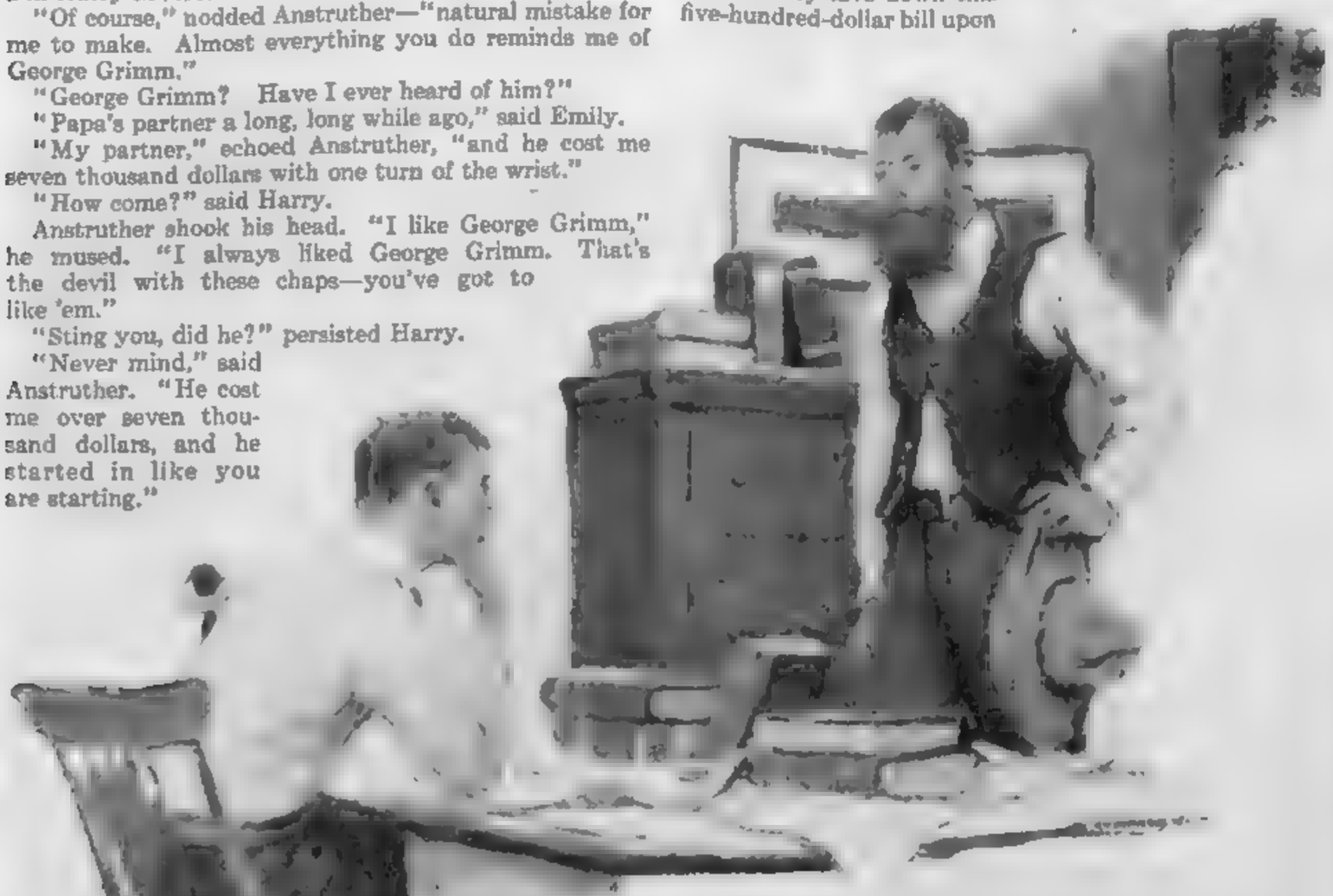
"Doesn't know any," said Harry, "and if he did he wouldn't go to 'em. He wants us because he read about us in the paper."

"We don't want to be read about in the paper," said Anstruther.

"Oh, yes, we do," returned Harry Moore. "This time the paper played us up strong."

"We don't want to be played up strong."

"And," went on Harry, "Gurney, of Jacksonville, reads about what we do to Delannoy, and Gurney comes to us, and Gurney lays down this five-hundred-dollar bill upon



"Son," Went on the Seattle Man, "I am Taking a Long Chance in Confiding My Troubles to a Stranger"

my desk. There's the bill, chief. Look it over. It's as good as gold."

Anstruther looked it over. It was as good as gold.

"H'm!" mused Anstruther. "And George Grimm began that way."

"I don't care how George Grimm began—or how he ended up," cried Harry Moore. "I tell you this Gurney looks all right to me. He acts all right—he is all right!"

His Seal and His Signature, Without Further Authentication, Would Command Instant Recognition, Honor, in Any Hamlet, Town or City on the Continent

"He is all wrong," said Anstruther.

"Give me a reason," demanded Harry Moore.

"I've given you one," said his partner, "but I can give you more. The man blows in for the purpose of getting a divorce for the finest little lady in the land. That settles it. He isn't her husband or he wouldn't come in to get her a divorce. If he is her husband and comes in to get her a divorce, then he's a conspirator and out he goes. He isn't her husband, because he wants to get her a divorce, and yet he called her the finest little lady in the land. Now let me ask you this: What nefarious relation does he bear toward this finest little lady in the land—that he puts up a five-hundred-dollar retainer to get her a divorce? The question answers itself."

"Hardly," said Harry Moore.

"Therefore," went on Anstruther, "we don't want him and we don't want her. We don't want people of that stamp."

"Oh, yes, we do," said Harry, "so long as they're all right. The man's all right. He can't help the nefarious relation he sustains toward this finest little lady in the land. She's his sister—he's her brother, don't you see? And why shouldn't we take up this case for this Mrs. Myra Sutterly, I'd like to know?"

"Myra Sutterly?" echoed Emily. "Myra Sutterly? Why, she's an old, old friend of mine."

"Gurney's her brother," nodded Harry.

"Her rich brother," said Emily. "I've heard her talk about him dozens of times. His name is Gurney and he lives in Florida."

"I think I mentioned that," grinned Harry.

"She is entitled to a divorce," said Emily.

"Amen!" said Harry.

"What Sutterly?" asked Anstruther.

"I. K. P. Sutterly," returned Harry Moore.

"The—the ex-brewer?" faltered his partner.

"Sutterly, of River City," nodded Harry—"a man with half a dozen bank accounts—a man with credentials—a man with backing—a man like this man Delannoy. Either one of them can blow into our office with half a ton of references apiece. Neither one of them can look you in the eye. Men of standing, these two gentlemen, when they're standing out on the corner of a street. Public-spirited gentlemen when the public's looking their way. Men of standing —— Well, then their wives must be ladies of standing and entitled to blow into our law office or any other law office in the town. I've shown up Delannoy. I've made his wife the happiest woman that she's been in fifteen years. I've got her an independent living by way of alimony—and I got the vice chancellor to allow a fifteen-hundred-dollar fee to her counsel, Anstruther & Moore. That's business—that's new business—it's business I brought in. Under our partnership arrangement we split fifty-fifty on business of that kind."

"Fifteen hundred dollars," mused Anstruther. But still he shook his head. "How," he demanded, "did you get hold of Mrs. Delannoy?"

"I decline to answer," returned the junior partner, "on the ground that the answer will tend to degrade and incriminate me. You tell me about George Grimm instead."

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Selling the Army to the People

Soldier-Actors at Camp Grant in a Play Entirely Staged by the Army's New Type of Educated Fighters

By GEORGE PATTULLO

"I AM a Serbian"—it was a soldier talking to a rural audience in a tent. "Since six years I been in this coontry, but I no spick American and I no read or write. For all the time I vork vay down in a coal mine and it is bum. Yes. It no get me anywhere, and I got to go ahead same as evereebody.

"But four months ago I join the Army, and now I spick American and I read and write some too. Do you know who is the fader of this coontry? Huh? Vell, I do. Sure I do! George Vashin'ton vas the fader of our coontry. You see I know. Sure, I know it all! Do you know about Abra'm Lincoln? He vas a goot man."

At this point the audience leaned back and howled with delight. The speaker was a twenty-year-old boy belonging to one of the heterogeneous squads sent out by the Recruit Educational Center of Camp Upton as one of the attractions of a lecture circuit in order to bring before the people of the United States what the Army can do and is doing to educate and make citizens of the aliens and illiterates it is recruiting.

The Army has tackled an ambitious scheme. Should it succeed as it hopes it will gain a position in the United States such as it has never before enjoyed, and will become an important factor in education and industry. Indeed even partial realization of its expectations is bound to revolutionize our civilian system of education—and heaven knows it needs revolutionizing!

Learning While Soldiering

BRIEFLY the plan aims at giving recruits an elementary education and a trade at the same time the service is making soldiers of them. In other words, instead of the Army being merely an expense and liability in peacetimes, maintained for the emergency of war—as the public has been prone to regard it—it will become an agency for the making of good citizens and trained workmen.

Just to whom the credit is due for this conception of an army's function in peacetimes it would be difficult to say, but the scheme grew out of the war, and Secretary Baker has been its ardent champion from the outset. In a letter sent to the head of one of the welfare organizations last October he said:

"We are building an Army on a new plan, and propose to make it not merely a military force organized and kept in readiness for the defense of the nation, but a great educational institution into which mothers and fathers of the country will be glad to see their boys go, first, because of the patriotic spirit which service will engender; second, because of the educational opportunities it will offer; and third, because of the democratic fellowship which association in it will entail.

"This is admittedly a new form of army organization, but happily it has been done under our eyes, and we have only to select and preserve the elements which have demonstrated their usefulness and value. Concededly these elements must be adequate military training, adequate industrial and other education, and adequate social and recreation opportunity.

"These are not separate things to be given to the soldiers through separate agencies, but are different parts of the same round task, all of which it is the duty of the Government to perform for its young soldiers.

"I am very zealous to have two things happen: First, I want the people of the country to realize that the War Department is interested in the round and full development of the young men who come into the Army; that our purpose is to turn them out trained soldiers, but in addition to that trained citizens; that we propose to give them military training enough to make them useful should the emergency require it, but also education enough to make them self-supporting and self-respecting members of the civil community when they return to it; and to add to these more formal gifts the social development and quality which are necessary to make balanced and stable characters. Second, I am anxious to have the men in the Army themselves feel that the relation they sustain to their Government is not one of drawing pay from the Government for so many hours of drill or other form of duties while they look to outside agencies for profitable opportunity of relaxation and character development, but rather that by enlisting in the Army they secure both the opportunity of service and the opportunity of growth, development and culture from the same source."

What was responsible for such a radical change from the accepted, worn-out notions of an army's rôle in the national life? The war! It was a distinct shock to American pride to discover that 24.9 per cent of the drafted men could not read a newspaper or write a letter in English. It may be a still further shock for them to learn that almost half of the illiterate recruits at the chief army educational center at the present time are native-born Americans. To me it was tragic to see a big husky American standing up in a classroom to struggle haltingly through the stirring lines of Old Mother Hubbard. In a country such as this it seems monstrous there should be thousands and thousands of grown men of native birth who can neither read nor write, and whose general intelligence is about that of a normal six-year-old child.

Everybody can remember the problem the illiterates and aliens presented in the training period. How can you teach an alien to right face or shoulder arms when he has no idea what the Sam Hill the instructor is talking about? It became necessary to teach them a smattering of the English language before they could be used in the Army. Out of that necessity rose the development battalions at home and the educational system of the A. E. F. For one hundred and sixty-seven thousand illiterates went to France. The War Department records show, too, that many of them perished there because they did not understand our language.

Educational Plans Opposed

ALSO it was generally expected that every known species of mechanic and technician would be found among the millions enrolled by General Crowder. That was one of our pet boasts. But like a lot of other popular illusions the war fostered, it rested on nothing more substantial than spread-eagle pride. In a modern army more than forty-two per cent of the entire strength of a division must be technicians—that is, they must be trained in some trade. Well, we didn't have them. To be sure, lots of men classified themselves as skilled mechanics when they could hardly hit a nail with a hammer, just as hundreds of soldiers call themselves cooks when they are only can openers. It became necessary for the Army to train men to trades, and the present vocational training system is a product of those desperate days.

Curiously enough, the idea of making the Army an educational institution, as well as a weapon of war, has roused some opposition in the service itself. A civilian might suppose that a scheme so well devised to make the Army a valuable factor in our national life, and to bring its personnel close to the masses of the people who sustain it, would meet with unqualified approval and indorsement from every soldier and officer. I say a civilian might suppose this—but the average civilian doesn't fathom the workings of the old order of military mind. If he could the preservation of his own common sense would be imperiled.

They tell me there is quite a faction in the Army opposed to the experiment. This is not due to Secretary Baker's ardent championship of it, though that may have influenced a few, inasmuch as a percentage of any professional military organization can always be found in opposition to civilian control. Their hostility rises from the antipathy this type of mind experiences toward any innovation calculated to disturb them out of the comfortable rut in which their careers have moved. None has ventured to display open antagonism—which is hardly to be wondered at when the Secretary of War is on the other side—but they have hampered progress by their apathy and discouraged enthusiasm by their cynicism.

That applies to an element among the officers, but the old-time army noncom is simply sweating blood over it too. To his way of thinking, the service is going straight to hell. Gone are the days when an hour and a half of work in the morning counted as the daily stint! Under present conditions a soldier drills and does his military duties in the morning, and then works in a class or shop like any darned civilian in the afternoon. What can you expect of an army run on those lines? It's headed straight, they tell you; a bunch of kids horning into the service and trying to turn things upside down.

Not a few of the old-timers are getting out just as fast as they can. The service isn't what it used to be, and they cannot catch step with the new order. It ain't an army any more at all—no, sir—it's nothing but a damned school for a lot of nineteen and twenty year old boys.

Army Life Before the War

PROBABLY no career open to a man in this country offered anything like the freedom from responsibilities and the opportunity for lazing that our prewar Army provided in posts to a soldier uncursed by ambition or of an indolent temperament. It was the finest and most comfortable life imaginable. That was the trouble with it. It was so comfortable, so fatal to initiative, to independence and self-reliance, that a man who put in many years in the service often left it utterly unfit for any civilian occupation.

The result of this system was that the Army offered no attraction to a youngster willing to buck the competition of civil life. In the main it attracted only men down on their luck or youths with a natural bent toward soldiering. These soon fell into the easy routine of garrison service, and the influence upon their viewpoint and character was such that they usually signed on for another hitch at the expiration of their enlistment. Despite all their oft-announced schemes for chicken farming or hog raising—despite all their dreams of going back to civil life and making a fortune quickly and easily—a short session with the dice after drawing their pay, or a period of hard luck, or a love of army life that draws some men as a gong starts a veteran fire horse, soon brought them back. They were not qualified to hold down any job in civil life requiring technical skill; they were not equipped to compete with men who had been trained in the stern school of self-dependence. Consequently the professional soldiers usually remained professional soldiers and became a class apart, drawn from the civilian reservoir and maintained by civilian money, but completely out of touch with civilian life, ideals and sympathy. This was most unfortunate—much more unfortunate for the Army than for the civilian population. These remarks do not of course apply to every soldier in the prewar Army. There were many earnest, capable and ambitious men and officers in it, but it cannot be denied that a large number of soldiers came under this description.

As things should work out under the new plan, the service will equip its men, instead of unfitting them, for careers in civil life. In addition it will imbue them with a sense of citizenship and its obligations. The old notions and conceptions of an army's relation to the nation it serves will undergo important changes, which will probably cut to the quick those in the service who love the ancient methods and traditions. But viewed from the broad standpoint of service to the country the change ought to work for good.

A War-Department order issued September 13, 1919, laid down the broad lines to be followed: "To train technicians and mechanics to meet the Army's needs, and to raise the soldier's general intelligence in order to increase his military efficiency." Also, "to fit the soldier for a definite occupation upon his return to civil life." It is prescribed that three hours a day for five days a week shall be devoted to educational work, attendance at classes being voluntary except in the case of illiterates. However, "Once enrolled as a student, the soldier will be required to complete the course undertaken." This latter provision has resulted in the busting of many noncoms who took up the work only to tire of it, and punishment for men guilty of similar shirking.

These educational and vocational activities come under the War Plans Division of the General Staff. In Washington is determined the policy to be followed to achieve the ends in view; the detailed carrying out, and to some extent even the scope of the work, are left to the department and camp commanders, to whom are allotted funds for the purpose.

In order to provide the requisite funds Congress appropriated $2,000,000 for the fiscal year ending June thirtieth. To this they added $670,000 for recreation and military post exchanges, and these amounts were augmented by the Secretary of War by the assignment of other funds totaling $1,700,000. Under "other funds" fall all the funds turned in by disbanded organizations during demobilization. On top of this support the affiliated welfare organizations donated to the work about $2,289,000. Thus the Army found itself with close to $6,660,000 to be put into the work.

That amount would have been but a drop in the bucket had they not also found themselves in possession of plants and all manner of equipment. Every camp had buildings suitable for the work—miles and miles of buildings to spare, for not a single camp of the whole lot boasts a tenth of the men it held during the war period. And the Government owned enough unused equipment of every kind to give a running start in industry to an average-size kingdom. This stuff was in process of sale. I am told that close to $150,000,000 worth has been withheld from the market, so that practically everything the Army will need for its vocational, educational and recreational program will be available.

It only remains to sort the stuff and distribute it to meet camp requirements, which is not so simple an undertaking as it sounds. It was discovered that those in charge of the stuff at many depots had no real idea of what they had on hand. Acres and acres of sound materials and equipment remained uninventoried. To obtain an exact idea of what was available new inventories had to be made and checked up by rigid inspection. No country on earth but the United States could pursue such lax and wasteful methods without going bankrupt, but it is an old story to us

Civilian aid has been freely enlisted in the educational and avocational scheme. The organization for it is a combination of military officers and civilians. There are two types of civilian employees—one to develop the educational policies, the curriculums and methods of study, and the other doing actual teaching work in the camps. The former are selected and controlled by the War Department; the latter are employed by camp commanders under such terms as they can make locally.

The Type of Teacher Employed

THOSE in the first group are all professional educators of wide experience and high standing, who made striking successes of their war work. Five of them constitute an advisory board, of which Dr. C. R. Mann is chairman. In addition, one of these professional educators is attached to each department headquarters to coöperate with the commanding general in organizing and developing the schools. Among them are such men as Mr. A. J. Inglis, of Harvard; Mr. C. E. Hewitt, from the New Hampshire State College; Mr. P. B. Woodworth, of Chicago; and Dr. E. M. Ranck, state veterinarian of Mississippi. Mention of these gives you an idea of the type of men employed.

Doctor Mann reports:

"The second group of teachers are expert in special lines of work and are employed at Camp Grant, developing by experiment with the soldier classes courses of study, course materials, standards of achievement and tests of proficiency for use in the army schools next year. These men are coöperating with special officers from the technical services in working out the details of course materials and methods of instruction so as to create courses of study that will produce results and make the men skillful

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A Recently Americanized Soldier Making an Address to Factory Workers in the Army's Recruiting Campaign

THE GREAT MAN

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

"I am Reading It to Ada, Dear, and We are Halfway Through. Suppose You Take the Carbon Copy"

DARROW has missed the point of my book and I intend to answer him." Doctor Ogden spoke temperately, and Miss Brill saw a magnanimous dose coming as clearly as though he poured it from bottle to spoon. "But for all that, he is one of the biggest men in the country; in some ways he is a bigger man than I am," he brought it out.

The secretary frowned away from the proffered dose. "Oh, doctor, don't exaggerate," she said impatiently.

Doctor Ogden thought that over, seeking as always the truth. "No; I don't think I exaggerate," he concluded. "If a lesser man had blundered like this"—he tapped the printed article under his hand—"I would simply ignore him. But the man who wrote Fiat Justicia, my dear Ada, is worth ——"

"It hasn't sold ten thousand copies," Ada interrupted, feeding a carbon sandwich to the machine with a fiery thrust. "He knows that The National Consciousness has sold seventy thousand already, and he's crazy jealous, that's all. If you weren't such a perfect saint you'd see it. I had a talk with Doctor Smilie after church last Sunday, and he said that the three outstanding figures of this age are Hoover, Foch and Thomas Ogden."

Doctor Ogden considered the trio with dispassionate interest. "Foch is of course a great soldier," he conceded, and prepared to dictate his answer to Darrow, pacing slowly up and down the room, his broad tawny head dropped forward, his hands shaping the coming sentences against the quiet atmosphere.

Miss Brill sat like a guarded flame, erect before her machine, a point of light ready to blaze into activity when needed. Her cheeks grew crimson as the work progressed, her tiny body seemed scarcely to touch the chair. The study was alive to its uttermost corners with the excitement of creation, while out in the sunny garden Mrs. Ogden contentedly weeded the pansies with the help of a white fox terrier puppy and kept her eye on the time.

At half past twelve she ran her finger tips over the study door and came in, the happy-tailed little dog at her heels. Her husband lifted a warning hand, so she waited where she was while the concluding sentences rolled into the machine. As the atmosphere of the room reached her the faintest glimmer of amusement showed beneath the gravity of her pleasant brown face.

Miss Brill drew the last sheet out of her typewriter with a sweep that was a silent shout.

Doctor Ogden dropped into a chair, weary and triumphant.

"I think I have settled Darrow," he said, looking toward his wife rather than seeing her. "Do you want to hear it, Cynthia?"

"Love to, this afternoon. But it's Thursday, Tom." Her smile admitted the coming struggle, her serenity foretold its outcome.

"Thursday?"

"Mrs. Hall's luncheon."

He frowned vaguely in the direction of Mrs. Hall's luncheon. "Oh, I can't go. Tell her I am working," he disposed of that. "You read Darrow's criticism, didn't you?"

Mrs. Ogden sat down on the nearest chair, taking the puppy into her lap.

"My dear Tom," she said very distinctly, "Mrs. Hall is giving this for you by your permission, and various intellectual giants are coming from long distances to meet you. You cannot throw her over." Her good humor was flawless but he began to chafe.

"I didn't know then that I should have this article to write. I am up to my neck in work—I'm not in the mood, Cynthia!"

"You will be when you get there." Her smile tilted down at one corner in patient comment on what was before them. "And think of Mrs. Hall's mood if you treated her like that. Mustn't be selfish, Tommy." She made the puppy shake a reproving paw at him.

Miss Brill, bent down motionless over the finished sheets, showed a leap of flame in either cheek. Doctor Ogden tried to give the obnoxious word his usual detached scrutiny, but the verdict had already gone against it.

"Aren't you rather forgetting the importance of my work?" he asked, more in sorrow than in anger.

She rose, puppy and all, to put a hand on his shoulder.

"No, I'm not, old fellow. Only you have to be frightfully famous to throw people over at the last moment. You're pretty famous—perhaps in a year or two you can do it. But not just yet. Now come and brush up for the spotlight. There will be ladies hanging on your words and you know you like that."

He did go, in melancholy wronged silence. Miss Brill, left alone, squeezed her hands into two hot little fists.

"Oh, that woman!" she breathed through stiffened jaws.

Of course he liked it—the imported intellects and the listening ladies and the glow of the spotlight. He came out so full of echoing satisfaction that Mrs. Ogden turned the car away from home and ran him for a cooling hour through the new leaves of the spring woods while he told her what he had said to one and another.

"When you think how I earned every bit of my education from McGuffey's First Reader to my Ph.D., and then see these editors and college professors coming all the way out here to make my acquaintance—it's pretty wonderful, Cynthia!" he admitted in the intimacy permissible with a wife.

She gave him her pleasant assent. "And what is still more wonderful is that you aren't going to be spoiled with success," she went on warmly. "A little man would get all swelled up about himself; but you are too big for that. I loved your patience and graciousness with those gushing females. They must have made you ill, inside, but outside you were perfect."

A candid surprise showed in her husband's face, but she was trying to avoid puddles and her eyes were engaged. His inner gaze turned back on the ladies and presently he sighed as for something gone.

"Oh, yes, I suppose they do gush," he admitted. "Now we'd better go back. I am tired."

He was down as far as he had been up, beyond the reach of cheer. All the way home she tried to work him back to a normal level, but his spirit lay a dead weight and only his patient courtesy responded. She was sorry, and perhaps a little amused, though too kind to show it. Her own serenity, built on fourteen years of successful marriage, was untouched as she drew up at the veranda steps.

They were surprised to hear the typewriter clicking inside. Miss Brill was engaged only for the mornings.

"That good girl—she must have come back to finish the letters," Doctor Ogden exclaimed; and cheer returned with so visible a rush that his wife looked an astonished question. He did not heed it. He was hurrying in as one hurries in out of the cold.

Mrs. Ogden ran the car into the garage and stayed there for a long time staring amazedly at the wall. She did not stir until the puppy, discovering her with yelps of welcome, squirmed up into her lap and demanded attention.

"Of course I am an everlasting kill-joy," she said aloud. "I don't like being a kill-joy! But hasn't someone got to save him, Bella?"

Bella did not find her a kill-joy; she wriggled happiness, she exuded love. They sat together exchanging endearments until Mrs. Ogden remembered with a guilty pang

that she was to have heard the answer to Darrow. She flew in. Her words came ahead of her hurrying step as she crossed the veranda to the open study windows.

"Now may I hear it, Tom?"

His reading voice went on to a period before he answered.

"Why, I am reading it to Ada, dear, and we are halfway through." He was stimulated to buoyancy, lapped in satisfaction, while Miss Brill sat in vivid stillness, holding the inspiration alight until the interruption should be over. "Suppose you take the carbon copy."

"Ah, but I wanted to hear you read it!" She spoke so disappointedly that he considered turning back to the beginning, but Miss Brill intervened.

"You won't get it off to-night, doctor." She never spoke directly to Mrs. Ogden. "I was going to take it down for you—I brought my bicycle on purpose." Her voice was as definite and staccato as her machine.

"Yes; we ought to get it off," he assented, and both visibly waited to recapture the broken mood.

Mrs. Ogden carried the carbon copy to her room but she did not read it. She sat confronting the situation until suddenly a wail of laughter brought her face into her hands.

"It's too ridiculous—it's too perfectly silly!" she stammered. Then she tried to be shocked at herself. "I mustn't laugh! Why, it's my husband's love, it's the famous triangle, right here on our block. But some way—Tommy and that little woodpecker!"

Then she saw the bicycle going off and the manuscript protruding from Miss Brill's pocket, and she grew sober; for Tom had never before sent off anything without submitting it to her steady judgment. They had worked together over every line of the great book, both intent only on the truth, Tom as open to criticism as he was glad of praise. Cynthia had acted as secretary until the book's success warranted Miss Brill. She had been glad to turn over the machine to the ardent little person, so amusingly excited at working for Tom. Never once had she taken that excitement into consideration as a force that might affect her own life. When Tom had grown impatient of anything but praise she had blamed that on the outside world; and all the time its real source must have been right here under her own roof.

"Oh, dear, I suppose I've got to deal with it," she protested. "But, in heaven's name, how? What does the wife do in the drama? Oh, of course; she goes to the other woman. I shall have to have a scene with little Brill." Laughter came back drowningly. "It's just that it is so ridiculous for us, for Tom and me," she apologized, wiping her eyes. "If he fell really in love with a woman who mattered I should be wretched. But the Brill's violent emotions don't seem very important. I wouldn't bother about it at all if it weren't so bad for old Tom. He likes it!" she concluded amazedly. Tom's gravity before the funny side of success had been a daily shock.

In the morning she watched Miss Brill arrive, her taut little body alight with the coming hours of devotion. One could trust her not to be sentimental—she would never lay a finger tip on the great man's arm. It was a bitter worship that guarded the pedestal and rose in fury at enemies.

The secretary worked late that morning, but absolutely refused luncheon, either in the dining room or on a tray. She always refused it. Mrs. Ogden suddenly found that trying. After luncheon, while a visitor was holding the doctor, she carried a glass of milk into the study.

"It would be a personal favor if you would drink that," she said.

Miss Brill, eyes averted, explained that she had finished and was going home to her own luncheon; but Mrs. Ogden had taken a seat.

"Will you stay a few minutes longer?" she began. "I want to have a talk with you." She paused long enough to see the alarmed stiffening, then went on with her most tranquil smile: "And I don't in the least know how to begin it!"

Miss Brill braved her with a dart of angry eyes.

"Are you sure it is necessary?" she asked shortly.

"I wish I weren't!" Cynthia was all peace and pleasantness. "But there is something I want you to understand—about me." That brought an arrested stillness. "All my married life I have been working with my husband, helping him to find the truth. Bad truth, good truth, any kind so long as we could be sure—fairly sure—that we weren't fooling ourselves—intentionally fooling ourselves." She settled deeper in her chair, a mellow tolerance warming her voice. "I have cared about that—his work—the way people care about God and babies. And that is how and why I could help him. I cared enough to challenge every stage of the book, and it's infinitely bigger and better and closer to the truth because I worked with him. A man's work grows under criticism; but if you assume that everything he does is great and grand because he does it—well, you've begun to pull him down," she concluded reasonably.

Miss Brill was white, rigid, mute. Cynthia had a depressed sense of futility, as though she spoke a tongue foreign to her hearer, but she pushed on.

"If that sort of—hero worship got him farther on his way, I wouldn't say a word. You don't think I am jealous, do you?" She asked that with a broad smile, but Miss Brill's only answer was a tighter clenching of hands concealed in her lap. "I'm coming to you as simply as I should if you were making coffee for him every half hour. He couldn't refuse it—when it was so nice of you to make it—as easily as you could stop supplying it."

She waited for speech, and Miss Brill's lips unlocked for a tense, "If the doctor wants me to go he has only to say so."

"But he doesn't!" It came on a note of laughter. "He is entirely human, and he adores—coffee. I'm only asking you to think a little of his best good. Do you at all see what I mean?"

Eyes and voice pressed home the question until at last she got her response. Miss Brill's control exploded with an audible "Oh!" of rage.

"His best good!" She snapped the words. "What do you know of best good? You put on airs about hero worship and you only want the high cold truth. Then why have you always got that dog tagging after you? Bella doesn't eternally snub and sit on you for your best good; she just thinks you're the grandest thing that ever happened and she'd die for you whether it was good for you or not. That's love. And you want it every moment you're home—you're never separated from that dog—but it doesn't seem to occur to you that other people may be lonesome for just that same good warm thing. And you call it coffee!" She started up and pinned on her hat with fingers that shook. "I'm glad there's been someone to give it to him once in his life. Everybody knows he's seventy times as big as you, and the way you try to patronize him makes me sick!" It was out, the bursting wrath of months. Tears spurted in her eyes. "You can tell the doctor that I have resigned my position," she flung back as her swift little staccato steps marched her out of the room.

"Upon my word!" said Cynthia dazedly. It was characteristic of her that her dominating thought was "Am I really too odious?" Had she been seeing a little truth at the cost of a big one? She forgot all about Miss Brill as she reviewed the evidence and tried to pass a just sentence.

(Concluded on Page 117)

"Tommy, It's Spring; Let's Go Away in the Car for a Week," She Urged

THE MAN WHO WAS NEVER KNOCKED OUT

By JOHN D. SWAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD LUND

AGE is purely a relative term. In its late nineties the giant tortoise *testudo elephantopus*—is gripped by the wanderlust of youth and migrates to an extinct crater in its South Pacific home, where it spends the next few centuries of its middle age.

At five of a sunny August afternoon the tiny ephemeral insect feels in its microscopic wings the first faint shudder of old age, and its little day of life ends with the dews of twilight.

Our Puritan ancestors had no middle age, but passed with matrimony from rosy-cheeked youth into bewhiskered or prim-bonneted old age. Their ambrotypes prove it. Our present-day grandmothers—God bless them!—dress as ingénues, and dance to the syncopations of jazz.

Prize fighters are the Ephemeræ of sport. They are in their prime at twenty-one, veterans at thirty, freaks of the ring at forty and then memories only.

Red Clancy was past fifty and still going strong. In his youth he had been known as Knockout Clancy, because in either piston he carried the old sleep medicine, which he delivered not from the shoulder, as in storybooks, but from the elbow, in the manner of the late Mr. Fitzsimmons.

He Jogged for Miles Along the Beach in the Warm Sun, Wearing a Couple of Sweaters

In his riper years, when time had slowed him up a bit, he won most of his fights on decision. Still later, draws and occasional losses marred his record. It was then that those who idolized him adopted the slogan: "They can't knock ya out, Red!"

Which, up to date, continued to be true, though they who had been wont to shout the encouragement to him from ringside and far-flung gallery were mostly dead and gone.

He was no longer red, most of his hair having vanished, leaving a glittering ivory dome fringed with a scant gray thatch, curiously disconcerting to inexperienced antagonists. He was a little heavy on his feet, somewhat thicker round the middle, but with his massive strength unimpaired. His fifty-second birthday found him with all his courage, most of his teeth and a fraction of his thirty years' winnings. Of the latter, enough to feed, clothe and shelter him.

He wasted little time in the sporting resorts of Boston. They made him feel lonely. On their walls hung fly-specked enlargements of the departed contemporaries of his triumphant youth. They wore tight-fitting cutaway coats with braided edging and their thick necks were encircled by low-cut collars and flat ascot ties adorned with big horseshoe pins. They affected thick mustaches with curly ends and looked one squarely in the eyes. Whatever they had felt inclined to say had been said in plain English, for all the world to hear. The present generation of sports, Clancy noted, were shifty-eyed and given to talking out of the corner of the mouth like conspirators.

Occasionally he did run across some old-timer who recalled his own early fights, but these men were invariably so bent and gray and generally decrepit that he avoided them as far as possible. He never felt really old except when listening to their senile eulogies. Their thin voices would have reminded him of those old men described by Homer, sunning themselves on the walls of Troy like grasshoppers on a late blade of corn—save that Clancy had never heard of Homer.

Now and then one of the younger breed would inquire: "Who's the old guy wit' the shiny conk?"

And on being advised by the proprietor, or an ancient barkeep or waiter, "That's Red Clancy!" would retort: "Who the hell's he?"

"The man who was never knocked out!"

Sometimes one of the late Mr. Fox's almanacs would be produced and Clancy's long and honorable record perused. Whereupon a certain unwilling respect would soften the hard young eyes which followed his slow pilgrimage from portrait to portrait of his Hall of Fame.

There was Honest Jim Foley. Once he had been offered a thousand dollars to throw a fight. He refused, and for twenty rounds took a terrible beating, being finally knocked out only after both eyes were closed tight. He didn't get a dollar for the performance, but he saved his self-respect. A year later, in a return match fought on a barge in the East River, he gave his opponent such an awful licking that he never won another battle.

Here was Sheeny Goldberg, aged twenty-two, taken the day before he won the world's lightweight title. Already the ravages of tuberculosis were visible in his face. It was known that he spit blood before entering the ring, three pounds underweight. He fought this last fight to leave a little competence to his wife and two babies. Forty-one rounds it went, to a finish. Clancy had attended his funeral less than a year afterward. He remembered the championship belt which lay on his coffin.

Shiftless Hines. No fighter he, but a champion oyster eater who won his title in Billy Parks' oyster bar when that place was in its glory. Hines hailed from Gloucester; and won the match by swallowing and keeping down two hundred and seventy-three raw Wellfleet oysters against a Cape Cod man's two hundred and seventy-two. Much money changed hands on these matches. The contenders stood before two formidable piles of bivalves, an expert shucker in charge of each. Billy himself was tally keeper and stakeholder. When the count passed the two-fifty mark the backers implored their favorites, with many quaint idioms, not to weaken.

"Plenty room below decks, Shifty!"

"Jest open yer port—it's gotta slip down; it can't stop!"

"Stretch a little, bucko! Take a deep breath!"

"Loose another notch in the old belt, laddie!"

Gone was Billy Parks, his oyster bar and its patrons. Clancy could recall the tumult that ensued when the price of hot boiled lobsters was raised to a quarter, with an extra charge of a nickel for Saratoga chips. For weeks Billy was execrated as a profiteer.

Old John White, the referee. No eye was keener for a foul, a staller, a pulled blow, crookedness of any sort. A dozen times he had fled for his life after rendering a just decision against the favorite. Nobody ever had money enough to buy old John, and no man whose ring battles he refereed ever permanently remained his enemy. Clancy had boxed a three-round go at his benefit years and years ago, and John White, with tears in his aged eyes, had lifted the arm of his opponent, a conceited young comer who alone among those competing had insisted upon being paid for his services.

Red Clancy wiped his own eyes with a bandanna and passed on to the next celebrity, and so on down the line of old cronies and out of the swing doors and home.

Like Bernhardt and Patti, Jeffries and other virtuosos, he had made a number of farewell appearances. He was perfectly aware that in order to get knocked out one had only to keep on fighting.

"It's like this," he once said: "Say you're so good the chances in yer favor is ninety to one. If ya fight ninety-one times you're gonna get knocked out once—and once is too often!"

He was exceedingly jealous of his record and had definitely retired at last, not having appeared in the ring for more than a year, and then in a little jerk-water town. He had everything to lose and nothing to win at this late day. As a has-been with an honorable record he could always get a match with some second rater or unknown,

"'Lo, Grandpa, You Still on Earth?" He Greeted Him. "I Am," Said Red, "and Looking for a Match"

but for such a small guaranty that it was not worth taking the chance of being knocked out at last and thus losing that invaluable three or four lines in the sportingalmanac.

He served as an instructor in various cantonments during the war. When peace was followed by mounting prices he moved into cheaper lodgings and ate fewer beefsteaks. The coming of prohibition brought no change in his personal habits save that he could no longer gaze upon the galleries of his great contemporaries. He bought half a dozen from one or two bars that were being remodeled for cafeterias and hung them in his dingy room. He was almost as much out of touch with current sporting life as were they when, without warning, his brother Mike was stricken with influenza and died that very same week.

When that simple honest toiler was laid at rest, the funeral paid for and things figured out, it was evident that the Widow Clancy was up hard against it. Red did all that he could, but he had just about enough capital to furnish him the unadorned necessities of life. Mike's wife was a capable woman, able by taking in washing and doing odd jobs of house cleaning to support herself and her two children. Mary was a big girl of twelve who could mind the house in her mother's absence, brew a dish of tea and bake a pan of biscuits as well as the next one, sweep, wash dishes, mend nicely and look after little Terence.

Trouble was, there remained a thousand dollars to pay on the house and lot Mike had taken up several years before in a decent neighborhood. With that clear Mrs. Clancy could see daylight ahead. Which is the reason Red Clancy felt obliged to emerge for the last time from the memories in which he dwelt and cease to be a mere record in the sporting almanac and appear before the world in the flesh. In very much flesh! Twenty-five pounds too much, at the least; and it is no easy task to reduce a young athlete that much without sapping his strength, let alone an old one with whom the overweight represents the slow accretion of years.

If he could but have half the money he had given away or loaned—the same thing—in the old days; but the snows of yesteryear are more available! Not that he begrudged one nickel of it all. The good old lads would have done the same for him, every one of them.

By no means sure that he could induce any manager to give him anywhere near so much money and unwilling to raise false hopes in those he loved, Red said nothing to them of his plan. They all looked upon him as an old man; his bald head added years to his appearance. His sister-in-law never dreamed of his fighting again. But he had no other way of getting the money she needed. He would willingly have gone to work at any hard job if that would have helped, but as an unskilled laborer his services would have brought less than Mrs. Clancy's.

The week following Mike's funeral found him closeted with Izzy Polacki, manager and chief stockholder in the Arena Club. Izzy liked and respected the old man greatly and offered him a cigar richly worth ten cents and a portion of his time worth a good deal more.

"'Lo, grandpa, you still on earth?" he greeted him.

"I am," said Red, disdaining to beat about the bush, "and looking for a match."

Izzy Polacki's thick lips pursed in a noiseless whistle.

"Gee, Red, what's the big idear? I thought you was the original wise guy. Often I said it: 'There's one feller knows enough to stay retired. He's made his little pile and his rep. and nobody can take 'em away from him!'"

"It ain't for myself, Izzy. You heard about my brother Mike dying, didn't ya?"

Izzy had not and, since the late Michael Clancy had not been known to the sporting fraternity, was not even aware he had ever lived at all. But he was too tactful to say so. Instead he nodded.

"Yeah. Too bad. Kinda sudden, wan't it?"

"Three days. And I gotta dig up a little bit for the missus and the two kids. Enough so they can own their home clear."

Izzy pondered this.

On general principles, strictly enforced in his own family, he believed in every brother paying for his own house, but he said: "Mebbe we could arrange a—er—sort of benefit ——"

"No," interrupted Red. "No Clancy ever needed no benefit yet. I'll fight once more and earn it. Then I'll fade for keeps."

Izzy rumpled his curly black hair in exasperation.

"But, gee, grandpa! This here fightin' is a business: it ain't a charity! You gotta give the crowd a run for their money. I hate to think what they'd do to me if I had the nerve to match you. They'd say it was a frame-up. I'd lose my license, even!"

"Izzy, ain't I always been a square fighter? Wasn't my record clean?"

"Sure it was! The best ever. That's another thing too. Why spoil it by being so foolish at your—now—age?"

"I ain't crazy," urged Red, his face flushed, clear, earnest eyes fixed on the manager's unhappy ones. "I ain't like some of these has-beens that thinks they're just as good as they was twenty years ago, till some green bucko pounds the idea out of 'em. But you know my reputation; everybody does. I was never knocked out. What other topnotcher can have that printed after their name? All the champs, mostly, has been knocked out, either through staying with the game too long or else by meeting some husky guy before they really learned the game and got to going right. I'm the only one that never took the count yet!"

"I know it. So why go askin' for it? Why not let well enough alone?"

"I told you why. I gotta get some ready money for Mike's folks."

"I might take yer note; I know a square guy when I see ——"

"No notes, Cash. I'll earn it the only way I know how."

Izzy sighed.

"How much do you need?"

"One thousand bucks. No more, no less!"

"Ouch! Murder! Have a heart!" yelled Izzy, pawing the air convulsively.

Red nodded.

"Sure, I know. It's a lot of money for an old man, but listen. Here's this young K. O. Kelly, that's cleaning 'em up all along the line."

"Monty Kelly? The middleweight? That's in line for a go with the champeen soon as Tex Rickard gets back home?"

"Himself," admitted Red. "Monty Kelly."

"Honest now, as one man to another, how long do you think you'd last with K. O., young enough to be your grandson and goin' like a submarine chaser?"

"Ya don't need to rub it in, Izzy. He never could be my grandson, even if me and my father before me was infant prodigies and married at sixteen. The rest is true enough. If I knew how long it'd take this Kelly to put me away I'd know how long to make the bout. It'd be one round less than the final! But if you bill it right, the way you know how—Knockout Kelly versus the Man Who Was Never Knocked Out—what I heard a highbrow once call the meetin' of irresistible force and immovable body—there'd be plenty of money pass hands on how long can I stay wit' him! No interest in the final result, but a whole lot of fun pickin' the round! Get me?"

(Continued on Page 173)

They Sponged His Face, Stuck a Slice of Lemon Into His Swollen Mouth, Extended His Shaking Arms Along the Ropes, Stirred the Evil Air With a Great Towel

JULIE

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

V

EDITH NORTON was hiding—hiding like a frightened kitten. In the second Jimmy Story stood hesitating at the entrance to the apartment she ran straight through the living room, past Julie's room to her own and closed the door tight. She was trembling with excitement and her face was burning. In running away like this she had done the one thing she should not have done. It was like a confession—a confession of weakness. It was a confession of weakness. Yet if she had stayed at the entrance talking to him she would only have made this same confession in another way—possibly even in some more humiliating way. She had felt so helpless before his steady eyes! When she saw him standing there so straight and strong and near she had not been able to think clearly.

Yet she had had all day to prepare for this. When that morning she had left him and his father at the station after the night at the Story home she had known that Jimmy had suddenly become to her something much more vital than a sort of elder brother. Perhaps she had known this days before, but certainly she had always managed to avoid making the direct admission. But this time no escape from the truth had been possible. She had absorbed so much of him there in his home; so much of his past and so much of his present. If at the time she had held herself in control it was only because she realized the absolute necessity of control. But when she had found herself that morning alone in the apartment—it was the first time her sister had ever left her alone—she let herself go a little for the sheer joy of letting herself go. She was amazed at her boldness and at the riotously glad things into which her imagination at once led her. But when she felt she had gone far enough she tried to bring her thoughts back into leash. That was her intention. This was just a mad mental excursion she was indulging in here in the privacy of her room. She had to do something with the emotions swirling round this man, and this seemed by far the safest way. But in the end she meant to call herself a little fool and go on about her business.

Calling herself a little fool was easy enough. And she meant it. Sandy had never been anything more than decent to her. That much he could not help being to any woman. He had always been that to Julie. And yet here she was taking advantage of that to—to think a great deal more of him than any attitude of his justified. Oh, a great deal more! Like an avalanche the truth crashed down on her the moment she tried to check these wayward thoughts. This mood of hers was something perilously near love.

She spoke the word to herself at first with an amazed smile. She had heard it bandied about more or less all her life, but she had never thought of it as anything to be taken seriously. She had never thought of it as meaning all it meant now.

All it meant now! The smile had faded from her lips. She had pressed her two hot hands against her burning cheeks. With awe she had whispered the word again, and it was as though each letter were made of fire. But if it scorched it was as a kiss.

Little good it did to call herself a fool after that. Little good it did to try to go on about her business. Somehow she worried through her tasks of the morning, somehow did her bit at the concert, and somehow found her way back to her room. But everything seemed so trivial, so petty. The only thing left worth while was the end of the day that should bring back Sandy. Yet when he came he was going to bring with him a new problem.

"I'm Ready Now, Sandy," She Said. "Ready to Go With You—to the Ends of the Earth"

She could not go back home with him to-night. That was out of the question. She would not trust herself that far. A moment or two at the door if she held tight on to herself, she might venture, but no more. This was a shameful thing to admit, but it was true. It ran counter to all her training; to all the self-confidence she had felt in herself up to now, but it was true. She loved him with all the pent-up passion of youth; with the abandon of one who has never loved before; with the uncontrolled intensity of one to whom life was still a clean adventure, but a mighty adventure.

There was nothing complex about this love of hers. It was almost primitive. It consisted of hardly anything more than a great need, a great desire, a great impulse centering about Jimmy. Something in him—whether he knew it or not—called to her, and something in her answered whether she would or not. Whatever this was it made him a necessity to her. Of course in some justification she had the last few months to fall back upon. From the moment she had come to New York to live with Julie, Jimmy had been in the foreground of her life. As a three-year-old friend of her sister's she was able to accept him from the start without reservations. But she had an idea she would have done that anyway. There were no hidden places in Jimmy—no reserved areas. He was clean and straight and strong as a man should be. She would have been quick to detect any subtleties based upon a more complex nature, and would have been quick to resent them. It was like calling to like. The only question that had ever crossed her mind was why Julie had not responded to the same appeal. But the answer she gave to all questions about Julie which she could not understand was that Julie was older—whatever that meant.

But until now there had been few questions of any sort in her mind, either about Jimmy, about Julie or about herself. The days had gone by quickly, simply, magnificently—each leading to nothing as far as she could see except the next. She was conscious of never having been quite so happy in her life, or quite so eager. If little by little she had found herself depending more and more upon Jimmy for this happiness, that had seemed no more than natural. He had been with her a great deal. It had made her feel perfectly secure and free with other men, lesser men. For all she thought about it—except for certain odd moods in her music—this might have gone on forever, until Julie had left her alone here; until she had gone down to Jimmy's home. Then, in a night, she had come to see what Jimmy really meant to her.

She had waked up at dawn, staring about the strange room she occupied—the spare room to which Mrs. Story had conducted her. It was simply furnished, with the air of having been so furnished many years. It was immaculate and old-fashioned and homy—like her own room in her own home. Yet, also, it was so different. Just because—because somewhere under this same roof Jimmy was sleeping. He was part of this house; part, the essential part, of this quiet morning. This was his world, and she was in the midst of it. She had not realized in coming down here how intimately she would be brought in contact with this.

It brought her very near to Jimmy. It gave body to a dream. It forced her to recognize as realities what had been at most but vague speculations. It made flesh and blood what had been no more than romance. And something within her—call it the spirit of youth—responded without giving her a fair opportunity to reason. New promptings, new desires, new aspirations took control of her, until she felt like one possessed. In the next hour she ran the gamut of more emotions than she had experienced in the preceding twenty years.

Yet she had concealed all this from everyone that morning. When she went downstairs to help Mother Story with the breakfast she was to all outward appearances the same Edith Norton who had bade them all good night not many hours before. So she was on the ride to town with Daddy Story and Jimmy. So by the grace of God she meant to continue to be if Jimmy only gave her half a chance. It was to keep that half a chance that she had

run from him when, after he called to take her back home this second night of Julie's absence, he refused to obey her plea to go away and leave her.

In the dark of her room she heard him calling:

"Edith!"

Then after a moment's silence he called again:

"Edith!"

He had come beyond the entrance. He was in the apartment. Somehow it had not occurred to her that he would follow her this far. She had thought of the threshold as a barrier. She shrank back from her own door.

When he spoke again his voice was more insistent. He used a name that no one but Julie had ever called her by:

"Dede—where are you?"

He was coming nearer. It was clear he meant to find her if he went into every room. She felt like one trapped, and for a second looked about desperately as for some other means of escape. There was none. She was cornered. She answered him in a voice that was like a child's:

"Go away, Sandy!"

"No," he answered passionately, "I won't! You must come out." She was silent again, her heart pounding at such a pace that she found it difficult to breathe.

"You must come out," he insisted. "If you don't—then I must come in and get you. Don't you understand?"

It was a threat on his part—the threat of primitive man to seize his own. Then, more than ever, it would seem that she should have been afraid. Yet at the words she raised her head and moved toward the door, her fear gone. She was tingling from head to foot; she was dizzy, but she was not afraid.

"Sandy," she trembled, her lips alone protesting.

"Come," he ordered.

Her fingers fumbled for the door knob, found it and hesitated.

His voice was close to the panels.

"Come to me, little woman," he cried.

Swiftly she threw open the door. It was dark out there. But she did not need eyes now. His arms reached out for her, drew her to him, folded about her.

"I'm ready now, Sandy," she said. "Ready to go with you—to the ends of the earth."

VI

JIMMY came up to the apartment the following evening to tell Julie. There was no reason for delay. He wished the engagement to be announced at once and the marriage to follow within a month or so—not later than June. He had saved a little and his present salary was enough to carry them along in a modest way, and his future was bright. When he thought of it in connection with Edith it was considerably more than that—little short of dazzling, because she allowed him to throw himself into this new venture body and soul. She would not permit him to see so much as a speck anywhere in the radiantly clear sky. He did not care much about finding any himself but he wished to place conditions before her fairly. Twenty-five hundred a year was not twenty-five thousand, and with prices mounting as they were to-day such a salary did not warrant much immediate hope of motor cars or jewels or any of the creamy things of life. Besides, he meant to take out at once as much life insurance as he could stand.

He had tried to run over some of these sober facts with her that very first night of their engagement—in that hour at his home after Mother Story had kissed them both good night and Daddy Story had gripped their hands and they had been left alone. But Edith only snapped her fingers at his seriousness.

"We'd have enough if we had nothing," she laughed. "We'll take what comes when it comes."

He was a bit startled. In a way it threw the entire responsibility upon him. Then his heart leaped for joy that it did. At that moment the sense of responsibility vanished. After all this was what he had learned to do in France—to take with a brave heart what came; to fight sturdily and hopefully through each hour, and forget the morrow. That was the privilege of youth.

They Were Down There in the Room With the Silent Piano. It Was Here the Nurse Found Them

Yet when he came to speak to Julie he found it harder than he had anticipated; found himself growing serious once more. Dede had agreed that she should disappear into her room and leave him to see Julie alone.

"Only," she said with steady eyes, "only don't be afraid to call for help if you need it."

Julie appeared rested after her two days' absence, even though her mission to an aged and indisposed aunt had been nothing in the nature of a holiday. She was more animated than usual and seemed cordially glad to see him.

"I don't know how I could have gone if I had not had you to leave Edith with," she exclaimed. "And the roses you sent were beautiful."

He had forgotten about the roses.

"Edith says they were to celebrate a raise. That's fine, Jim."

He was not feeling as much at ease with her as he should have felt. Perhaps it was because, rested and refreshed, she looked now more like her sister than he had ever seen her. Somehow this made it difficult to detach the two as completely as the situation called for. She sank into a chair. "Tell me what you two have been doing," she said.

"I suppose Edith told you I took her down home the two nights you were away," he blurted out.

She shook her head.

"Beyond exclaiming that she had the time of her young life she has told me nothing."

"I didn't want to leave her here alone."

"She'd have been quite safe but—it was nice of you to take her."

He had been walking uneasily about the room. Now he drew up a chair in front of her and sitting on the edge, leaning toward her with his elbows on his knees and his hands clasped in front of him, he went at his task bluntly, as in the end he had to do everything.

"Julie," he said, "I didn't take her down just for that—just to be nice."

"Then ——?" she asked with her eyes growing big.

"At first, maybe, I thought it was just because I couldn't leave her alone here. Then—I found it was because I couldn't leave her alone anywhere."

"What—what do you mean?" she exclaimed, stiffening.

"That I've fallen head over heels in love with her, Julie; that I've asked her to marry me. And now ——"

Slowly the woman before him made her feet. She found her knees so weak that she was obliged to grasp the back of the chair for support, her white fingers fumbling about as though for a hand.

"Why, Jim!" she gasped. "That—that is so absurd!"

He sprang to his feet to face her.

"But it's God's truth, Julie!" he said tensely. "I don't know how it happened, but it did happen."

"She's only a child—only a child!"

"A child?"

"Just little sister. Why, Jim, you had no right ——"

(Continued on Page 120)

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XXXIV

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

THE crucial importance of what took place at the imperial villa at Peterhof in the course of that fatal day, July 30, 1914, can never be fully realized; nor can it be understood how it could have become possible that during the last forty-eight hours preceding the outbreak of the war the fate of the world should have depended on two human beings—two frail reeds, one of them painted to look like iron, the other pathetically frank in his helpless frailty—whom an unkind fate had placed in positions which neither of them was capable of measuring up to in the hour of trial, unless for an explanation one looks back upon the conditions which through the last decades have been leading up to such a development.

In one of the preceding chapters I have endeavored to show how the particular features which determined the catastrophal character of the World War can be traced back to the influence of two conditions which had no existence in the first half of the last century—that is to say, the conditions resulting first, from the coming to the front of the principle of the rights of nationalities as the guiding principle in international politics, and secondly, from the general adoption by the leading Continental Powers of the system of general compulsory military service. Only by keeping in mind these conditions is it possible to understand the reason why the recent war, now formally at least concluded, was bound to breed and leave behind it such a formidable volume of international hatred as no previous war in history has ever developed; and likewise the reason why, in order to render possible such a war and its indefinite prolongation, it was necessary to create artificially an atmosphere of hatred or of fear in which alone it was possible to make so many millions of naturally peaceful human beings go forth to slaughter one another in a war that could only be an enterprise of wanton madness unless it aimed at the total extermination of one or the other side, which, if it were at all possible, would be an unspeakable crime, as it would mean the suicide of the white race.

These conditions, however, were not the effect of an irresistible pressure of natural laws, but had been deliberately created by human agencies. It stands to reason therefore that they could have been removed or rendered innocuous by the same human agencies that had created them but for the meager wisdom and pitiful lack of moral courage of the statesmen of all the nations concerned, who, after having dallied for years with the tendencies that were to set the world on fire, when they had realized at last the appalling responsibility incurred by having played in secrecy the nefarious game of *la haute politique*, of which the stakes are the lives and fortunes of millions upon millions of their fellow beings, instead of categorically calling a halt, knew no better than to drift helplessly into a situation where the ultimate decision, on which hung the fate of the world, was left in the hands of the military element with its "General Staff mind" exclusively preoccupied with hurrying the mobilization of their own forces and with the apprehension of being forestalled by the mobilization of the forces of the other side.

What this time-honored system of secret plotting by statesmen of schemes of hegemony, aggrandizement, supremacy, spheres of influence, and so on, has meant for the hundreds of millions of peace-loving inhabitants of Europe is eloquently and truthfully described by Earl Loreburn on Pages 315 and 316 of his admirable book, How the War Came:

"It is for them that human government exists to keep order among them and enable them to live tolerable lives during the few years which are allowed to them on this earth. Instead of that, vast parts of the Continent have been converted periodically into a hell, full of murder, massacre, starvation, sorrow and hatred."

But the overwhelming majority of the four hundred and odd millions of human beings inhabiting Europe have never had any share or ever taken any interest in most of the quarrels about the ambitious schemes of their rulers, except that they have been made to fight for their realization. Men and women in every country resemble those in other countries more than they differ from them; nor do they hate them unless artificially incited thereto, for the simple reason that the overwhelming majority of the people of any one country never come into sufficiently close contact with the people of any other country, even a neighboring one, to conceive in regard to them any special feeling of aversion or sympathy. Also, there has never been in the nature of things any really compelling reason for the existence of the perennial feud between the French and the German, or for the feud of much later birth between the German and the Slav. These feuds had their origin in the ambitions of rulers, strategists and self-seeking politicians, supported by numerically insignificant but influential groups of militant intellectuals, such as may be found in every nation. They were kept alive by the never-ceasing agitation of that part of the press in all countries which thrives on the cultivation of international jealousies, hatreds and strife—in short, by the influence of an element which, next to revolutionary socialism, deserves to be branded as the curse of contemporaneous mankind.

And yet it was the situation created by these feuds that had caused the division of Europe into two formidably armed hostile camps, a collision between whom—which would mean a world catastrophe—could have been prevented only if reason and statesmanship had triumphed over the passions of ambition and hatred and revenge obscuring the vision of men and paralyzing all efforts in the cause of peace.

I cannot undertake to retrace on these pages in detail the history of the negotiations that preceded immediately the outbreak of the World War. That has already been done exhaustively, step by step, on the basis of official publications issued by all the governments concerned, and it has been done with unparalleled lucidity and in a lofty spirit of justice and impartiality by Earl Loreburn in his volume, How the War Came, to which I beg to refer those of my readers who may wish for more detailed information on this momentous subject. Before, however, proceeding to supplement the narrative of my personal experiences on that fateful thirtieth of July contained in the preceding chapter with some explanations of the singular occurrences to which that narrative referred, I must quote a few passages from Earl Loreburn's book which throw the necessary light on the situation as it presented itself on that historic date:

"The Civil Governments or Managers of Foreign Policy in Europe, under whatever title they be designated, were very heavily to blame for drifting helplessly into a situation of unexampled danger. They all knew—in Berlin, Paris, London, Vienna and St. Petersburg—that the danger lay in one General Staff desiring to forestall the other or fearing to be itself forestalled. This apprehension is clearly expressed throughout the dispatches. Therefore time became all important. If the diplomatists could not settle soon, the chance of settling at all would probably vanish in a few days. A strong, prompt decision by each state as to the course it proposed to steer and an immediate announcement of that course, where an antagonist was about in ignorance to thwart it, or a friend was about to commit some error which would run counter to it—these surely are necessary in the management of controversial business."

Whether such an announcement as here outlined was intended to be made at St. Petersburg by France or by Great Britain, or by both, I have no means of knowing. Earl Loreburn, on Page 177 of his book, expresses the view that the Russian Alliance gave France the right to require that Russia should not precipitate war by mobilizing, and that if Russia had not mobilized the settlement which just missed fire would have been completed. The settlement here alluded to could only have been meant to be the settlement of the Austro-Russian conflict, as Austria was considered to have been willing to enter into direct negotiations with St. Petersburg. He further mentions that M. Jaurès had been urging his government to notify Russia that if she mobilized without the consent of France, France would not support her in arms, such a demand being perfectly legitimate, like the demand ultimately made by Germany that Austria must not precipitate war by unreasonable conduct. The question, however, is whether the French Government of the day might not have been precluded from bringing forward such a demand by the secret convention concluded between the French and Russian General Staffs in 1892, and approved by their predecessors in office. The text of Article II of the convention, as published in 1918 in the French Yellow Book, entitled L'Alliance Franco-Russe, on Page 92, reads as follows:

"In the event of the forces of the Triple Alliance, or of one of the Powers composing it, being mobilized"—subsequently apparently amended to read: "In case of the Triple Alliance or one of the Powers composing it setting the general mobilization of its forces into operation," Page 99 ibidem—"France and Russia, at the first news of the event and without any preliminary agreement being necessary, shall mobilize immediately and simultaneously the whole of their forces and move them as nearly as possible to their frontiers."

The meaning of this article would, indeed, imply an affirmative answer to the above question as far as the formal presentation of such a demand would have been concerned. This, nevertheless, would not have stood in the way of a friendly exchange of views on the same lines, which in circumstances of such gravity would have been but natural between allies threatened by a common danger and anxious to agree upon the best means to avoid it.

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Façade of a Building in Moscow, Battered and Scarred by Shells of the Temporary Gove[illegible]nt and the Bolshevists

Another question then presents itself—whether it would have been possible for Great Britain to say to the French Government at the outset, as Earl Loreburn suggests: "You expect us to help you, but this is no quarrel of yours; you are being brought into it because of your treaty with Russia. If you like to give Russia a free hand, well and good, but in that event we will not give Russia a free hand to control our policy as well; and unless you can restrain Russia from mobilizing till we agree that the necessity for doing so is come, we will not join you in arms. We do not intend to be embroiled by your ally, to whom we are under no sort of obligation."

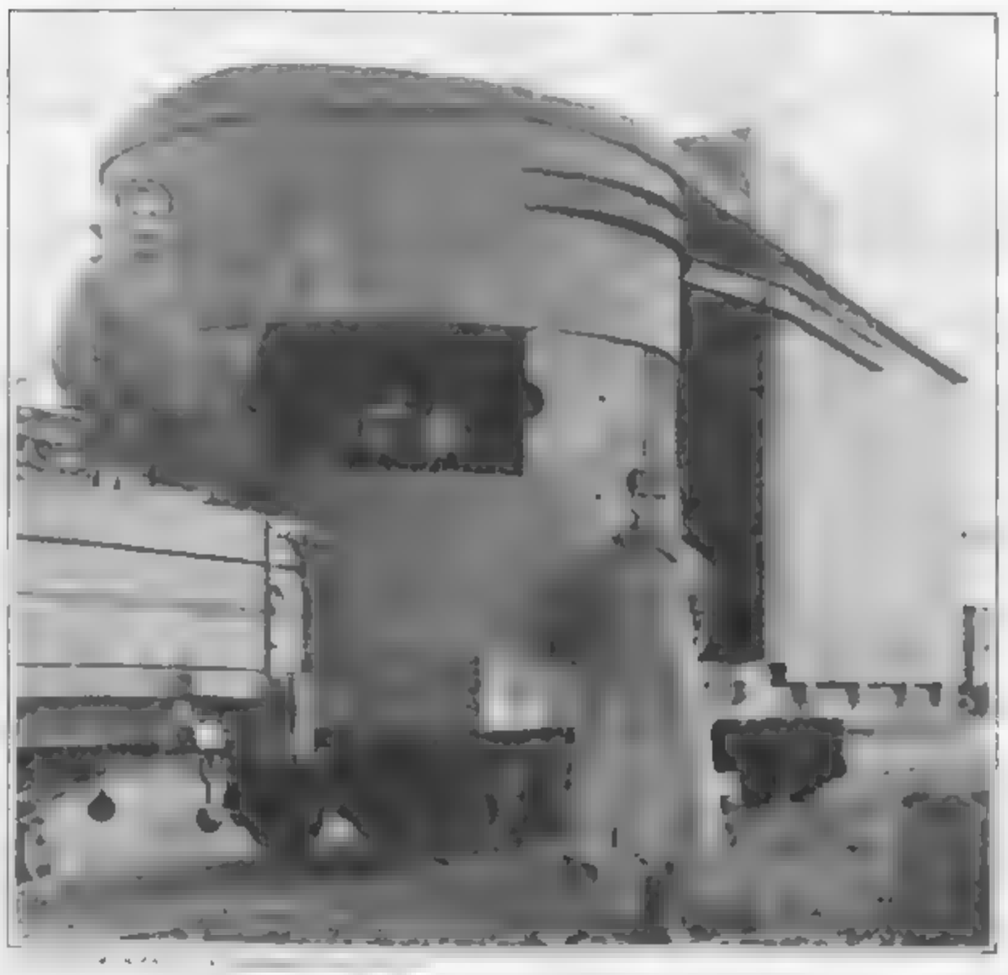
The answer to this question would seem to depend on the nature of the understanding arrived at between British and French experts as a result of the military and naval conversations which had been authorized to be held, apparently in 1906 or 1907, "to prepare for the contingency of a joint war against Germany," as appears from Sir E. Grey's speech of August 3, 1914, and, consequently, on the extent to which the British Government considered itself as morally committed by the result of these conversations.

Be that as it may, two things stand out in bold relief as a lesson to be deduced from the condition of things which led up to and determined the outbreak of the World War; they are: The extreme danger to peace and to the welfare of nations lurking in secret alliances, conventions, understandings between rulers, pledging the lives, the fortunes and the honor of their peoples without their knowledge and consent; and the no less formidable danger of the ultimate decision of the question of peace or war being left to the military element—that is to say, to the element least qualified to deal with problems of such moment in a spirit of true statesmanship, because its training is necessarily directed, not toward the study of the means of insuring peace but toward plans for the better preparation and conduct of prospective wars

It was, however, this latter contingency that resulted from the course of events. Here again I cannot help quoting from Earl Loreburn's book—Pages 152 and 153: "Another source of infinite danger now began to emerge—the progress of military preparations. In the condition of universal distrust which had come over Europe, what men most feared was being caught unprepared and destroyed before they could defend themselves. . . . Till tension is removed nothing can be more certain than that the States which are in danger of attack will begin to get ready. This is precisely what happened. How, when, where, to what extent is obscure. . . . But when the progress has once been commenced, it goes forward progressively faster each day. Those are wise men who hasten their action and make light of forms, so as to agree on terms before the panic comes and the fate of nations passes into the hands of military men."

These few sentences depict exactly the situation as it presented itself during the last week preceding the outbreak of the war. To complete the picture drawn by Earl Loreburn I may quote from another page of his book the following words:

"Not a single one of the men who had real power was wise enough and strong enough to arrest the military demon that was about to bring upon us all the most awful catastrophe in human



An Esthonian Narrow Gauge Railway Armored Car

history. And after this war had commenced, though very many of them from motives either of fear or of humanity desired to see it ended, they had so committed themselves to one another or were so distrustful of each other's private intentions that they could not close the conflict for the origin of which they had been themselves responsible. Meanwhile the guiltless peoples were destroyed."

That was the world's tragedy!

When day broke on that fateful July 30, 1914, the situation was as follows: The original two conflicts—that between Austria and Serbia and its sequel, the conflict between Austria and Russia—were susceptible of peaceful settlement, Austria having at the last moment shown a willingness to enter into direct negotiations with St. Petersburg. The adjustment of both these conflicts, once Austria was ready to desist from her arrogant attitude, would have demanded but little time, and the awful catastrophe, of which, indeed, all nations stood in fear and awe, would have been averted, because there would then no longer have existed any cause whatever for a conflict between Russia and Germany. This happy result might have been achieved by the joint efforts of the diplomacy of all the Powers, not excluding even that of Germany, at the last moment thoroughly roused by the overwhelming fear of the imminence of an unparalleled world catastrophe, had not the question of mobilizations suddenly assumed an acute character and, by placing Russia and Germany face to face in a threatening attitude, removed the conflict from the domain of statesmanship to that of exclusively military and strategic considerations where on both sides the influence of the General Staffs was supreme.

In either country, however, a mobilization could be ordered only by a decree signed by the Sovereign himself, and the ultimate decision of the question of peace or war was therefore left in the hands of the two Emperors.

That they were both fully aware that mobilization meant war and that in deciding for war they were risking their thrones, their dynasties and the fate of their empires can hardly be doubted, as well as that, had they been free agents, their decision would have been in favor of peace. But though invested with supreme power they were not free agents; they were both subject to the pressure of the sinister influence behind them, which they were both too weak to resist. The Emperor Nicholas almost said as much in a telegram to the Emperor William dated July twenty-ninth, at one P. M., in which occurs this pathetic admission—The Times Documentary History of the War, Volume II, Page 159: "I fear that very soon I shall be forced to take measures which will lead to war." That same night at eleven P. M. he signed the ukase ordering the mobilization of four military circumscriptions—that is to say, a partial mobilization, which was announced to be merely a counter move to Austria's mobilization.

This measure might not necessarily have led to war with Germany if not followed by a general mobilization, for which, as in every other country as well, some secret preparations had presumably been under way for some time since the situation had obviously become critical in the extreme. It became therefore of supreme importance to prevent such general mobilization to be decided upon. With this object in view the Prime Minister, Goremykin, had gone to Peterhof on the morning of the thirtieth of July and returned with the Emperor's assurance that no general mobilization would be ordered.

On the same day at one-twenty P. M. the Emperor sent to the Emperor William, in reply to the latter's telegram announcing his readiness to mediate between Russia and Austria, the following message—The Times Documentary History of the War, Volume II, Page 161: "Peterhof, July 30th, 1:20 P. M. I thank you from my heart for your quick reply. I am sending to-night Tatistcheff with instructions. The military measures now taking form were decided upon five days ago and for the reason of defense against the preparations of Austria. I hope with all my heart that these measures will not influence in any manner your position as mediator, which I appraise very highly. We need your strong pressure upon Austria so that an understanding can be arrived at with us. (Signed) Nicholas."

General Tatistcheff, military representative of the Emperor attached to the person of Emperor William, who happened to be on leave at St. Petersburg, was sent for later in

(Continued on Page 85)

Ruins of a Russian Church After Terrific Fighting Between the Red and White Guards

IT PAYS TO SMILE

XIV

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IN ONE of his discourses upon the art of narrative, whether of fiction or fact, my dear father remarks on the difficulties obtaining to narration in the first person. "For it invariably happens," he says, "that some portion of those events to which the narrator is party, or which directly affects his subsequent actions, will be enacted while he is absent, but which must nevertheless be described by him in order that the sequence of the tale be fully comprehended by the reader. Nevertheless, the events so recorded must perforce be obtained at secondhand and suffer to a certain degree in their quality of convincingness by reason of their losing direct contact with the author; and however credible the witness from whom the facts are obtained, they must naturally take a certain color from his own personality, and hence a deplorable lack of continuity occurs, which greatly weakens the credibility of the tale."

Very interesting, too, and eminently correct, though I confess that the paragraph, while perfectly familiar to me because of my diligent study of my dear father's writings, was never so clear to me as when I came upon a practical application of it in my own experience; a thought which has very likely occurred to more than one person who has had some sudden occasion to perceive the fundamental truth of a familiar copy-book maxim, such as "Honesty is the best policy," if you understand me. But I digress—or rather, what I mean is this: That while I undertook the writing of this chronicle in order to refute a false impression which the newspapers had created regarding the name of Talbot, and also to retrieve the fair and unsullied name of the Peggs, I find to my dismay that as I reach the crux of the whole matter, I was not actually present at some of the most important events with which my narrative has to deal, and that I must perforce rely on Peaches' account of it. That she was fairly accurate in her statement I feel reasonably certain; but I must confess to some chagrin at missing the best part of the story. It seems to have been my fortune through life to take an active part merely through inadvertence.

And yet I scarcely perceive how I could very well have been there when it happened. Two elements intervened to prevent it—an overwhelming desire for the sleep of which I had been deprived for the best part of two nights, and the natural desire on Peaches' part that she have privacy for what she was about to do. Which, of course, did not develop until after the departure of the police inspector and his henchmen.

In the first place, of course, we were simply dumfounded at finding the Madonna of the Lamp in its proper place. How it had got there and by whom it was returned was an overwhelming mystery. No less astonishing was the question as to where it had been during its absence. I am quite sure that the policemen felt that a hoax of some kind had been perpetrated, and they were not to blame for experiencing a very considerable annoyance at being pulled out of bed or out of office or some such thing, and motoring all that long way for nothing. They were distinctly annoyed. That is, all except the little one without a uniform, who it later developed was not a detective at all. Indeed at the time we should have realized that he was altogether too clever for a detective. He was, in point of fact, a newspaper reporter. And it was through his efforts that we were subjected to all the mortification of so much publicity.

Well, at any rate, he was the only person who did not seem to think he had been disturbed for nothing. On the contrary, he made a number of notes about the picture, the painter of it, the name and status of every person present, with a fiendish correctness; no detail of possible interest to the public eluded him. And no wonder his printed version was so completely correct, as, under the impression that he was an officer of the law, I myself supplied the information.

It was almost another hour before the excitement died down, the three men took their departure, and the servants were packed off to bed.

I regret that it is here necessary to chronicle that Mr. Markheim had taken rather too many cocktails; but such is the painful fact. His wealth having made a large cellar possible, he was inclined to prodigality in this direction, and each of the series of nervous shocks which he experienced served as an excuse for another drink. And when the last servant, including Wilkes, had gone upstairs, he was, I must admit it, quite elevated by the alcoholic stimulants in which he had indulged upon his own prescription. In rather simpler language, Mr. Pegg crudely referred to his prospective son-in-law as having "a considerable snoot full." An unscientific but descriptive statement.

"Well—I am going to hit the old alfalfa!" Pinto announced. "Time for everybody to turn in!"

With a Guilty Start I Turned About, and There, of All People on Earth, Was Richard

"I'm going to sit on this sofa all night!" announced Sebastian with alcoholic determination. "They might come back!"

"Oh, might they!" said Mr. Pegg. "Well, I don't care to see the beauties. I have an idea that they will let the oil painting alone for quite a season now. Good night."

"Come, Peaches," I said stiffly, for Sebastian was not a sight to inspire much liking or approval. "Come on to bed, that's a good girl."

There was a curious gleam in that young woman's golden eyes, however, and her mouth had a set look about it which I had never seen there before except upon one occasion; and that was out on the ranch when one of the Japanese foremen was insolent to her. He went away like a whipped dog, I recall, and afterward proved himself the best man we had. To do this with a Jap is an achievement, I assure you. And all she had done was to speak to him. She was no shrew, but she had a sharp way of presenting an unpleasant truth. I glanced at the recumbent Markheim in pity, even before she answered me.

"I have something to say to Mark," she replied quietly. "I will come up later. Don't wait up for me."

Well, what could a chaperon do under these conditions except comply? Besides, I have not the vitality of extreme youth, and sleep was on the very verge of overwhelming me. Besides which, Mr. Pegg flashed a glance at me which reënforced his daughter's request; and so saying good night to the engaged pair we left them and climbed the stairs in company. In another hour it would be dawn and the house was very ghostly. It was immensely comforting to have dear Mr. Pegg accompany me to my door, though once there he sprang a rather disconcerting surprise.

"Say—do you know what book that was Peaches came down to get?" he asked with twinkling eyes as he opened my door for me. "Rather curious reading for a young girl. I don't want her tastes to get perverted."

"What—what book was it?" I inquired, disturbed.

"You ought to look after what she reads more carefully," said her father with some severity. "It was Cimball's Commercial Arithmetic. Good night, Miss Free!"

And with that he was gone, leaving me to digest his statement as best I could. However, the significance of the remark was soon obliterated by a heavy slumber which lasted until I was roused by Peaches, who brought me an eleven-o'clock breakfast and the astonishing story of what occurred after I had retired. I will not attempt to tell it in her own language, for she was incurably given to the use of slang, but will endeavor to present in their proper sequence the events as they occurred.

As soon as Peaches was left alone with her fiancé the disgust and repulsion which had been rapidly mounting in her breast all evening reached its apex in expression. True, Sebastian Markheim was no different from what he had been right along—a little less attractive, rather more grotesquely disordered and a little more drunken, perhaps, but Markheim just the same—slightly accented, that was all. But the small exaggerations were enough to drive her wild. Coming to light as they did at a moment when she was at the highest possible tension, when for forty-eight hours she had been living with the animate ghost of her old and far deeper love, the spectacle of this disorganized little millionaire with his ungroomed head, his preposterous purple satin wrapper, his stupid drunkenness and his ineffective querulousness about his picture was too much for her. The very

thought of marrying him became more than the mere impossibility which it had been from the moment when her memories of Sandro had been quickened into new life. This marriage, now only a few weeks distant, became an actual horror. She felt unable to face the thought of it another hour. And so, despite his condition, she set about making a clean break.

"Mark," said she in a low strained voice, towering over him as he sat in a crumpled heap upon the big sofa before the fireplace, "Mark I am not going to marry you."

"Eh? What's that, what's that?" said he.

"I said that it's all off!" Peaches affirmed. "I couldn't marry you—not on a bet. I'm awfully sorry of course. Will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" he said, getting to his feet and seizing her by the hand. "Here—sit down a minute—you can't do that, you know—sit down and let's talk this over!"

She did not want to do so, but his grip upon her arm was strong, and rather than cross him she complied.

"You don't understand I'm breaking it off," she said firmly.

"But what have I done?" Sebastian asked. "Come on now—don't be mad at me! Didn't I pet you enough to-night? Come—give us a kiss and forget it!"

"I don't want to kiss you!" said Peaches, drawing away from his advance. "Please, Mark! I'm trying to tell you that I had the wrong dope—I never loved you enough to marry you, and to-night I got a gleam of light. I can't go through with it."

"Not go through with it!" he replied sullenly. As the concept that she really meant what she said slowly penetrated to his befuddled brain a look of anger took the place of the maudlin's affection which had been in his face a moment before. "Not go through with it—but you—you promised. Why, the wedding invitations go out to-morrow—impossible not to go through with it!"

"I'm sorry—but you heard me," said she. "I don't love you."

"But I love you!" he burst out. "And as for love—you don't know anything about it. What can a great big kid like you know about love? You'll love me when we are married! Stop your nonsense and give us a kiss!"

He made a lunge at her, which she managed to evade, moving over to the opposite end of the sofa. But quick as a cat Markheim was after her. He was just drunk enough to have lost his head, but not drunk enough to be clumsy. It was at this moment that Peaches began to be afraid of him.

"No, no!" she cried, trying to get away from his pudgy hands. "I tell you I don't love you—please! Let me alone. Mark, don't make me afraid!"

"Why should you be afraid?" he asked thickly. "You are going to marry me—do you hear? I've stood your offishness long enough. I've kept away from you whenever you said. I've been a fool! But you are mine, understand? Mine! You've promised. Everyone knows it, and by heaven I'll take you when I see fit. Come here!"

Peaches felt as if she were caught in the meshes of some horrid dream. With a sudden wrench she broke loose from him, darting round the end of the sofa. But with an amazing agility Markheim vaulted the back and was after her, in hot pursuit made silent by the thickness of the heavy carpet, their panting breath the only noise in the big room. A single lamp was the only light, but it was enough to show her his face, purple, bestial—suggesting a chasm of horror.

Swift as she was she could not escape him. He was at the door before her, barring her way, smiling terribly. Then at the French windows as quickly as she reached them, his hot moist hands upon hers, even as she seized the knob. Then back across the room again in fierce pursuit. He seemed to have gone quite mad, and become possessed with an uncanny swiftness and strength. Then Peaches stumbled across a chair, and in an instant his arms were about her, his hot breath upon her face.

"Help!" she cried, struggling to release her hands, which he held behind her back. "Help! Sebastian—you beast—let me go, let me go!"

And then the whirlwind happened. Some terrific force like a giant cloud of vengeance tore the satyr from her; and there was Sandro, his face white and fierce. With a single gesture he had thrown Markheim half across the room, and stood with squared fists waiting for the assault which came almost at once.

"You rotter!" sang out the newcomer. "Take your dirty hide out of here!"

With a howl of rage and surprise Markheim picked himself up and came at his manservant with purple face and popping eyes.

"What the hell are you doing here?" he shouted. "Leave the room!"

Almost Instantly She Encountered Another Pair of Eyes Set Deep in a White Face That Stared in at the Window

"Not until I've given you the thrashing of your life!" replied the valet. "Come and get your punishment if you won't clear out!"

And Markheim came. With a roar he flew at the man, striking blindly, wildly, and uttering a volley of language which was in itself a shower of blows. How long they fought Peaches hardly knows. Crouched against the mantelshelf as if seeking the protection of the calmly smiling Virgin above, she watched the two men struggle to a finish. She was fascinated, terrified, and at the same time fiercely exalted. The end came abruptly, with Markheim sprawling on the floor, and Sandro slowly raising himself to a towering figure of contemptuous victory above his employer.

"Get up!" he said, panting. "That will do for you, I expect. Get up!"

Moaning, Sebastian obeyed.

His face was streaked with blood from a cut upon his forehead, his left eye was swollen and rapidly turning as purple as the tattered remains of his dressing gown.

"I'll have the law on you for this!" he warned, fumbling for his handkerchief.

"Come here!" commanded the servant in a voice of authority.

"Help!" squeaked Markheim.

But before he could utter another sound Wilkes had him by the collar and was dragging him to where Peaches still cowered against the wall.

"None of that nonsense!" commanded Sandro. "If you yell I'll have to give you another drubbing. Now get down on your knees and ask her pardon!"

For an instant Markheim attempted to disobey. But his captor raised his hand and as though at a signal Sebastian fell groveling on the floor before Peaches, bubbling repentance—a loathsomely servile thing from which she shrank.

"Oh, take him away!" she begged. "I hate him so! Take him away!"

"You hear what she says!" said her rescuer grimly. "Go now! Make haste or I will throw you out!"

With some difficulty Markheim got upon his feet and made for the door.

"The police!" he said. "I will have the police! Oh, my face—my face!"

He had found his handkerchief now, and staggered out of the room, holding it to his wound and muttering imprecations.

Slowly Peaches emerged from her torpor of fright and looked at the man who an hour earlier had been a servant. He was transformed. His shoulders squared, his eyes alive, his face flushed—he was her boy-lover again. There was no mistake. Now she knew him beyond the shadow of a doubt. If she had ever really questioned his identity, from this moment there was no room for uncertainty left. All the tightening of her heartstrings, long drawn taut by repression, relaxed. It was as if her whole being had suddenly been flooded with warm sunlight.

"Sandro!" she said, going toward him with outstretched arms. "Sandro, my love, my love!"

For one second she saw the unwitting, involuntary response in his eyes. Then he looked down, that she might not see, and drawing himself together he clicked his heels together and bowed. Though he trembled as he did so, his voice was controlled.

(Continued on Page 154)

THE ROSE DAWN

XI

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

NOWADAYS the arrival of hotel guests means little or nothing to the residents of a resort town like Arguello. Then the societies of the town, the ranches and the hotels were intermingled. A journey to California was not to be lightly undertaken. It consumed a week. The country was still wild. At this period the buffalo herds had not yet been exterminated, the blanket Indian was a commonplace, and such things as antelope, coyotes, lobo wolves, prairie dogs and burrowing owls found their way into every letter home. The Golden State was far separated from the rest of the world, not only by space and time but also by a zone of exotic experience. One felt oneself remote. The tourist never dreamed of undertaking the journey for less than an all-winter's stay. And since the local travel also was apt to be difficult and uncomfortable, as compared with our modern extra-fare trains, it also followed that the tourist was quite likely to settle down in one place and stay there.

Thus such a hotel as the Frémont had its regular inhabitants, with whom the townspeople became intimately acquainted. The latter attended the weekly dances and sat about the broad verandas. There was as yet no man's club in the village, and the place of it was taken by the Frémont's bar, where at one time or another could be met any of Arguello's male citizens. The Spanish-Californian element was still strong. It was the custom of certain of the young men of that race to serenade with voice and guitar such of the visiting damsels as caught their eye, whether or not they happened to be personally acquainted with the damsels. It was an entirely respectful tribute without ulterior motive, a custom of the place. Many a maiden heart has overflowed with emotion and exaltation and high romance at the plaintive, liquid sounds rising to her rose-bowered window through the tepid, semitropical night, with the moon hung like a lantern above the sea and the mountains slumbering dark like inert beasts.

"*Adiós, adiós, amores*"—and the thin, high trill of frogs, and the heavy scent of orange blossoms and honeysuckle lying in the dusk like a fog—it was perhaps as well that the serenaders did take it all impersonally as a pretty custom, leaving the surcharged damsels to write reams to utterly skeptical bosom friends in the East.

In such an intimate community the hotel register was the most consulted volume in or out of the county library. It was mounted on a revolving stand for easier reference.

Patrick Boyd and his son Kenneth received on arrival their full share of discussion. Not only were they an attractive couple personally—Boyd thick-set, blue-clad, jolly and vital; Kenneth tall, good-looking, curly haired, laughing—but their name itself meant something to the rocking-chair conference of the powers.

George Scott told them about it. Scott was a short, thick, apoplectic little man who had come to California to die of various plethoric complaints but had postponed doing so. He had never done a stroke of work in his life, but he had belonged to all the best clubs; he had traveled not only in Europe but in the Far East as well; he knew all the great names in social, political, financial and military circles; and the latter days of his New York life had been dumpily but magnificently spent in the deep leather chairs of the Union League Club, gazing forth on the shifting Avenue. He thus possessed a wide knowledge and had acquired a biting tongue. Whether from liver or pose, he was not afraid to express his full opinion, uncoated with the sugar of tact or, indeed, of common charity. If he did not like a man he said so. He prided himself, however, in maintaining strictly the spectator's standpoint, and in never taking sides. Add a faculty of making enthusiasms look ridiculous by a mere air of detached amusement. Naturally he was much sought after and deferred to.

"Patrick Boyd," he told the other men oracularly when the name had been reported back from the hotel register, "made his money in street railways. He is a Mick—came from Ireland in the steerage. Nevertheless, he is a real person. He is nobody's fool naturally, and those who have tried it say he is a bad man to fight. As he has no women of his class to hold him back he has been well received—is a member of the club. I don't need to tell Mr. Oberman what his standing is among men of wealth."

The millionaire brewer grunted.

"All I got to say," he rumbled, "is that when Pat Boyd talks pizaniss you better pay attention."

The object of the discussion at this moment appeared in the wide doorway. His chest was thrown out and his jolly face was twinkling with the pleasure of the fresh morning. He looked slowly about him at the mountains, the gardens, the people on the veranda. As his eye fell on the group in the rocking-chairs he strolled forward.

"How are you, Scott," he greeted the little man. "Surprised to see you here thought you were at the Riviera."

Boyd dropped easily into the group. They were all, except Scott, business men on long vacations; and they possessed all the vast leisure, boyish irresponsibility and dry humor of their species. Boyd found them immediately congenial, and proceeded to fall in step with their daily routine.

The latter was very simple. When their after-breakfast cigars were smoked out they mounted horses and rode. In that they did not differ from all the rest of mankind. But their rides were, from the standpoint of the youngsters, intolerably poky. Rarely, except for short distances and on the smooth roads or the beach, did they leave a walk. Nevertheless, first and last they covered a deal of country. And the amount of solemn chaffing and small practical joking that went on would have disgraced the sixth grade.

Occasionally when the tide was low they rode along the sands, and occasionally they took an excursion across the oak-dotted acres of the ranchos. But they much preferred to clamber single file along the trails in the Sur. Then trails were not as they are now—graded, brushed and smoothed by forest services or chambers of commerce. They were really rough and precipitous. It took Boyd some time to become accustomed to riding on them. The park horses, he knew, would never have been able to keep their footing in the loose stones and on the big outcropping bowlders over which these animals clambered so blithely. These trails, too, stood disconcertingly on end, so that the horse had to scramble hard, with many humping heaves, to reach a foothold where they could breathe; or they bunched all their feet together and sat back to slide. It was most unhorselike. And Boyd for a long time rested his weight on the inside stirrup when the trail narrowed and the outside stirrup hung out over blue depths where the buzzards soared below him. He leaned slightly inward and looked straight ahead and conversed rather disjointedly. It was not that he was actually afraid, but he certainly was nervous. Those gay old birds, his companions, knew perfectly, for they had been there themselves. Therefore they delighted at such times in trotting their horses, leaning forward to slap Boyd's animal on the haunches with their *morales*—the braided, whiplike ends of the reins. After a while Boyd came to understand that to these hill-bred horses such a terrain was as safe as a boulevard. Then he relaxed and enjoyed himself.

The trails started in the cañons with their shady oaks and sycamores, their parks of grass and flowers, their leaping, sparkling streams with bowlders and pools, waterfalls and fern banks; they climbed by lacets to a hog-back or tributary ridge, through overarching cascara and mountain lilac, and so proceeded to upper regions. The sun against the shale and the chaparral warmed to life many odors. White of cascara, blue of lilac

They Sat for Long Hours in a Rather Sentimental Haze

It Was When They Stopped on Some Outlying Spur and Looked Abroad on the Scenery That the Real Charm of the Country Gripped Them

powdered whole mountain sides with bloom; the leaves of the mountain cherries glittered in the sun and the satin-red bark of manzanita glowed. The air was like crystal under the blue sky, and the single notes of the mountain quail rang clear as though the crystal had been struck. Cañon slopes fell away grandly. Great mathematical shadows defined the sharp ridges and the abrupt foldings of the hills. The sky was a steady, watchful blue. No wonder old boys—old, but always boys—turned light-hearted and played pranks that would have made their children or grandchildren ashamed, if they had known! Especially as George Scott, the amused cynic, never went riding. He spent his mornings at the beach watching the bathers, snubbing the forward and uttering caustic comment.

But it was when they stopped on some outlying spur and looked abroad on the scenery that the real charm of the country gripped them. For over the panorama below them lay a misty peace, a suspended stillness as though a great spirit had sighed in his sleep and had for a contented moment held his breath, and the moment was as the Biblical thousand years. From above, the folds of the lesser hills were soft and rounded, and on them showed the dark spots of the trees. The yellow beach with its unchanging border of purest white extended for miles, and the blue sea rose up from the depths below them until it met the horizon at the level of the eye. This gave it the curious effect of being the opposite wall of a cañon in the bottom of which lay Arguello and the farms and ranchos and the shore. A yellow haze mellowed it. From incredible distances and with incredible clarity rose single sounds—the stroke of a bell, the lowing of cattle. The pungent aroma of sage-brush—old man—hung in the air.

The old boys used to stop and look on all this with great inner appreciation, but with outward indifference. At length Boyd himself broke out.

"Where on the globe," he cried, "will you find anything even approaching this? The climate is perfect; the people look at the way that country lies! There's not another place in the world where you can ride a horse in high mountains and come home on a beach two hundred feet wide and do it all in one afternoon! There's not another place like it in California! Why, look at the size of that valley and consider how many people, wealthy people, will flock in here when a few of them get to know it as we know it! There won't be room for them! Why, the fellow who owns real estate ——"

They crowded their horses round him, whooping with amusement, slapping him on the back, while even the staid old horse fidgeted.

"He's got it!" they cried. "It's bit him! The old cuss has a bad case. He'll come back!"

Boyd stood their banter with a grin that was at first a little shamefaced, but soon became triumphant. His was not a nature to take it lying down.

"Yes, I've got it, you poor nincompoops, and I'm bit. But I'm not coming back. Why? Because I won't have to. I'm going to stay. Just soak that up, will you? You got to go back and attend to your business. I don't have to unless I want to, and I don't want to. While you are sweating away in those pleasant Eastern summers, or thawing the icicles out of the whiskers of hope before you can get away next winter, you just think of me right up here, or right down there picking oranges and flowers and filling my system up with this good air!"

"You don't mean that, do you, Boyd?" inquired Saxon, the shoe man.

"Of course I mean it."

"How about your business?"

"To hell with my business! It don't need me any more, and I don't need it."

"I don't know," rejoined Saxon doubtfully. He, with the rest, was sobered down from vacation irresponsibility by Boyd's decision to do what each had secretly played with as a fascinating but impractical possibility. "How about yourself? You'll get sick of this as a steady diet."

"I'll get me a place," said Boyd stoutly. "I'll buy me a ranch over the mountains. There's a big future in this place. It's asleep now, sure thing. But it can be waked up. It ought to be waked up. Judging from what I've seen, that would keep a man busy for a while. Oh, I won't take root, if that's what you mean. You fellows are as blind as bats. All you see is a sleepy little backwater town that you have a good time in. It's got a great future."

"So confounded future that you won't live to see it—except of course that more and more tourists will come in. You aren't going into the resort business, are you, Boyd?" observed someone else.

"I may. Don't know yet. But you can stick a railroad up the coast and bore a tunnel in through these mountains here for water so you can irrigate the way they've begun to do at San Bernardino, and cut up these big ranches into farms, with water on them, and ——"

But his companions burst out laughing.

"You're in the traction business," Saxon suggested. "How about it? After you get all these mountains knocked down and kicked out of the way for your railroad, how about a new mule for the street-car system?"

"I may take hold of that too," rejoined Boyd after the renewal of laughter.

He had not before seriously considered abandoning the East, but suddenly he could see no reason against it. Since his last merger he had practically retired from active management of the concerns that brought him his enormous income. He had no other family ties than those that bound him to his son, Kenneth. To a man of his temperament new friends quickly replaced the old. The vision, genuine though narrowly commercial, that had made him what he was pierced the veils of apathy behind which Arguello slumbered to a sense of the rose dawn of a modern day. Now suddenly, there on top of the mountain, he came to a decision.

After lunch most of the old boys took naps as part of the complete rest they had come out here for. About three or half past they came to life and assembled in the room back of the bar, where they played hilarious poker until dinner time. Boyd did not need a nap, so he usually occupied the time before the poker game began in a stroll down the long main street.

He was of a gregarious nature and utterly democratic, and thus he became genially acquainted with about everybody who did business on Main Street, from Chipo, the bootblack, to Oliver Mills, the banker. At first he pursued these various acquaintances idly, and for the amusement and companionship they afforded him. But once he had decided to settle down in the place he began very keenly to direct his efforts. Jim Paige in his harness shop was a mine of information, and loved to gossip in his slow, drawling fashion. Boyd immensely enjoyed his humor, and at the same time gained a pretty comprehensive bird's-eye view of the valley's history and present status. Of county politics he learned from Dan Mitchell, the shirt-sleeved, tobacco-chewing, fat, sleepy-eyed, cynical editor of the Weekly Trumpet. He even added Chinatown to

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 21, 1920

Our Next Cabinet

SENATOR HARDING'S significant declaration that if elected he will regard the Vice President as his chief partner, invite him to participate in cabinet meetings and take counsel with him on affairs of state, is strong evidence that the Republican candidate is not a believer in one-man administrations. It also indicates a wholesome desire to break away from the ancient presidential habit of thinking of the Vice President as a constitutional but sinister inheritor of a dead man's shoes, a political poor relation whose sole claim to potential importance rests upon the chance that he may become the remainderman of the Administration.

Senator Harding's apparent determination to do everything in his power to elevate the dignity of the Vice Presidency is no small earnest of his good sense, good will and breadth of mind. The most remarkable thing about his idea is that it was not formulated, enunciated and adopted generations ago.

Every straightforward, clean-cut declaration of intention by Presidential candidates, such as Senator Harding has lately made, will be heartily welcomed by the great mass of voters and especially by men of independent thought who have not sworn allegiance to the banner of either political party.

It is generally conceded that certain naturalists have been able to reconstruct prehistoric beasts from the data afforded by a single fossil bone; but it is far easier to give credence to this feat of science than it is to believe that the average voter can forecast the executive capacity and probable performance of Presidential candidates by conning old files of the Congressional Record or making excavations among the musty archives of local politics. The fact is that our basic knowledge of the two leading candidates is usually far less complete and definite than it ought to be. Candidates know this as well as those whose votes they ask and it is their bounden patriotic duty to open their minds as widely as possible to the critical scrutiny of the whole electorate.

Electing a President, always a serious business, has not, since Mr. Lincoln's day, been so grave a matter as it is this year. For better or worse we shall choose a Chief Executive for four intensely critical years, for a term during which the opportunities for making mistakes, for doing the wrong thing, for blundering irretrievably, will be almost limitless. It behooves us therefore to know a great deal about the man for whom we intend to vote. No one can tell us more about him than the candidate himself, if only he has the grit, the inborn patriotism and the greatness of heart to do so.

He can help us to come to a knowledge of him by telling us in precise and specific terms what he will do if we elect him. Star-spangled platitudes and high-sounding generalities are cheap and plentiful in every political market place; and they are worth rather less than what they cost, which is nothing at all. Definite, unequivocal pledges bearing upon clearly drawn issues are the only promises that are worth the telegraph tolls involved in disseminating them among the people. The more such pledges are given, the more intelligently it will be possible to vote; and backwardness in making certain basic, flat-footed declarations can be construed only as evidence of a wish to keep voters in the dark and to withhold from them a full knowledge of the candidates' views and intentions.

An opportunity of the most impressive significance is open to both Presidential candidates if only they have eyes to see it and courage to grasp it. Let both candidates immediately make public a provisional list of the cabinet officers they will name if elected. The publication of these tentative slates would have the instantaneous effect of giving the country a far deeper knowledge of its candidates than it now possesses or than it could extract from the most elaborate collection of public speeches. The old adage that a man is known by the company he keeps is just as sound in politics as it is in private life. Two provisional cabinet lists, carefully digested and compared with each other, would prove wondrously instructive.

Senator Harding has already declared that if elected he will put into his cabinet some of the ablest men in the country. So far, so good; but whom does Senator Harding consider the ablest men in the country? Whom does Governor Cox regard as the outstanding figures in public life? Let them tell the voters now, for presumably the gentlemen that either would name six months hence are not materially less wise and less able to-day than they will be next March. Let their names be given out at once and let the candidates be known by the official company they hope to keep.

It is scarcely too much to say that either candidate, armed with a sharp lead pencil, could jot down on the back of his own visiting card a more useful body of data bearing upon the advisability of making him President than could be derived by reading everything that has yet been printed about him.

It will be urged, and with truth, that there is no precedent for the procedure here proposed; but every man who is old enough to vote is old enough to know that we are living in an era that has seen ancient landmarks overthrown, an age in which the precedents of old time have lost much of their authority, a day in which new precedents must be created to cope with new and threatening conditions.

The candidate who first named his provisional cabinet would almost certainly, by sheer weight of public opinion, force the hand of his opponent. With the two slates to compare, the voter would have something solid and tangible to go on. If only one candidate took the country into his confidence, his very boldness in giving such hostages to the electorate would breed a respect and admiration that would surely outweigh any lesser disadvantage such a course might entail.

Our Two-Party System

A LITTLE while ago five countries in Central Europe were without cabinets—Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Hungary. The cause was everywhere the same. In Europe cabinets are responsible to the legislative bodies; here to the executive. Whenever the cabinet of a European government fails to secure a vote of confidence or is unable to pass a bill upon which ministerial policy has been staked it must retire, and the executive intrusts someone with the task of forming a new cabinet that has the confidence of the legislative body.

With us a cabinet remains for four years. This is a good thing; sometimes it is the best thing about a cabinet. The European system would not be so bad if it were not for multiplicity of parties. All cabinets in Europe are essentially coalition cabinets. Several political parties unite on policies upon which they are for the time being agreed, and form a cabinet. Every such coalition represents a compromise of policies or men or both. Where the parties are very heterogeneous, political dexterity undeveloped, issues critical or governmental morality low, cabinets fall on slight provocation and changes are of frequent occurrence. In a country of stable institutions like the United Kingdom, a master of political adroitness like Lloyd George is able to maintain a coalition majority for a long time. In the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes change in cabinets occurs every few weeks. The basal weakness lies in the block system of political parties.

The lines of cleavage into the numerous political parties are national—or racial—geographical, economic, religious and occupational. There are seven political parties in Germany. In an election in Holland a year or two ago seventeen parties appeared upon the ballot. In Germany are three socialistic parties, a Bavarian democratic party, a Catholic, an agrarian and an industrial party. In Czechoslovakia both the Czechs and the Germans have socialist, conservative and agrarian parties; the Slovakians have now an anti-Czech party.

Upon no two problems facing legislation will the different blocks be able to line up in the same way. On one question A, B and D will combine against C, E and F. On another question A, C and F will combine against B, D and E. A majority on one question becomes a minority on another. During the past year the governments of Europe have literally spent more time in hunting cabinets than in using them. Indecision and postponement of legislation, political trading and subordination of legislative programs to party exigencies are the inevitable results of the system. The total result is palsy of legislation.

We have enough confusion and procrastination with two parties in Congress playing politics side by side while doing business. The conditions would be infinitely worse if we had more. We may find it difficult to secure the reforms we advocate within the existent parties. Incidentally remarked, our failures to secure the reforms we need are due more to lack of study of the problems than to anything else. If we had many political parties we should secure neither reforms nor current legislation.

Teaching Teacher

THE statement that our public-school teaching leaves much to be desired carries with it no covert sneer or ill-natured innuendo. The patient, uncomplaining fidelity of teachers is proverbial; and we suppose there is no class of public servants characterized by higher enthusiasm or loftier ideals. It has lamentably often happened, however, that young men and women who had it in them to become teachers of the highest rank have been dwarfed and stunted by the injudicious or notional guidance of their official pastors and masters. Countless teaching careers have been cramped and atrophied by required courses in summer schools and so-called teachers' institutes. Much precious time has been devoted to pedagogy that might have been far more profitably expended upon basic studies.

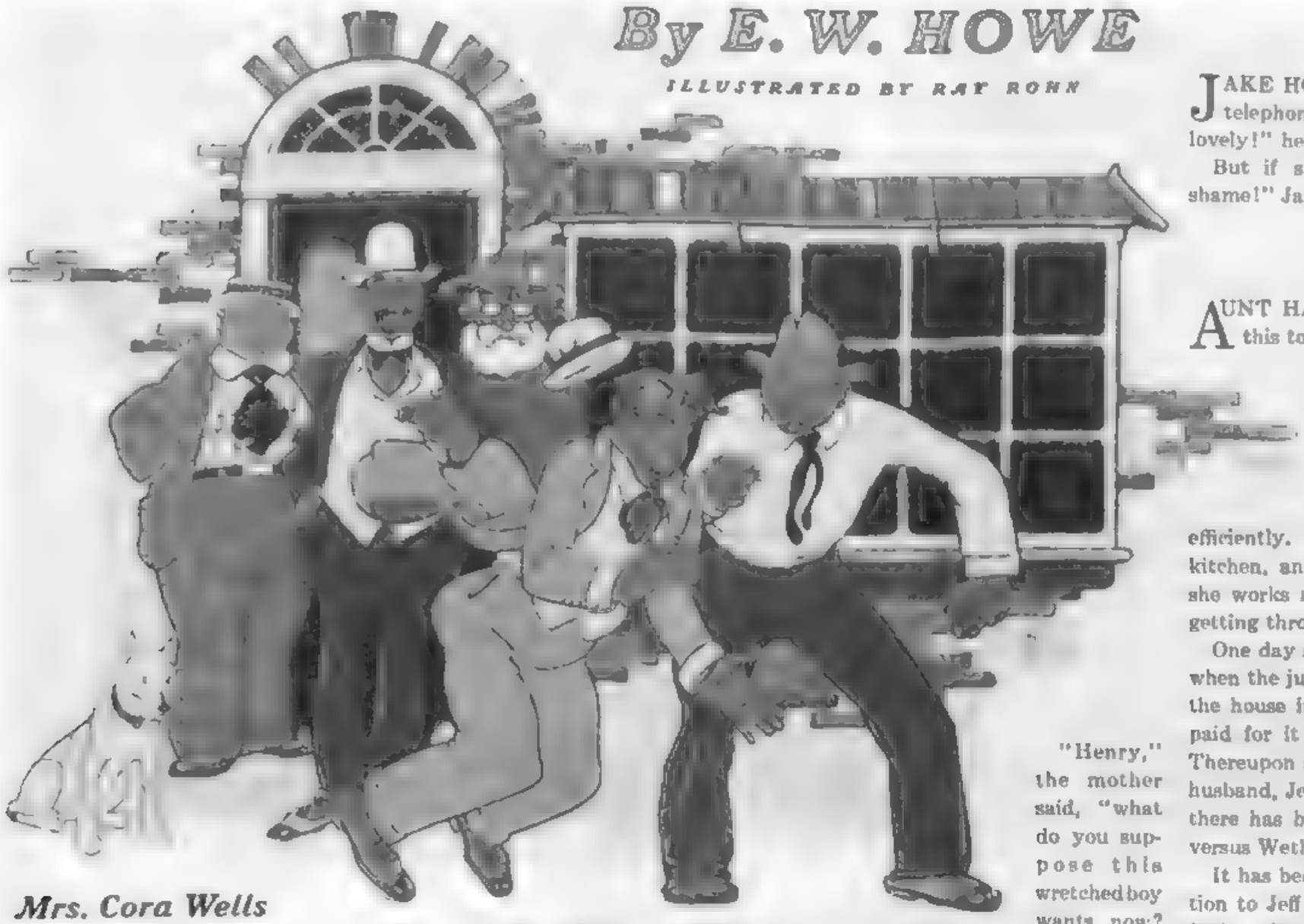
Pedagogy is nothing more or less than the art of teaching. The technic of imparting instruction is obviously useful to teachers of youth; but the indispensable prerequisite is a sound and broad knowledge of the subject to be taught. A man may possess a thorough mastery of mathematics, for example, and not be a gifted teacher, but in the long run he will get better results than the most accomplished student of pedagogy whose knowledge of fundamentals is vague and hazy and who has not greatly overpassed the goal to which he is expected to lead his pupils. The former may not know how to sugarcoat the Binomial Theorem; but his instruction will be more useful than that of the latter, who is strong on the coating but weak on the filling. Educational fads, untried theories and novelties whose newness is their sole recommendation have often been forced upon young teachers by those in authority.

Common sense, sound judgment and well-proved methods are just as essential in teaching teachers as in educating boys and girls. The teachers themselves will be the first to hail with honest pleasure whatever new and well-considered steps may be taken for their professional advancement.

The Anthology of Another Town

By E. W. HOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN



Wes Says He Thought Rapidly for a Moment, and Concluded to Hit Marsh a Wallop on the Jaw

Mrs. Cora Wells

WORD got round Tuesday night that Matt Harris and Martha Holmes are to be married this fall, and early Wednesday morning Mrs. Cora Wells, who has the burden of the Disciples' church on her shoulders, called on Martha's mother.

"Neither Matt nor Martha belongs to any church," Mrs. Wells said, "and as it doesn't make any difference to them, I'd like to get your promise of the ceremony for our preacher."

Professor Hadley

THE Georgia minstrels were in town last Saturday, and in the afternoon the band of six men gave a parade. Reaching the most prominent corner, Professor Hadley, the leader, formed his players in a circle, gave his cornet to a boy to hold, and directed while five men played the overture to Tannhäuser, a big piece country people seldom hear.

Cap Morton

OLD CAP MORTON has been telling war stories every day for more than fifty years, and one was pretty good. Cap made the march to the sea with Sherman, and says that one day they passed through a little town in Georgia. The streets were full of soldiers carrying loaded muskets and horses pulling cannon. As Cap Morton's regiment passed a little house a little dog barked savagely at the soldiers.

The little dog's owner finally appeared in a great state of excitement, as she believed the little animal was dangerous, and said, "Trip! Trip! You bad dog, don't bite the army!"

War is a grim business, but Cap Morton says many of the warriors smiled over the incident. He has heard that the story found its way along the line to General Sherman himself, and that it amused him.

Henry Harris

HENRY HARRIS' boy, Joe, was fussing to his mother the other day for a shotgun. Just then his father came in.

"Henry," the mother said, "what do you suppose this wretched boy wants now? He wants a shotgun!"

Both parents looked at little Joe in amazement a while, and the mother said with a show of great virtue, "I have never wanted a shotgun in my life!" And Henry also looked as though he could not understand the depravity of the male nature, though he owns a rifle, a shotgun and two pistols.

Annie Moore

THOUGH only seventeen years old, Annie Moore wears her dresses cut so low in the neck that her father and brothers are distressed. They complained to Annie and her mother without result, so they invented a plan to reform her. Once when Annie was wearing one of the offending dresses her father and the boys removed their coats and vests and, turning in their shirts, displayed a good deal of their necks and chests. This happened when there was company at the house, and when the father and two boys appeared at the table in their strange attire they were asked for an explanation.

"Annie thinks this is a good way," they replied, "and we thought we would try it."

Annie flew to her room and cried, but she removed the offending dress, and has not worn one like it since.

Tobe Todd

TOBE TODD went to the restaurant for dinner last Saturday, and wiped his knife on the tablecloth.

"Do you do that at home?" the waitress asked icily.

"No," Tobe replied, "at home it isn't necessary."

It is admitted that Mrs. Todd is one of the neatest housekeepers in town, but there is so much of a rush at the restaurant on Saturdays that everything can't be just right.

Jake Horton

JAKE HORTON says that when his wife goes to the telephone, and he hears her say "How perfectly lovely!" he knows he is not in the news.

But if she says "Isn't it dreadful? It's a perfect shame!" Jake says he knows the news relates to him.

Aunt Hannah

AUNT HANNAH, an old colored woman, has lived in this town ever since I can remember. On Mondays and Tuesdays she washes and irons at Judge Harlan's; on Wednesdays she cleans at Bob Hart's; and so it goes throughout the week. She is always busy. When a family has extra work of any kind Aunt Hannah is usually called on and responds promptly and efficiently. At most big dinners she may be found in the kitchen, and the guests often go out to talk to her as she works at the stacks of dishes with little prospect of getting through before midnight.

One day she carried her papers to Judge Harlan's, and when the judge came home at noon he decided she owned the house in which she lives, and everybody knows she paid for it in small installments after a long struggle. Thereupon she announced that she intended to leave her husband, Jeff Wethersby, a local preacher, and ever since there has been much interest in the case of Wethersby versus Wethersby.

It has become known that Aunt Hannah's main objection to Jeff is that he is too good. As she admits many faults, she says living with him has become a burden. This greatly amuses the whites, particularly the men. The other evening at a dinner Joe Tull, the lawyer, was one of the guests. The case of Aunt Hannah coming up for discussion as usual, Joe went into the kitchen and

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If She Says, "Isn't It Dreadful?" Jake Says He Knows the News Relates to Him

A CONSISTENT WOMAN

"I Didn't Mean That," Said James. "I Called You Sea Water Because You Are——" "Green," Murmured Sara With Another Mischievous Look

By THOMAS JOYCE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

JAMES EVERETT was a clever boy and grew up a clever man. This, not the most usual of developments, was itself a result of cleverness, because Everett was cunning enough to be able—without discomfort—to avoid hard work either at school or varsity. At school he was thought to be a dull boy who worked hard, and at Oxford a brilliant fellow of great scholarship who had the misfortune of weak nerves and always broke down in examination.

But Everett was a boy without either scholarship or nerves, who had the use of his faculties. Very few people have the use of their faculties, and fewer children. It is said that the object of school is to keep children out of mischief till they are old enough to learn, and it is added that none of them keep their pupils long enough.

But Everett had learned a great deal even before he left school. Thus at Oxford he was immediately notable. While other freshmen were looking about them for heroes upon whom to model their conduct and from whom to borrow the addresses of tailors, Everett himself became a hero and a well-dressed man. That is to say, there were at least ten other freshmen who admired his clothes and wondered at his knowledge of the world and repeated the epigrams in which it was embodied; and if this is fame on but a small scale, fame—as James said to himself—can never be anything more than local. Did the world ring with Everett there was still the universe unadvised of his very existence, or even his shape.

Everett's career was more successful than those even of other clever men. He was sent down in his first year for winning an argument with the senior proctor, and thus escaped not only logic but very probably a certain amount of philosophy. If he had stayed a second year he could scarcely have avoided a little Plato. His uncle, moreover, died four months later in the hunting field, without signing a codicil to his will which would have deprived Everett of eight hundred a year. Yet had that uncle died by any other way than a broken neck it is almost certain that James would have lost his money, for not only was the uncle very much enraged against James—not for being sent down, but for winning several arguments with him about the state of the country—but the codicil lay in his desk ready for signature.

Thus Everett was already independent, even before Smithson, his brilliant contemporary, had vanished amid congratulations into the gloomy caves of the Home Office; and Bagley, who had rivaled him in clothes and not far short of equaled him in cunning, was condemned to lifelong penal servitude in a fever-stricken swamp of Madras.

Everett's greatest wisdom, in fact, was in his use of his ability. He actually used it for his own benefit. He did not, like Smithson and Bagley, allow his brains to lead him to destruction, and he was often heard to say that talent without sense is almost more dangerous than virtue without humor. But Everett had plenty of sense. He was able to see that his own happiness, if he was to be happy, must be found very much like other people's, and that it was not the selfish who are soonest happy.

"The man who aims only at his own pleasure," said he, "is pretty sure to hit it in the end—probably in the heart." And he said, too, even more wisely, as I always think, "the way to happiness is always a broad highroad, for much traffic has passed along it."

Thus he very soon decided that his own course was to marry, have many children and bring them all up in orthodoxy. Immediately he began to look about him for a wife.

"The woman one could wish to be engaged to," said Everett, "is not always the woman one would like to marry. The difference between them is that of a hobby from a profession."

I do not know from James himself whether he chose Sara Banbury for a hobby or a profession. He was far too wise, too discreet, to tell me. But I am pretty sure he meant to marry her, and it is certain that he said to me one afternoon soon after their first meeting that "Miss Banbury was a girl like a sound wine. She would take ten years to come to her best, and stay there for twenty."

Everett met Sara at a house party in Berkshire, where he was staying with the Minters. Sara was a small, quiet girl, with pleasant gray eyes and a good figure, but not at all pretty. In fact, she was rather overlooked at the Minters', whose three daughters were tall, fair, handsome and very friendly. Sara was not easy to make friends with. She was perfectly ready to talk, to smile, to play, even to sing, and she fulfilled all her social duties with the same accomplished if unobtrusive neatness, but she preserved always a slight distance, even from her closest acquaintance. No one knew Sara well.

"She is worth knowing," said Everett.

"How will you know her? By talking to her? She talks readily enough. It's not that she doesn't say what she thinks, but that she seems to reserve something in every word."

"The proper approach to all women worth knowing is through the heart," said Everett, and he spoke with such gravity that no one ventured to laugh at him, or even to think him unduly pompous. But this is the force of sincerity.

"Between you and me, Miss Banbury," said James one afternoon as they lolled in a punt at Cookham discussing the affairs of Johnny Minter, who was just engaged, "do you believe in love?"

"Do you?" replied Sara, who often preferred to ask questions rather than to answer them.

"I do, but not the sort one falls into. Johnny's sort, I mean. Or don't you think Johnny has fallen in love?"

"Has he had such a bad fall then? I thought Miss Wilkinson was rather nice."

"But she mightn't have been."

"Now what do you mean, Mr. Everett?" Sara cocked an eye at him.

"Only that she mightn't have been so nice, and Johnny would have fallen in love just the same. Johnny has been looking for a fall—rushing along with his eyes shut for the last six months, and it's only a piece of luck that he didn't fall into the fire."

Sara laughed.

"Who was that?"

"I name no names."

"I did hear something about a lady in town."

Sara delicately wrinkled her brow and glanced at Everett.

"Of the Tivolity Theater. Yes, that's the one. However——"

"What else might he have tumbled into?" asked Sara, much amused.

"I was going to say, 'or into the ditch.'"

"Is that so?"

"No, no! You know it isn't. I was thinking of—but perhaps it is not very kind——"

"Then you know I must hear it."

"Of the elder daughter of the reverend vicar. As for you, I would call you sea water."

"I see you have noticed that I get rough in the winter. But do you think it a kind thing to say, Mr. Everett? I can't help my chilblains."

Sara was heartily enjoying herself. She was much inclined to make fun of her tall, oracular companion, who was lying at full length on his back, with his eyes directed down his nose, and a most condescending expression. To be fair, this expression was not James' own fault. He was far too clever to allow himself to show condescension, even if he felt it, and he certainly did not condescend with Sara. But he happened to have rather a high-bridged nose and a long upper lip, so that when he lay on his back and half closed his eyes he could not help looking somewhat arrogant.

"I didn't mean that, either, as you know very well," said James with a glance of reproof. "I called you sea water because you are——"

"Green," murmured Sara with another mischievous look.

"Cool perhaps," retorted Everett "cool, deep and refreshing."

(Continued on Page 32)

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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Sara was a little annoyed. It is annoying to be complimented, and she had hoped that Everett would see she did not like compliments. But she smiled at the fond young man. It was not her habit to show annoyance any more than pleasure.

"Your eyes too are sea gray."

"I wonder ——" began Sara with unusual impulsiveness, and as suddenly stopped. She showed a little color.

"Yes?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then finished with a rush "if bathing is good for you."

This was a bold speech for Sara, and might be thought almost coquettish. But Sara had a remarkable command of her voice and a fine ear for delicate gradations of tone. Her tone on this occasion was far from coquetry, without being either rude or casual. Everett gave her a look of deep respect, told himself once again that Sara was a girl of unusual gifts and replied carefully.

"I like it." And added after thought, "I am a fairly good swimmer, you know."

Sara saw that it was unwise to snub a young man of such coolness. She retired therefore into herself and said nothing more for the rest of the morning. Everett was so quiet that she hoped he was repenting, but when lunch time came and she was forced to notice his existence in order to remind him that they ought to return she found him asleep.

But Everett, even if he was a good swimmer, was soon very deep with Sara. Even Johnny Minter patronized him, and Mrs. Minter, who was Sara's aunt and female guardian, began to sound him every evening after dinner for his religious and political opinions. And when Sara asked Everett to pass the salt, or Everett ventured to tell Sara that he thought it was colder to-night, the rest of the table betrayed a tendency to stop their own conversation in order to listen. Everett was much put out, but characteristically he drew new wisdom from his experience.

"I see now," he told Sara, when the whole Minter family had just withdrawn from the room on a variety of hollow excuses and left him alone with Sara, "that there is some excuse besides intoxication or blindness for some of the people who fall like Johnny—they may have been pushed."

"It is an uncomfortable habit of the Minters. I wish they wouldn't," said Sara, wrinkling her brow.

"I suppose they can't help it."

"I think they do it on purpose."

"I think very few people are able to do anything on purpose. It's natural instinct with the Minters—the same sort of thing which makes little boys want to push over anything that's a bit shaky."

"I suppose they mean it for a kindness," interrupted Sara, who feared that Everett was going to embarrass her.

"It is a kindness," replied James promptly.

Sara smiled, got up, walked in an unhurried and graceful manner the whole length of the drawing-room, sat down at the piano and played Bach's Chromatic Fantasy with an execution which showed that she was as much the mistress of her fingers as of her nerves. The exhibition, truly admirable in a young woman of nineteen, might have frightened an ordinary man, but delighted Everett. The easy grace of the walk, the total lack of self-consciousness in her expression, the calmness of her smile, the finished excellence of the whole maneuver, were charming to that critic of manners.

"She is an orphan and has learned the world," he reflected. "But she has enough money of her own, and enough love from her friends to prevent her from being hardened by solitude and friction."

"You think me very impertinent," he said when the music was done. He came to the narrow end of the piano and leaned his elbows on the lid. Sara looked at him across the large expanse of polish.

"And what do you think of me—that I am not very easy to get on with?"

Both were silent after this exchange, and thus admitted the charges. And both seemed a trifle ashamed of them. Sara looked down at the keyboard. James bent his head and regarded himself in the shining mahogany.

"But people ought not to have too good an opinion of each other," he said at last with a thoughtful air.

It was one of Everett's most amusing habits frequently to treat a thought as a spoken remark, and it gave him a reputation for intuition, telepathy, or whatever you like to call it. For it is pretty common for two people, or more than two people, to have the same thought at the same time. The thoughts of civilized persons are not so numerous that they do not often coincide at the same suggestion. Sara glanced at him in some appreciation of his cleverness. But James immediately added, almost by inadvertence, "Especially not married people."

"Oh!" Sara was really startled at last, and turned quite rosy.

"You see," Everett continued, explaining with care, "in that case every little kindness they happen to do to each other comes as a surprise, which drives away monotony and renews their affection."

Sara had recovered herself, perhaps with the help of her sense of humor. Also she thought she heard the butler's step advancing across the hall, and was sure it must be nearly tea time.

"I think I see what you mean, Mr. Everett," she replied demurely.

"I'm afraid you don't see all that I mean. The fact is, Miss Banbury ——"

Everett had begun to edge round the tail of the piano. But at this moment the tea bell rang furiously in the hall, and the butler, after coughing very loudly, opened the door to say that tea was in the schoolroom, and that as none of the other ladies had returned the master requested Miss Banbury to come and pour it out.

Sara was halfway to the door before the butler had reached the last word. She gave no appearance of haste, yet—as Everett noticed—she traveled very fast.

Everett was in a very peculiar state for the rest of that day. Outwardly, he flattered himself that nothing was noticeable; but inwardly he felt an extraordinary elation. It did not take him long to diagnose his condition.

"I've had nothing stronger all day than the claret at lunch," was his argument, "so I must be in love."

Nothing is more delightful than the discovery that fairy tales are true. Everett would not have admitted it for the world, but he had never quite believed in love before. There was a taint of the fairy tale about love. It was too much like poetry, and he read poetry—like most people—always with the mental reservation that exaggeration was allowed to poets as a kind of set-off against the disabilities of rime and meter and personal disrepute. Love in poetry, he felt, was not evidence, and as for love in the police courts he could not help feeling that drink was at the bottom of most of it.

The discovery of love was therefore a real discovery to Everett—new experience opened marvelously before the Alexander of wisdom—and he swallowed his dinner with unusual lack of interest in the menu.

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"Dear Sara, if You Won't Marry Me Now it Can't be Helped and I Won't Mind Very Much. I Mean—I Will Understand it. But What Do You Say?"

AT 10c straight the smoker is finding WHITE OWL unique in three respects —(1) its carefully chosen leaf, thoroughly cured by time and expert skill, (2) the absolute maintenance of this quality, and (3) the full-size, handsome Invincible shape. The unusual purchasing ability of the General Cigar Co., Inc., has never more strikingly expressed itself in terms of *solid value.*

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119 West 40th Street, New York City

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FISK

As good as it looks: You'll take pride in the appearance of the big handsome Fisk Cord on your car.

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As serviceable as it looks: Delivers an uninterrupted mileage with a satisfaction that is unexcelled.

And backed by the Fisk Ideal:

"To be the best concern in the world to work for—and the squarest concern in existence to do business with."

Next time—BUY FISK from your dealer

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Foreign Trade

EVERY American citizen, whether he manufactures something for export or not, should immediately accept the view that the present and future foreign-trade business of the United States is not only a matter of great national importance but is his own personal problem. Being a new country, sparsely populated, and having great natural resources, we have not found it necessary in past years to produce goods for export in competition with the cheap labor of other nations. More money was to be made by developing our own resources and selling chiefly food and raw materials to other countries than by manufacturing finished articles for export.

This whole situation has recently undergone a material change, and now our productive capacity in many lines of manufacturing has been developed to such a point that we must either establish foreign markets for our goods or curtail our output. In other words, we can maintain our lead among nations only by becoming a world power, commercially as well as financially.

In this question of foreign trade the principal thoughts of the present moment may be grouped under three heads: First, what we have done to prepare ourselves; second, what other nations are doing; third, what we should do.

We have developed the greatest home market of any country in the world, and this makes it possible for us to organize production upon a large scale. We have installed more labor-saving machinery in our various plants than has any other country, and this, with our enormous outputs and our abundant supplies of raw materials, enables American manufacturers to produce a great many articles at a lower cost than the same things can be produced for in foreign countries with cheaper labor. As an example, we may take our automobile industry, in which the workers receive higher wages than do similar employees in other countries, and yet motor cars are here produced at a lower cost. The bugaboo of cheap foreign labor is becoming less of a problem for us each year.

Chi-fu Harbor at Sunset

It is now clear to most Americans that we have been laboring under a fallacy in assuming that if we buy from any particular country that nation is called upon to purchase a corresponding amount of American goods. The truth is that when a foreign country sells its goods to us or to any other nation the transaction simply means that the selling country is entitled to receive from the world at large a corresponding sum of money to its credit wherever that credit may be utilized to the greatest advantage. Furthermore this credit can and does buy goods and service from whatever country the things can most economically be obtained. The fact is that when any country purchases goods or borrows money it has to settle with the world in general, and not with the individual seller or lender. The world will arrange in some way to take payment for the credit by purchasing goods from the country that has borrowed money or bought supplies.

While we have been accumulating a more complete understanding of the fundamentals of foreign trade, the Government has been doing quite a little effective work in the way of legislation that is certain to help our exporters materially. Our Federal Reserve Act was designed to help American banks and corporations engaged in financing international trade, but payments under that act must be made in liquid paper of short maturities. In the countries that have been devastated, and where the largest purchases will be made, payments for goods can only be made through the buyer's giving as security for his purchase corporate bonds which will mature eight or ten years hence. Under the Federal act mentioned the American manufacturer could not accept such payment, for to do so would cause him to tie up and lose the use of capital required in his business. This would mean that he would lose the sale.

To overcome this difficulty we now have the Edge Act, permitting the creation of international banks, with power to deal in long-term foreign credits. This law also permits these banks, which are under Federal charter, to guarantee notes and bills based on foreign commercial transactions, and gives them authority to purchase foreign bills, notes and obligations from American exporters, and to issue against such obligations and securities their own acceptances, debentures and other obligations. To sum up, the act provides a system of financing our foreign trade whereby the collateral of foreign purchasers may be taken in payment for American goods. This law will probably do more than all else to help us hold and build our foreign trade.

The Webb-Pomerene Act, as is well known, permits the organization of certain combinations of our competing manufacturers who are seeking to secure business in foreign markets. This legislation enables the American exporters to meet the severe competition of similarly organized coalitions, encouraged by the laws of the principal European countries.

In some of our industries the manufacturers have taken advantage of the Webb law by forming a stock company, of which corporation the participating manufacturers subscribe to the stock. The affairs of the concern are managed by a board of trustees, and all sales are made through this company for the stockholding members. The corporation also undertakes the promotion work, and is the sole point of contact between the industry and the foreign market.

In a few industries the manufacturers have organized subsidiary export companies, which have later been united in an association of export corporations for the purpose of agreeing upon prices, terms of credit, allotment of territory, and so on.

In this case each subsidiary export company carries on its own promotion work and maintains its own sales force and agencies abroad. The first-mentioned plan appears to be the most effective and most popular.

The Federal Trade Commission is taking a great interest in our export work and is carrying on extensive investigations of foreign conditions, practices and export combinations. The commission has asked that American exporters keep it informed of their experiences and report instances where any branch of our export business has been restrained or injuriously affected by any agency.

It is now fully recognized that in order to conduct a large business with foreign countries we must perfect a plan whereby American exporters can procure accurate information concerning the standing and responsibility of the foreign purchasers. Efforts are now being made through the establishment of American chambers of commerce and other agencies in the principal foreign centers to provide an overseas credit system for the clearance of information of a reliable character concerning the financial credit of the foreign buyers.

Unless this is done, and soon, our trade with other countries is sure to be seriously handicapped through the hesitancy in granting credit that will be exhibited by United States exporters. Our international information and credit service must be developed to the same efficiency that now exists here in our own country.

Americans should completely abandon the idea that other nations are leaving the foreign field to us. France proposes to organize and send special trains of cars over the railroads of certain countries in order to exhibit French manufactures and rouse interest in its goods. This effort will also include an attempt to attract tourists. Motion-picture films will show French scenes. It is true that during the war France lost 600,000 industrial workers and 600,000

buildings. Some of her richest mining and manufacturing regions were devastated, and she lost thirty per cent of her merchant fleet.

However, the present taxation in France is designed to yield 20,000,000,000 francs, or four times more than the prewar total. Frenchmen have really gone to work, and the nation is putting forth one grand effort to rise from the ruins of the war.

Great Britain also is conducting a unique advertising campaign under the auspices of the Federation of British Industries. This organization is compiling an export register listing and classifying the products of all British manufacturers, and is distributing the pamphlet throughout the world. The British Government is also developing a traveling exhibition of British-made goods. This action is based on the thought that few if any manufacturers have either the facilities or capital necessary to provide such exhibits.

This show, which is intended to build up foreign trade, will be exhibited first in South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and Canada. It is expected that the exhibition will be made a permanent institution, and will be sent to all parts of the world. There will be more than 400 exhibitors, and all of them will be strictly British. No concern will be permitted to participate if controlled by foreign capital, even if the plants are operating on British soil.

The recently established British trade-commissioner service of the Federation of British Industries is meeting with much success. These commissioners collect information, provide rooms for the display of samples, distribute British catalogs and keep a close watch on trade statistics in all parts of the world.

Most of the important industries of Great Britain have now formed their export associations, and these combinations propose to regain the export trade lost during the war, and in addition develop new foreign markets. Reports indicate that the British are planning to control all the markets leading to the East. In order to do this with the least possible strain upon her credit resources Great Britain has formed the Anglo-Danubian Association, which organization will rehabilitate those countries that once formed the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

The plan is to furnish raw materials to points where manufacturing facilities are lying idle, to control this material through each stage of transformation, and to deduct from the final sale price of the finished goods a sum which may be called a manufacturing commission, payable to the factories.

Japan had a financial upset in April, during which Japanese speculators lost upward of $1,000,000,000. The panic came as a reaction against wartime prosperity. Merchants and manufacturers had carelessly increased their business, and became involved in difficulties. However, recent reports indicate that the Japanese are rapidly recovering, and their plans include a tremendous effort to control large foreign markets.

Italy was the only country among the recent belligerents to go through the war without drawing to any extent on the American market. She borrowed $25,000,000 in 1916, but canceled the debt in 1918. Aside from her war debt of four billions, which is purely an obligation of the Italian Government, she is weighed down by practically nothing in the way of foreign debts. Her treasury resources, supplemented by the indemnities from her former enemies, will, the government hopes, meet all of Italy's obligations.

The inflation in Italy is being rapidly reduced. An unreasonably high cost of transportation and excessive customhouse duties are now preventing America from sharing largely in the trade with Italy.

All of the important nations of Europe are getting back into their old stride. It is further true that these foreign peoples are not spending much money foolishly, which can hardly be said for the citizens of our own country. In a recent month six countries of Europe imported from the United States $107,097,000 worth of necessaries. They spent only $21,000,000 for what are termed luxuries, or nonessentials. The ratio of luxuries to necessaries was as follows: Belgium, thirteen per cent; Denmark, forty-three per cent; France, sixteen per cent; Germany, ten per cent; England, twenty-eight per cent; and Italy eight per cent. In other words, of each dollar Europe spent in America nearly eighty-four cents purchased necessities.

As compared with such a record, it is worth noting that last year, out of a total of $105,000,000 worth of exports from the Paris region to the United States $10,000,000 was for the single item antiquities. The value of the articles in this latter item represented more than twice the value of all the gowns imported from the same region by American firms, and equaled the value of all the silk and toilet articles bought by us in the same district. This certainly does not indicate that we are spending our money for necessities.

Any attempt to present a complete and detailed series of suggestions concerning the plans and methods American exporters should adopt and develop would extend this short article into a lengthy discussion. Here are a few points, however, that may be worth thinking about: The exporter must make a careful study of each particular market, and furnish the style of goods there required. Goods are likely to receive rough handling, and should be carefully packed. In certain countries, Colombia, for instance, the tariff law is based on the gross weight of the package. In such a case, though the goods must be substantially put up, they should be shipped in as light a container as possible, since every unnecessary pound means a dead loss to the buyer and an increase in the cost price. When packages contain articles that pay different rates of duty the entire package is generally taxed at the rate of the article carrying the highest tax, unless the net weight of each separate article is stated on the consular invoice and the weight of the container and packing is given separately to make the total. In certain countries where there are few railroads, and the packages must be transported by wagon or on mules, the separate packages should not weigh more than 150 pounds.

Many reports recently received in the United States indicate clearly that some American exporters are ruining not only their own business but that of all American houses through careless packing. Kegs that originally contained nuts have arrived in the Orient without any contents. Pieces of machinery reached purchasers with the boxing entirely eliminated. A bale of cotton goods arrived at its destination in China with only a small portion of the bag still attached. Many shipments have reached foreign ports without markings or brands, and have been sold at auction. The advice of one American consul is: "Try and see that the wrapping and the goods reach the destination together."

It is well to remember that small export shipments can now be made through the parcel post. This international postal service makes it possible for customers in other countries to buy from America in small quantities, which they could not do when ocean freight was the only means of shipment. It is now possible for small foreign firms to add American goods to their lines, whereas in the past it was unprofitable for them to import small stocks, due to the prohibitive transportation charges.

There are now but few countries where goods cannot be sent by parcel post from America. It is even possible to send goods through the post office C. O. D. to certain points as far away as the Orient. In case this service is used to China the exporter should not forget to attach declaration tags or invoices to the packages. These may be inclosed in invoice envelopes and attached to the parcel without further postage. When the invoice is not fastened to the package it may fail to go out on the same steamer, and will then arrive a week or two later, causing delay and annoyance to the purchaser.

The American business man must be reasonable in his terms. When he asks cash in New York this generally means that the buyer must pay for the goods from two to four months before he receives them.

American manufacturers desirous of procuring foreign business should not fail to take advantage of the splendid service offered by the American consuls in the larger foreign centers. The exporter should place his catalog on file, as the American consulates keep systematic indexes and files of commercial reference libraries. These are brought to the attention of prospective buyers of American products. In writing his foreign advertisement the exporter can then say, "Our catalogs are on file at the American consulates throughout the world."

Foreign advertising should take into careful account the psychology of the people it is intended to reach. Some exporters have gone ahead without even knowing the language most commonly used in the country whose market they are after. In the Philippines, for instance, English rather than Spanish is the commercial language, and ninety per cent of the retail merchants, the final distributors, are Chinese. Down in Brazil, which country is often classified as Spanish-American, advertising literature and correspondence should be written in Portuguese if possible. French or English is the second choice, while Spanish is used last. French is taught in all schools and generally spoken by the better class.

Probably nothing is more important in building up a foreign-trade business than the selection of proper salesmen. A man may be well adapted to do business in one country, and yet be a miserable failure in dealing with the people of some other nation. In this connection there are

(Concluded on Page 57)

The Chinese Harbor of Hong Kong

"—as good as their bond"

MODERN business places a premium on the integrity of men and corporations. It is called *good-will* and its value is without price.

The old Roman counsel "caveat emptor", *let the buyer beware,* has been supplanted by mutual confidence between buyer and seller. Today, repeat orders are coveted more than first sales.

Your business letters are important factors in building good-will—their message, the paper on which they are written, the *impression* they make. Letters written on Systems Bond inspire confidence—there is character between the words, and behind them! Its crisp firmness gives it a dependable *feel*—a likeable crackle.

Systems is a business man's bond. Its fine rag-content quality never varies. It is loft-dried and scrupulously inspected, yet it is reasonably priced, *everywhere.*

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well known Pilgrim, Transcript, Manifest and Atlantic marks.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
501 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.
Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Profits

THE tricksters of high and low degree, the brazen thief and the smug hypocrite, are what they are because they have jumped to a false conclusion. In an effort to find an easy way to fortune they have been blinded by cupidity, and being blind have imagined obstacles along the beaten path trod by righteous men and have of their own choice stumbled upon the rougher way.

There is in the minds of men who are strangers to honor a conviction that virtue requires somewhat of sacrifice. They assume that one who keeps himself unspotted is in some degree a martyr, losing much of pleasure and more of wealth for the sake of his quixotic principles; and having an unorthodox conception of the relative worth of wealth and virtue they feel a mild contempt for those who sacrifice the one to retain the other.

Their folly consists in clinging to an opinion of their own when all experience and innumerable present examples prove its absurdity.

The righteous man does not pay a price for the privilege of being righteous. Virtue imposes no burdens. The honest man is not a martyr. The truth of the matter is that cleanness pays regular and consistent dividends. Right will be served.

If a man would become a merchant he buys goods desired by the public, and having thus made a concession to the public's opinion takes the profit to which he is entitled by reason of his service. If he buys goods to please himself, without thought of the public's desires, he will assuredly fail.

One who would serve the public at a price, in any profession, trade or calling, must sell himself to the public. The public demands honor. If honor is a portion of one's stock in trade the public will not long remain in ignorance of the fact, and he will have the profit he deserves. If he has nothing of honor, or at best an imitation of the genuine article, the public will pass by his door—or, entering once, profit by the experience and come no more.

One may by trickery get a profit, but by trickery he spends his energy in useless fighting against the current. Equal energy, employed to drive him with the stream, would cover twice the distance.

The rogue lacks wit as well as honor. One does not compromise with evil except in the hope of getting a profit. Since profit is his goal why should he put himself to the inconvenience and anxiety of rascality in order to get a small prize when by honorable methods he could as easily get a greater?

The Old-Fashioned Man

LIFE is not wholly pleasant for an old-fashioned man. Nearly everything that is done bewilders him, and nearly everything that is said annoys him. He cannot feel at peace with the universe without surrendering his ideals, and he cannot surrender his ideals without losing his self-respect. He nurses a grievance, but he does not advertise it. Advertising it would start an argument, and he realizes that his old-fashioned ideas cannot successfully match wits with modern sophistry. He is a queer old party, a little dismayed, a little sullen, wholly out of joint with the world.

There are many things that trouble him. He cannot understand why married couples dine at restaurants and pay too much for food too highly seasoned. He prefers dining at home, where the curious do not stare and dishes are not disguised by foreign names. He prefers the old-fashioned victuals—the roasts, the pies, the cakes, the preserves that grace old-fashioned tables. He wonders if women are forgetting how to cook, and if another generation will be entirely at the mercy of fat French chefs who sacrifice good food to art.

He cannot understand why women shorten their skirts and lower their waists each year. He can appreciate a well-turned ankle, but he appreciates it more if it is not too brazenly revealed. He does not believe in the nationalization of women, not even to the extent of making their charms the common property of sight-seers. A husband, he holds, should have some privileges not shared by the world.

Bare shoulders and backs grieve rather than annoy him. They seem to represent a looseness of mental morality—a willingness to go as far as the law will permit. Nakedness is nakedness, and he considers it a refined sort of vulgarity. When a little heated he calls it nasty.

He reads in his newspaper that the use of cigarettes is increasing among women, and this alarms him. He remembers the clay pipe his grandmother smoked in the chimney corner and he enjoys a disreputable pipe of his own, but pipes do not seem flippant and one does not associate them with a devil-may-care philosophy of life. He does not approve of cigarettes in any case. They seem too trivial for a man, and he considers them too poisonous for a boy.

He cannot understand the queer economic theories and the weird dreams of a made-over world that fill the public prints. He loves his fellow men in a detached sort of way, and he is very fond of a few he has found worth while. He will not pretend to love those who would improve their own fortunes by taking the little store of wealth he has earned by years of toil. When men talk of an even division of wealth he wonders why they do not make an end of talking and earn their share as he earned his. He cannot understand that a willingness to wreck the world is proof of brotherly love, and he measures the worth of a man by his willingness and ability to render service.

Modern statesmanship annoys him. His heart burns with pride when he thinks of that early conception of Americanism when men desired either liberty or death. There were giants in those days who loved country more than party or office—men who stood flat-footed and fought for their conception of the right. He observes that modern statesmen shift responsibility and seem always bent on a neutrality that will hold the greater number of votes back home.

He reads their speeches—their endless mouthing of meaningless words—empty claptrap to win applause, and he wonders if he has become too exacting or if his country has indeed come upon evil days and men are no longer capable of discharging great tasks well.

The popular conception of international morality fills him with dismay and something near akin to personal shame. In an earlier day, when undeveloped portions of the earth invited discovery, exploration and annexation by treaty or force, nations did not disguise their motives when seeking a place in the sun. They took what they could by such means as were necessary and made no bones of the matter. There was no talk of mandatories, but only of colonies. There was no talk of nurturing undeveloped peoples, but only a frank and not at all commendable policy of exploitation. He wonders if the statesmen fool both themselves and the people, and if the people are eager to be fooled for the sake of national gain. He wonders if altruism so thinly cloaked and greed so thinly veiled really fool anybody.

He is bewildered by all the mad flurry of speculation and spending and posing and showing off, and wonders what the people gain one-half so precious as the things they lose. They seem artificial, shallow, intoxicated by some universal folly that robs them of poise and dignity.

The old-fashioned man loves peace and orderliness, quiet leisure, honest toil, privacy, modest women and fair-spoken men, clean dealings, thrift and the habit of admitting that any form of dishonor, howsoever disguised or excused by fine phrases, is yet dishonor. He is a queer old party, a little dismayed, a little sullen, out of joint with the world.

Chewing

ALL chewing is divided into four parts food chewing, gum chewing, tobacco chewing and rag chewing. Food chewing, or Fletcherizing, is a virtue, and unlike other virtues does not become a vice when indulged in immoderately. Chewing exercises the gums and jaw muscles, and when food is properly pulverized at the receiving station it doesn't cause congestion in the assembly room. The dog gulps his food because he is a dog; the cow gulps hers because she knows she will get another crack at it; and the hen gulps hers because Nature gave her a gizzard instead of teeth. Mortals gulp theirs, if at all, because the train leaves in ten minutes or because they desire a dollar more than they desire long life.

Gum chewing is neither a virtue nor a vice. It is merely a habit. As habits go, it is very inexpensive. Some prodigal gum addicts deposit the finished product on stairways or sidewalks, where it is trodden underfoot of men and cursed bitterly. Others, more frugal, remove the mass carefully and affix it to door casings, mirrors or the under sides of desks, where it may be found and chewed again. Chewed gum while in the pliant stage may be used to mend crockery, paper money, a lady's watch or a certain make of automobile.

Tobacco chewing is a delight to those who delight in chewing tobacco. Persons who do not chew tobacco are neutral unless they happen to be sitting in the back seat while the tobacco chewer is driving. Ladies cannot understand why men chew tobacco. The explanation is very simple—obvious, in fact: they chew it in order to get the juice out.

Rag chewing is a vice. It occasions the greater part of the world's woe. No other habit to which man is addicted will get him into more trouble or get him in with less waste of time. Rag chewing occasions divorces, fisticuffs, international complications, and delays in the fashioning of treaties. The greater part of the world's rag chewing is done by persons who are idle. This is another argument in favor of work.

Doughboys taught the French to chew gum, but long before the doughboys arrived on the scene the French had acquired proficiency in the art of rag chewing. Indeed it may be said in all fairness that the French have developed the art to its ultimate perfection. They can, at will, rest their faces and chew the rag with their shoulders.

Grasshoppers

ONCE upon a time, in a day when fairy tales were true, there lived in the country a family of grasshoppers and a family of ants. Some authorities incline to the belief that the grasshoppers were addicted to the jazz dance and the fiddle, but one is at liberty to doubt this. The grasshoppers were industrious. They worked in the field side by side with the ants, and they wore good clothes and chewed good tobacco.

In those days, as now, the first impulse or instinct of mortal or insect was to fill his stomach. If men could eat without working few would work. The grasshoppers worked diligently at the task of gathering herbs and grains, but as fast as they gathered they consumed, so that the setting sun found them none the richer save for a comfortable fullness about the middle.

The ants did not neglect the business of eating. They fared well, but they had the savings-bank habit and they did not wear silk shirts while performing tasks that suggested overalls.

The grasshoppers called the ants tightwads. They did not use this expression in the presence of the ants. It is as well to keep on good terms with a tightwad. Perchance one may need to borrow from him before the next pay day arrives.

Through the long summer the grasshoppers toiled and fed their faces, dressed to impress the neighbors and petted their appetites, and when the first frost of an early winter killed the green things in the field not one of them had a square meal in reserve.

When grasshoppers find the rations short they cast about to find someone on whom to fix the blame. As these stood in groups about the dismal field making talk concerning the injustice of the general scheme of things, one of their number, who enjoyed making phrases, hopped on a withered flower stem and unburdened his mind.

"We would not be hungry," he declared, "if we had the courage to demand our rights. There is enough wealth in the world for everybody. All that we ask is a fair division. We are dead broke, while the ants have their barns filled to overflowing. Is this right? Is this justice? Is this democracy? I tell you, my downtrodden brethren, that we are victims of a greedy and hateful system and shall all miserably perish unless we establish universal brotherhood and divide this supply of food accumulated by the ants."

I realize that all this seems incredible, but I hasten to assure you that it happened once upon a time, in a day when fairy tales were true and grasshoppers knew nothing of savings banks and had no brains worth mentioning.

Charity

AS EVIL is most hideous when masquerading as virtue, so selfishness is most deserving of condemnation when it poses as charity. Charity is kindness of heart manifesting itself in service. It asks no reward.

The man who talks much of his benefactions is not charitable. He is an advertiser, purchasing praise, and is determined to have the worth of his money in glory.

The man who gives liberally of the money got by evil practices has no acquaintance with the virtue of charity. He only purchases an anæsthetic for his conscience, seeking by hypocrisy to win a halo for rascality.

The woman who exhausts herself while ministering to the afflicted and thereafter exhausts her vocabulary in an effort to explain how she sacrificed health and comfort to serve ingrates has not learned the meaning of charity. Her good work is but an investment of energy to purchase the right to feel a martyr.

True charity, inspired by an honest love for one's fellows, asks no thanks and avoids the limelight. Only those in search of an immediate profit, whether praise of their fellows or a consciousness of piety, hire a hall or a press agent to tell the world of their goodness.

MANY of the Hupmobiles you see in useful service today are types which have been out of manufacture from three to seven years, and even more.

Families which own these cars can tell many illuminating instances of how little they cost to run, how well they serve, and how faithfully they keep going.

Unquestionably, such records have done much to weld the belief that the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world, into a widespread, solid conviction.

The Lookout Above the Mountain

By DONALD WILHELM

WHAT catastrophes are to large cities; what mine disasters, summoning whole countrysides to mine entries where the instinct of every man is to rescue; what war is, in fact, to nations—so conflagrations are to great forests.

They reflect all the fires of war. They roar when under way like the thunder of a thousand approaching guns. They strike terror to the very creatures of the forest; birds, snakes, lions, even insects, flee pell-mell, driven by the common terror—one that stands up on his heels and topples forward to grab whole mountains in ugly embrace, to gorge with huge mouthfuls of invaluable timber, when timber is as scarce as are homes.

In Idaho alone last year the fire god burned over—and, so generously have aridity and drought been the order of the day, he burned amazingly deep—more than a million acres of timberland in national forests.

"Worse still," said Col. W. B. Greeley, the chief of the Forest Service, who read this article and approved this interview, "America even now is experiencing something of a lumber famine. In the states north of the Ohio River, for instance, where a generation ago there was hickory and ash in plenty, now for private interests there are prospectors going about looking for individual trees. And in Western Pennsylvania, say, where there was pine in plenty, now it soars in value. In these areas, and in fact pretty generally, lumber is no longer plentiful, with home supplies depleted, less and less coming from the South and the Alleghanies and the distant Northwest making up the deficit. There the timber industry is not completely developed. The railroads to the Middle West and East are relatively few. There is congestion. If the war had come thirty years sooner the Government would have found centers of supply in Pennsylvania, in Ohio and in Indiana. Lumber problems would have been much simpler. But the point is this: Last winter we estimated as carefully as possible our total American supply. We calculated the three major factors—the merchantable timber standing, the rate of growth in cubic feet, the yearly consumption. We arrived at the conclusion that if present conditions continue our supply of timber will be exhausted in from fifty to fifty-five years. But that doesn't tell all the story. Long before our supply is exhausted there will be a lumber famine. In many districts we have such a famine now."

Sheer money loss in precious timber is huge. Though the fire god, the chief god of thieves these days, sent up in smoke literally billions of board feet of lumber last year, inferentially and in terms of consequences vital to the nation his antics are more costly still.

When Watersheds are Burnt Over

HE RAVAGES not only great acreages of virgin and restocked timber but he plays havoc with national parks and forests, which are to the nation all that parks are to cities. To illustrate: Last year, while on one hand the national forests were increasingly used as meccas for motorists, on the other hand 5,000,000 people used them for further recreational purposes. In District Two, in Colorado and Wyoming, a very accurate count was kept, despite drains during the last few years on Forest Service personnel. There 1,200,000 persons camped, fished, hunted or otherwise used the national forests, with an average stay of well over a full day. One must estimate timber loss in terms of national pleasure and recreation and pride, then, as well as in terms of money, though the sheer money value sent up in forest smoke is great—$20,727,000 a year, on the average, for the three-year period ending with 1918.

In terms of all manner of animal life likewise. To go no farther than grazing: Last year the money income from grazing on the national domains amounted to $2,609,169. Cattlemen and others paid that ever-increasing amount into the Treasury. It went a long way toward making the Forest Service self-sustaining. That service, which performs a multitude of duties, needed only $1,500,000 more last year to meet all its ordinary operating expenses.

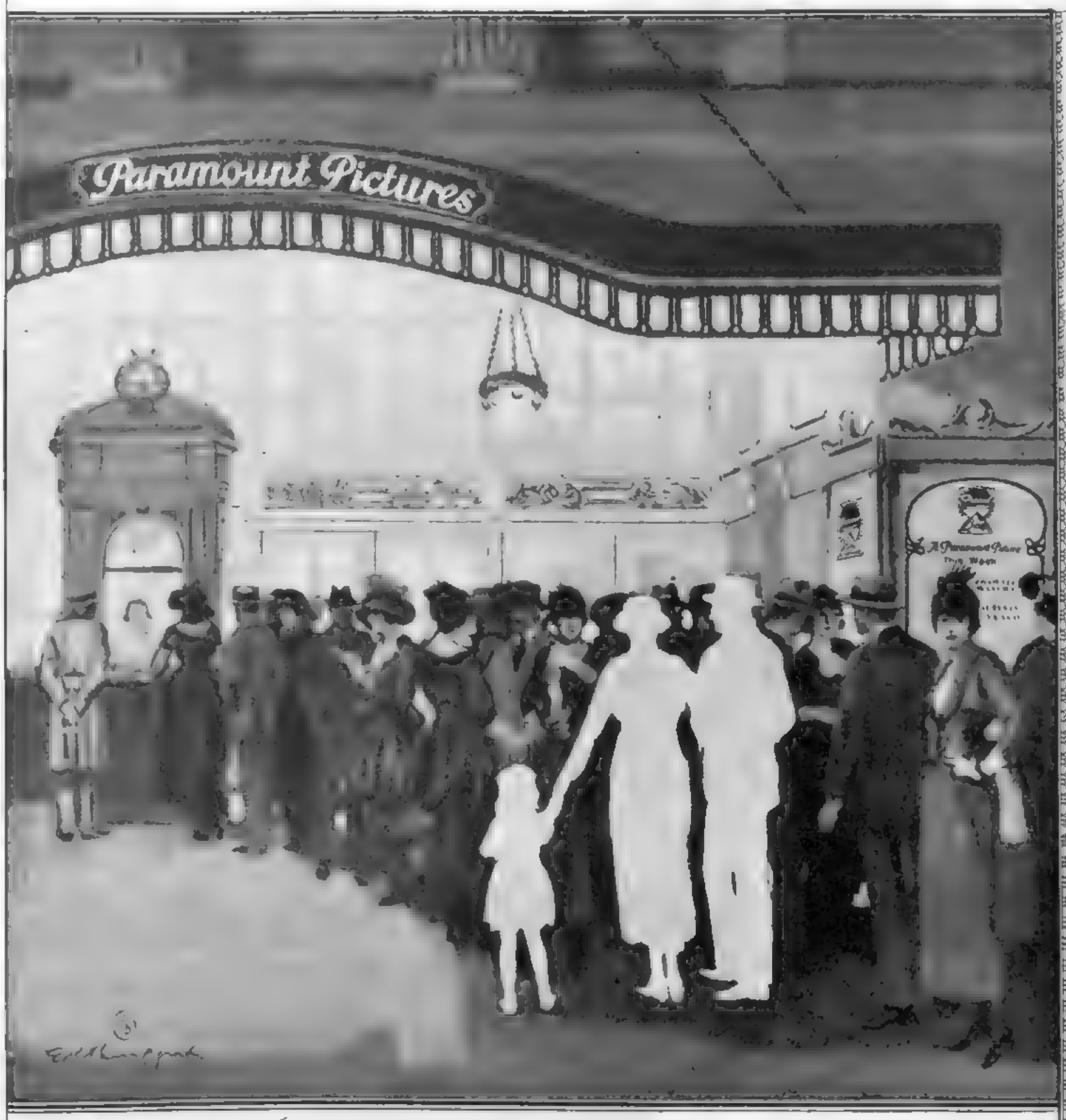
Also one must estimate forest-fire loss in terms of erosion, therefore floods, danger, damage. To illustrate on a small scale what happens with all manner of variations on a tremendous scale when cover on watersheds is destroyed, the following three instances are specifically in point: In the Sand Pete Mountains of Utah 1500 acres 10,000 feet above sea level were studied, because the cover was depleted. Through these acres runs ordinarily a mere creek. A half inch of rain fell. It turned that creek into a torrent in some places twenty-five feet wide, in some places eight feet deep. In a trice it dumped down on lower levels 30,000 cubic feet of gravel. Again, near the town of Piru, in Nigger Cañon, California, a forest fire devoured 100 acres of watershed cover. Two months later rains swamped out four acres of lemon orchard and ten of orange orchard. And when, again, near Los Angeles, 700 acres of chaparral cover was burned over, rain that ordinarily would have been of value to agriculturists did damage footing up to $60,000.

In short order, then, it can be seen that forest fires in many consequential ways are like war; in terms of trees, young and old, and a vast deal else, you must count loss in hours and days and years cut out of productive lives. They destroy recreation. They destroy forage. They do their share, also, to diminish America's supply of spruce, hemlock, fir and poplar, from which, the Secretary of Agriculture points out, eighty-four per cent of our wood-paper pulp is made—a fact worth pondering in the present shortage, when it is considered that for years we have been importing pulp wood. In all ways, briefly, forest fires defeat or endanger the purposes of that big and vital effort called forest conservation, which has as its object the insurance of a perpetual supply of timber, the preservation of forest cover, the provision for the fullest and longest use of all the innumerable resources which forests provide.

(Continued on Page 42)

PHOTO BY (COURTESY OF U. S. AGRICULTURAL FOREST SERVICE)

Where Nearly 10,000 Acres of Forest Was Burned Out



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Ethel Clayton in
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"The Copperhead"
With Lionel Barrymore
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Dorothy Dalton in
"Guilty of Love"

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Cecil B. DeMille's
Production
"Why Change Your Wife?"

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William DeMille's
Production
"The Prince Chap"
With Thomas Meighan

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"Everywoman"
Directed by George H. Melford
With All Star Cast

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George Fitzmaurice's
Production
"On With the Dance!"

—

William S. Hart in
"Sand"
A William S. Hart Production

—

George H. Melford's
Production
"The Sea Wolf"

—

Wallace Reid in
"Sick Abed"

—

William D. Taylor's
Production
"Huckleberry Finn"

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(Continued from Page 40)

It may be seen at once, then, that for various and many good reasons protection of forests against fire is the most important function performed by the Forest Service.

And it may be seen that the fire hawk, the eagle, the lookout above the mountain, or whatever one may choose to call the aviator, would be worth his weight in gold if he could with the same success that he warred on one enemy now turn his energies to warring on the fire god.

Civic organizations want planes, whole squadrons of them, to help the Northwest fight fire. Chambers of commerce, granges, private corporations, all manner of organizations, taking heed of the excellent work done by airmen in California and Oregon last year, have emphatically represented their case to all of official Washington concerned. And along with the rest is the Western Forestry Conservation Association, whose members own about 25,000,000 acres of timberland and contributed last year toward coöperative fire control, a spokesman for it estimates, $400,000, aside from fire-patrol taxes levied by respective states. They are practical men. And they said through their secretary to Senator McNary, of Oregon, what the state forester of Oregon wrote to Representative Hawley—that aërial forest patrol has scored.

The Experimental Stage

The airplane, one may safely conclude, is a new and promising factor in forest-fire control as well as a promising utility in timber reconnoissance and other forest work. This conclusion does not mean, of course, that at once the extensive detection, report and suppression skill and personnel developed through years of hard experience is to be supplanted by aviation. Not at all! Not a single land lookout has been taken from his perch by the Forest Service. It must be clearly understood, in other words, that aërial forest-fire departments are still in the experimental phase, with the present the telltale year. Last year, when called into service in the emergency, with no preliminary training for the personnel, no special equipment and no satisfactory teamwork between air and land workers, army planes went a long way in demonstrating their value in California and in Oregon. In some respects—as in continuity of service through all hours of the day—they were not so effective as the regular lookouts; in other respects they were invaluable.

Last year, moreover, was in many ways an unusual year, a "bad year." The figures are not conclusively assembled, but it is estimated that, viewed nationally, more than 2,000,000 acres were burned over, in contrast to 700,000 in 1918 and 1,000,000 in the preceding year and in contrast to 4,000,000 in 1910, the worst year in many.

Drought had been the order of the day—not since 1889 were the forests so much like tinder. Even snowfall in the preceding winter had been lighter than usual. As a result in some areas there were periods when fire alarms came in every few minutes. In one national forest, the Forest Service's chief of operations, Roy Headley, says a dry mountain storm such as occurs in the Rockies set fire going in sixty separate places almost simultaneously. And Col. Henry S. Graves, who was chief of the Forest Service during the last fire season and was on the ground, says that in one instance a fire galloped up a slope 800 feet high and more than a mile long in twenty minutes. In another instance, in one of the Idaho forests, it ran twenty miles in a single afternoon, racing for record time, it seemed, with another neighboring fire that did a Marathon stretch of fifteen miles in four or five hours, and with another, near Missoula, Montana, that went out for a record by devouring 24,000 acres of timber in a day. Often, even, Colonel Graves said, on slopes where trees stood some distance apart flame would leap and envelop whole acres all at once.

"Under these conditions," he added, "the fighting of fires was unusually difficult, particularly in remote sections, where it sometimes takes two or three days to cut through and reach the fire with sufficient men."

Fighting Fire in the Wilderness

To get the picture whole one must add a little, for when the crews at last got to the scene of operations of course they had none of the facilities that make city fire departments effective. There are no high-pressure mains. There are no fire boats. There is no hose, generally no water. And there are no handy second, third, fourth alarms with fresh men and additional equipment roaring with a clear field ahead down the line. There is danger in plenty, smoke thicker than you can cut with a knife, a habit the fire god has of hurling huge embers sheer miles. There is loss of life, as in Minnesota two years ago. Yet the fire crews have no

(Continued on Page 45)

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF U. S. AIR AND FOREST SERVICES

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this — flutters it upon a cushion of air, gently "beats" out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life

The perennial beauty of a valuable rug is the reward of frequent and thorough cleaning. Such cleaning is easy to perform with The Hoover because it beats. . . as it sweeps, as it suction cleans. All injurious embedded grit is fluttered out by gentle beating. All stubborn litter is detached by swift sweeping. All loose dirt is withdrawn by strong suction. Only The Hoover combines these three essential operations. And it is the largest selling electric cleaner in the world.

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Salient

"That is salient which is strikingly manifest or which catches the attention at once."—Webster.

STEPHENS

STEPHENS *Salient Six*

A SALIENT motor car—not because of one quality or feature but because of a combination of all factors essential to complete motor car satisfaction.

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Power and economy are demonstrated qualities. Stephens performance is due to an engine theoretically rated at 25.3 h. p., which actually develops 57. The Stephens is an economical car—twice having won the A. A. A. sanction Yosemite Economy Run with an average of 21.45 miles per gallon of gas.

The foundation of this Stephens excellence was laid 55 years ago with the formation of the parent organization, known the world over for quality products.

To make sure that every Stephens delivers the maximum satisfaction, its distribution is entrusted to such organizations as measure up to proven standards of permanency and success

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PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE [illegible] & FOREST SERVICE

Miss Helen Dowe, Devil's Head Fire Lookout, Sweeping the Mountains With Field Glasses for Signs of Forest Fire Smoke

(Continued from Page 42)

water, hardly more than shovels and saws, picks and axes, dynamite, volunteers. Often they must fight fire with fire, which is another way of saying they must fight loss of timber with more loss of timber, meeting large fires with fires of their own.

"You must organize to fight a big fire," Colonel Graves explained. "You must go at it in a deliberate way, to try to hem it in. Imagine a fire a mile long running over irregular topography, here up a slope, there down through a swale. Usually there is a head, or series of heads, where the fire is running on through inflammable material, rushing up into the tree crowns perhaps and sweeping on in a crown fire. Generally the attempt first is made to attack on the flank—to pinch the fire out. And if the fire is running up a high slope it is known that when it reaches the top the immense draft it has will meet a counter draft. Then men are sent there to check it at that point. And of course often efforts are made to run a series of fire trails or breaks round the fire. The location of these requires good judgment. In a severe fire ordinarily such breaks consist of a swath ten to twelve feet wide from which all material—trees, brush, logs, snags—is removed, with a trench down the middle two to three feet wide, cut down to the mineral soil."

From that break, then, to add a bit more to the picture, back fires are started when the wind is right.

"You can see," Chief Forester Greeley pointed out, "the whole secret of fighting forest fires is to catch them quickly and catch them small. Elapsed time—the shortest possible time between detection of a fire and reaching it—is everything. Ordinarily when the elapsed time is within three or four hours probably you'll have the situation pretty well in hand. But when eight or ten hours are required, as sometimes is the case, as in Idaho, where during the last season fires started a hundred miles from a railroad, you are apt to find a conflagration requiring experienced strategy. The men have to cut and blast their way through before they can get at the fire.

"Now there can be no doubt of the ability of the aviator to discover fires and report them accurately and immediately if he has wireless and there are efficient receiving stations below, and speedily if he must signal down to lookouts by dropping messages or by using carrier pigeons. The problem then is to get men to the fire. To cope with that problem we are soon to test out the practicability of using dirigibles. Also it is conceivable that the time will come when men can be transported by airplane, some of which can attain great speed with twenty-five men on board.

"But these phases are experimental, of course. They belong in the category of chemical bombs hurled down from above when the fires are small. Some attention is now being given such bombs. As a matter of fact, of course the whole business of fighting forest fire from the air is in its infancy. Potentially, without question, it has vast possibilities, especially in areas that are hardly penetrable on the ground. But we can speak conclusively only of the experiments so far made."

One Canadian asserts that, as a means for surveying a large tract of timberland in Quebec, as far back as 1905 he went into the question of using captive balloons. But this forester found the cost prohibitive

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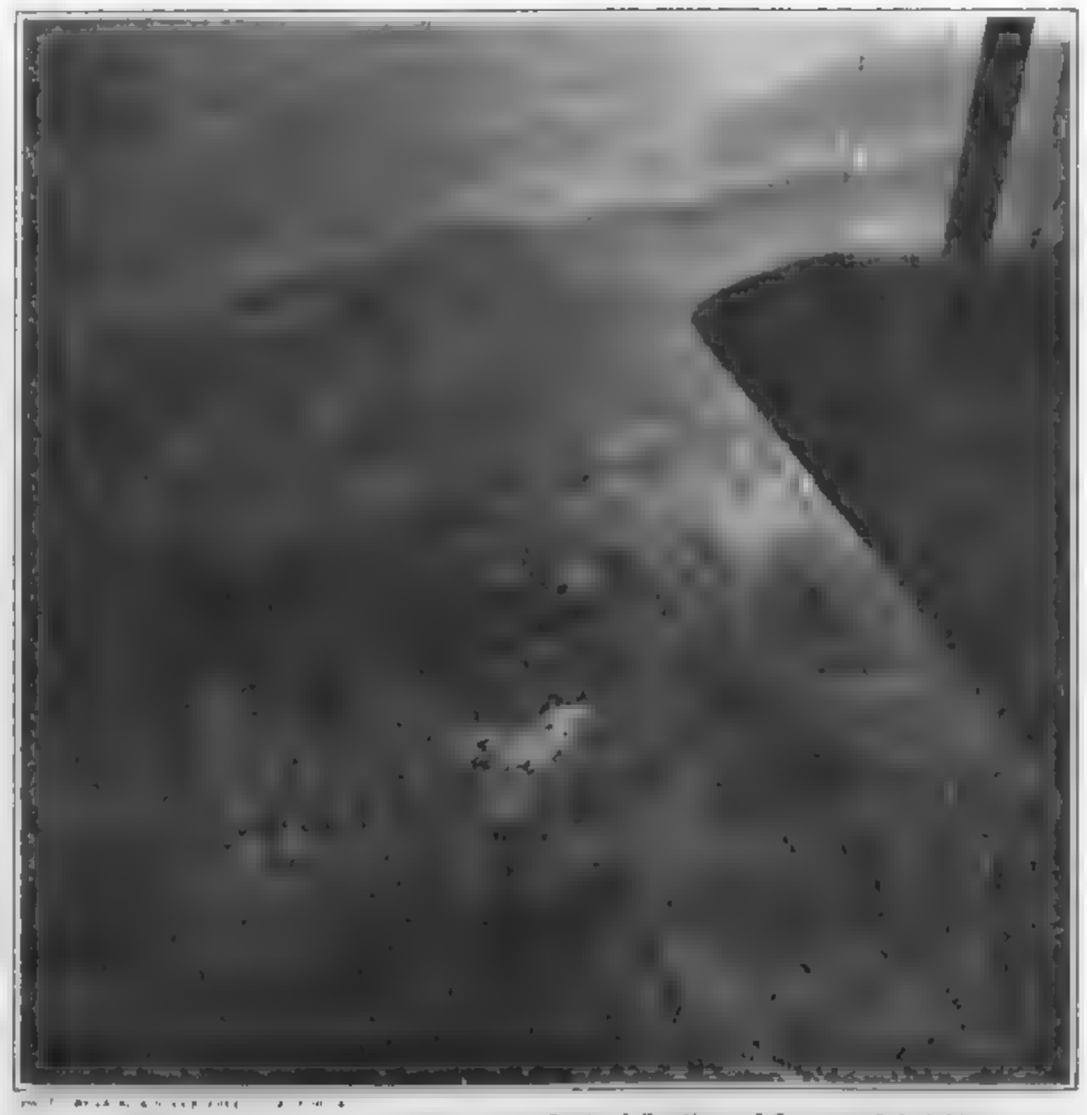

In Open Country the Scrub Trees are Ignited Easily and Consumed Quickly

With the invention of the airplane in 1903, foresters generally speculated on the possibilities of using aircraft for timber reconnoissance, and of course aërial topography, which owed its development to the war, was not then in existence. In 1909 it is a matter of record that a convention of American foresters, meeting in El Paso, Texas, extensively discussed the use of aircraft in fire patrol.

Then, in 1915, Mr. Ellwood Wilson, the Canadian above referred to, and others endeavored to bring about an experiment in Canada, but the funds obtainable were inadequate. But in the same year Wisconsin took the lead. In Wisconsin, as in Canada generally, and Eastern Canada especially—where it has been estimated one-sixth of the total woodland area is lakes—the state forest reserves stand on a high plateau dotted with lakes.

On Big Trout Lake, one of the many, L. A. Vilas set up a hydroplane in 1915. It was a four-passenger flying boat twenty-six feet in its hull, equipped with an eight-cylinder V-type 110-horse-power engine, which afforded air speed of about sixty miles an hour.

A New Sport in Wisconsin

Mr Vilas was, he explained, "only a sportsman" But the Wisconsin Forest Service drafted him and made him a deputy forester without pay. He established many precedents during his workdays in the air; also, he says, he enjoyed himself while soaring up from Big Trout Lake each day to traverse his beat and return to report any fires. Even then, with none of the equipment that war supplied planes, he demonstrated to his passengers that it was easy for an aviator flying at four or five thousand feet to see thirty or forty miles in any direction on a clear day. Moreover, he showed how easy it was to look down into valleys or gullies, how it was practicable to see over, or go over, intervening ridges, and the amazing ease with which one could spot smoke puffs at long distance. Thus, in one special flight over Lake Michigan, dropping down from an altitude whence he could see no earthly object, ten minutes before he could make out any other earthly thing he could see the smoke from the South Chicago steel mills.

With the war over, the great progress made with aircraft convinced foresters everywhere that a new factor in fire control and timber reconnoissance had arrived. In December, 1918, thus, efforts in Canada resulted in Hon. Jules Allard, at that time Minister of Lands and Forests, offering to subsidize to the extent of $2000 an experiment. The St. Maurice Forest Protective Association, interested from the standpoint of finding a new weapon with which to meet fires, voted $10,000. It was then learned that the United States Navy had turned over to the Dominion Government a dozen hydroplanes that had been used in joint-patrol work. Application therefore was made to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries for the use of these planes. The request was seconded by the Aërial League of Canada, also by the Canadian Forestry Association.

Two machines accordingly were loaned. But it was not until June fifth of last year that the first of these was flown from Halifax to Grand Mère, the scene of work, and before they got to work seventy-eight per cent of the total season's fires had already occurred.

Definite Patrol Routes

But the United States had not been outdone. With the war over, the army air service desired opportunities to sustain the training of airmen and the development of planes. Moreover, the Forest Service, whose trained fire-fighting personnel had suffered serious withdrawals, was extremely apprehensive, in view of the preceding dry summers and the very light snowfall in the preceding winters, of a catastrophe. Therefore the Forest Service, through the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Houston, represented the situation emphatically to the Secretary of War. As a result it was agreed that the Ninth Air Squadron should be assigned, with JN-4-D planes and without special training or equipment, to the California forests—first, because California had surpassed all other states in the preceding year in the number of its fires, having had 1148, as distinguished from 832 in Idaho, 775 in Oregon, 573 in Montana and 563 in Washington; next, because there were army air-service training fields in California. Accordingly, on June first, organized and sustained aërial forest-fire patrol was started, over set routes—from bases at Mather Field, near Sacramento; March Field, near Riverside; and Rockwell Field, near San Diego—for the first time in history.

Bird's-eye glimpse of the routes laid out is interesting. Thus from Mather Field every morning two planes set out at a clip of eighty miles or so an hour. One plane went via Placerville, Auburn and Nevada City to Oroville and back in the afternoon, thereby covering twice daily the major portion of the Tahoe and the north end of Eldorado National Forest, and of course much private timber; while the second flew via Placerville, thence south over the

(Continued on Page 49)

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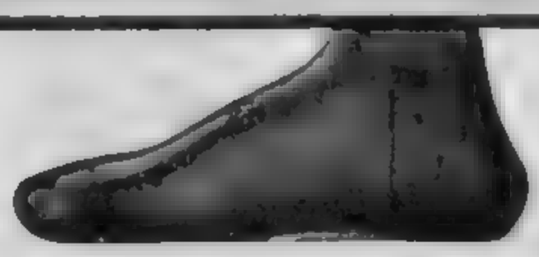

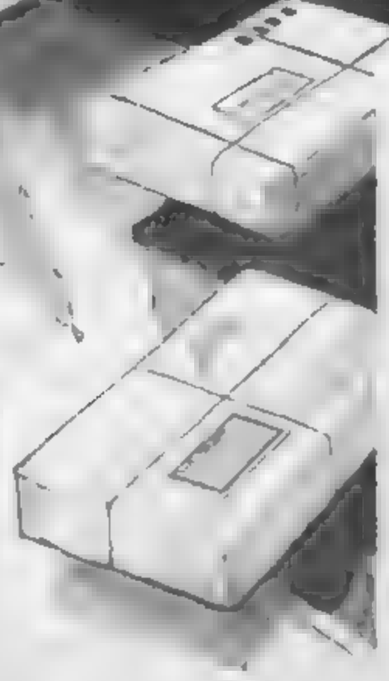

THERE are more than one hundred styles and sizes of Toledo Scales, to weigh everything from an ounce of spice to thirty tons of steel —scales for stores, offices, shipping rooms, warehouses, mills and factories.

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FIFTEEN billion pieces of general mail and over two and a half billion parcel post packages have poured across America the last year.

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Each case of *under*-stamping burdens the Post Office with at least six *extra* operations; it irritates out of all proportion to the offense, those who have to pay "postage due"; mail is delayed, or, worse, returned. And a chance discovery that under-stamping has irritated a good customer results in a scolding for the mailing clerk, followed by an epidemic of *over* stamping and waste of postage.

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For Toledos weigh accurately, compute automatically, register instantaneously and display readably *just how much postage*. The saving from over-stamping alone would ordinarily soon pay for a Toledo.

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Largest Automatic Scale Manufacturers in the World

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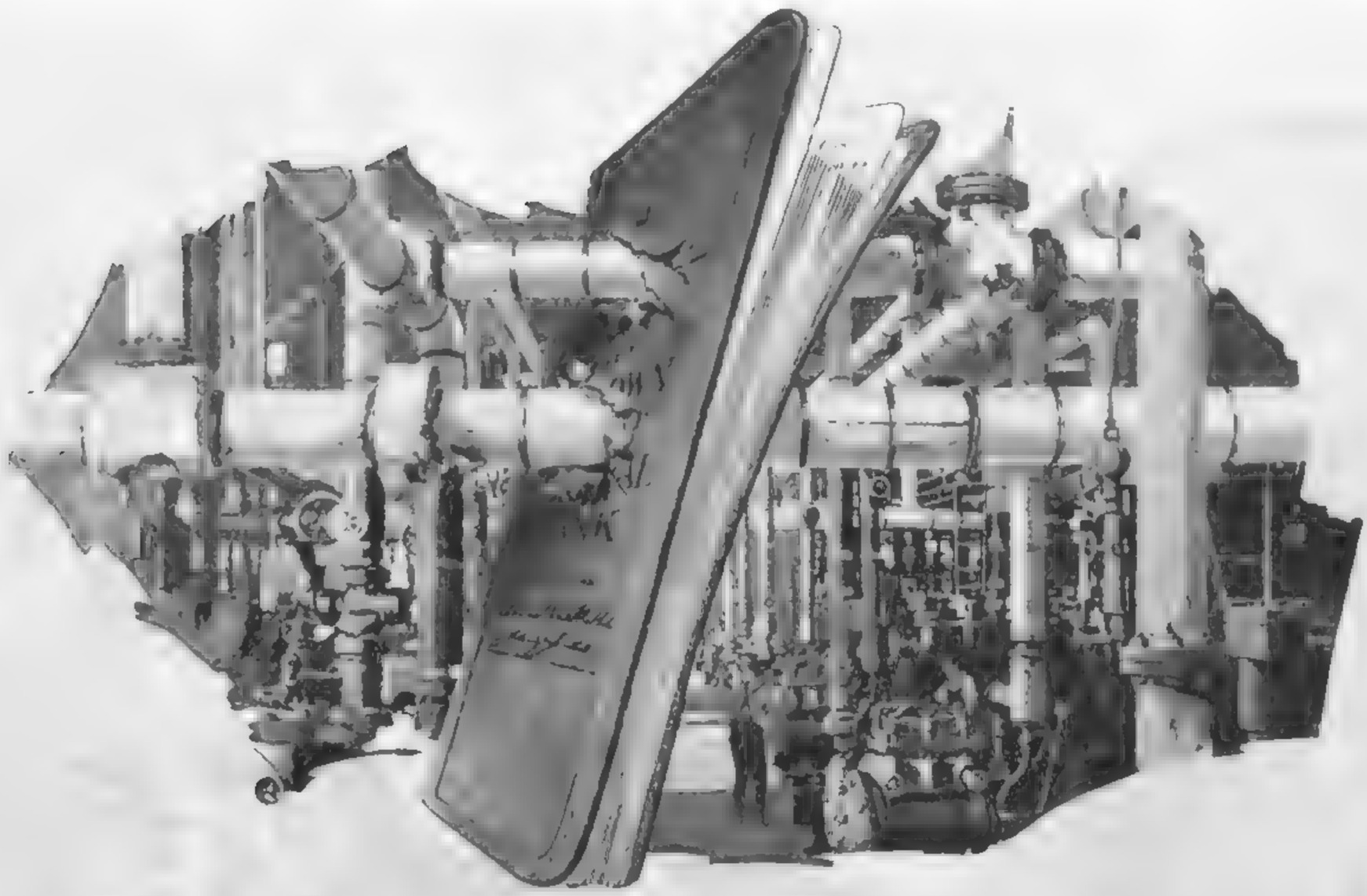


It's your Steampipes that punch holes in your Bank Account

Read what a well-known heat authority says:

"IT is surprising too how many plants there are with steam lines and other heated surfaces generally, covered with well-conditioned, physically perfect jacketing, through which heat is leaking like water through a sieve. The trouble is one can't see heat escaping.

"And aside from this, there are countless other locations where old or mutilated insulations are wasting heat that in the aggregate depletes our national coal resources many thousands of tons annually.

Asbesto-Sponge Felted for high pressure steam lines

"This, of course, means that each plant is losing money that a small investment in insulation would save many times over."

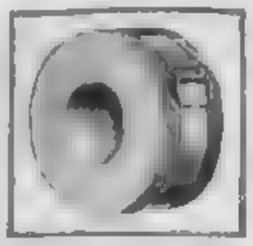
Asbestocel for low and medium pressure lines

Since the above was written, fuel prices have advanced about 25%, so that the importance of insulation in reducing the cost of power or heating has been greatly intensified.

There was a time when heat waste in steam transmission lines, dryers, stack breachings, refrigeration equipment could not be remedied with any certainty. Not that materials for insulation were not available, but because the value of these materials as insulations was largely speculative and their life uncertain.

Now through Johns-Manville Insulation service any one with an insulation problem can know in advance how much to invest in insulation and what the investment will pay on heat saved.

Research and experiment have uncovered the laws of heat transmission, and materials are now available that are of known life and definite heat saving efficiency. This holds true without a reservation of every Johns-Manville Insulation. But as a further safeguard, to insure maximum efficiency, we will use our own trained workmen to apply these insulations.



85% Magnesia. A moulded insulation for steam and hot water lines

Insulation is not only one of the largest departments of this business, but it's the oldest—over forty years old.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Madison Avenue at 41st St., New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 64 Large Cities
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Through—

Asbestos

and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak-proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

(Continued from Page 46)

Eldorado Forest to Chinese on the Stanislaus Forest, and return. From March Field one plane circled over the Angeles Forest, touched on the west the San Antonio Cañon, zigzagged eastward along the south slope of the San Bernardino Mountains to the mouth of Mill Creek and returned, while the second March Field plane circled eastward to the south side of Mill Creek on the Angeles Forest, swung north over Banning, covered the west slope of the San Jacinto Mountains and the head of the San Jacinto River on the Cleveland Forest, and returned. From Rockwell Field one plane covered the central portion of the Descanso District and the northeast side of the range on the Palomar District of the Cleveland Forest, stopped at March Field at lunch hour, and returned in the afternoon, via the Trabucco District, the southwest side of the Palomar and the west end of the Descanso District, thus completing a patrol of the entire Cleveland Forest.

The area covered by these five planes is suggestive of the fact that a plane is a handy thing, especially if one be lugging along on foot. They covered, twice daily, 5,035,142 acres of land within five national forests, and in addition an unestimated but about equal amount of private land. The government timber patrolled is estimated by the Forest Service at 20,219,565,000 feet, board measure, worth about $40,439,000. And in this initial experiment, between June first and August thirtieth, these five planes, two without wireless, none with efficient wireless, located and reported a total of 118 fires and reported twenty-three of them, despite inadequate means, in advance of the regular Forest Service detection organization, which is organized with lookouts, patrolmen, telephone service and the benefit of long training. It may be seen by timber interests at once that airplanes, had they no use over forests other than fire patrol, are valuable, as surely as a spark can set a forest afire and a conflagration in a forest is ruin.

Preparing for a Fire Epidemic

The experiment then was extended, for with the opening of the hunting season in Northern California there came a critical and persisting flare-up of fires. There was in fact something of an epidemic of fires. The Forest Service, short-handed at best, feared a catastrophe, past experience in the regions concerned only increased apprehension, and in Idaho and Montana fire already was working havoc. Accordingly Washington was appealed to, and as quickly as possible two new air-patrol bases were established in California, one at Red Bluff, the other at Fresno. Army DH-4 planes, with their larger scope and speed, were substituted for the JN-4-D's. All cross-country flyers, those in training and others, were asked to report all fires at once, and the balloon school at Arcadia was directed to maintain an observation balloon 3000 feet up, where a view of the San Gabriel watershed was to be had between San Dimas and La Canada, where protection against fire was especially vital since this area controlled the water supply of important citrus and other agricultural lands. Also, in the last week of August, at the urgent solicitation of Governor Olcott, of Oregon, the Oregon state forester, the state aëro club, and many timber interests, two bases were established in Oregon, from which planes covered during the remainder of the fire season practically all the area in the state west of the Cascades.

In Oregon the planes flew approximately 60,000 miles. And those who like to build castles with figures therefore estimate, roughly, of course, that since the aviator could see to right and to left thirty miles or so on the average, and sometimes could see the Pacific at a distance of fifty miles, therefore the area covered aggregates about 3,500,000 square miles, about the total area of Canada, say.

Results in California

But the record made in California needs no speculation to indicate how promising aircraft are. "There," says C. E. Rachford, the acting district forester, with headquarters in San Francisco, in a prepared statement, "the air patrol flew 202,009 miles"—eight times round the equator; or fifteen times, if one likes figures, from New York to the Cape of Good Hope and back. "From September first to October thirty-first," Mr. Rachford goes on, "daily airplane service covered some 21,483,368 acres of government land, on which was growing 105,112,460,000 board feet of timber, worth in merchantable figures about $210,224,920. In addition to these figures a very appreciable acreage of private timberlands outside the national forests was covered by the patrol, and it is entirely probable that the figures for stumpage and for the value of that stumpage might approximately be doubled if the total amount and value of all timber covered by airplane patrol in California were sought."

And in covering this huge area daily, Mr. Rachford adds that the planes traversed 202,009 miles in 2457 hours of flying time—at a rate, therefore, of about eighty miles an hour. They reported 442 fires. They had only six accidents involving major repairs, and only one fatality. This record should do much to disestablish the chronic doubt of airplanes that many persons, in part because they have become tired of flagrant assertions, entertain.

It demonstrates again that as soon as airplanes—especially when equipped with Liberty engines—are, like trains and boats, put on definite schedule, they hold to that schedule, as the postal planes have done, quite as regularly as do our best trains, and in many instances with even greater reliability. As the saying in the patrolled areas

Something of the Wild Territory in Cleveland National Forest, California

"If he fall in, good-night!"

SHAKESPEARE—1 *Hen. IV* i 3 194

But he won't fall in. A new discovery gives him a firm foothold and cushions his feet from the strain

A KING of England, so the tale runs, stumbled over a hillock—and there was another king of England.

We ordinary people fall without creating such historic disturbance—and, fortunately, without the same fatal results. But we have all suffered embarrassment, discomfort, and severe physical pain as a result of falls.

On wet concrete pavements, on slippery sea-washed wharves, on polished stone floors, on smooth-worn iron stairways, the ordinary sole is dangerous.

So thousands of American men are guarding against such mishaps. They are wearing Air-Peds.

Cushion your feet, secure a firm foothold, save your shoes

Air-Peds are corrugated pads of durable, resilient rubber. Attached to the ball, heel, and toe of your shoe, they cushion *all* of your foot from *all* of the jar. Prevent foot-soreness and leg-weariness.

The corrugations and air spaces are scientifically arranged to make the foot grasp the ground or pavement firmly and securely.

Air-Peds prevent the shoe from wearing out, maintain its shape, and extend its life two and three times.

Made in three pieces—for ball, heel, and toe—Air-Peds cannot rip or crack. Cannot draw the feet.

Ask your dealer for Air-Peds today. If he cannot supply you, we will. Send us your name and address, your dealer's name and address, an outline of the sole and heel of your shoe, color (black or tan), and $2.00.

Air-Peds

TRADE MARK

The rubber-heel principle applied to the entire shoe

PIONEER PRODUCTS, Inc., 144 West 18th Street, New York

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Starr

PHONOGRAPH

"The difference is in the tone"

The Vision

Music always has a visual association. We see when we hear. Beautiful music brings up beautiful visions. The artist entrusts to the *record* the music with the vision it portrays.

To realize the full beauty of the music, and the vision of the artist, hear your favorite record Starr-played. You will realize a delightful difference—you will feel the soul of the artist.

For the ultimate in music's reproduction ask to hear a Gennett Record Starr-played. A hearing will convince you.

THE STARR PIANO COMPANY

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was, the remote settlers set their watches by the airplane patrol.

Incidentally, one remote settler despaired, he said, of the extremely slow progress he made on foot while striking along trails after a family doctor, when he saw a plane skipping the mountains overhead.

Practically all the area covered, in other words, is what airmen called "wicked territory." That is, emergency landings were, except rarely, out of the question. No emergency-landing fields were provided; pending the happy time when some invention or other makes it practicable for a plane to settle down almost anywhere as easily as a bird, the airmen preferred, much, to stay aloft. Yet in nearly every instance where the patrol planes were forced to land, an opening was found. In one case the entire right bank of an airman's motor stopped when he was at an altitude of 7000 feet, but he got down safely, with no damage at all except slight tearing of a wing and the dishing of one wheel. Moreover, the necessity of ever landing from engine trouble would be obviated, army air-service experts say, if the planes were equipped with multiple engines, as many types now are. And danger would be further diminished if planes were equipped with parachutes, as the planes used were not, and if aviators entirely new to forest work were not frequently substituted for purposes of training for those regularly assigned to specific routes.

High Visibility

On the score of visibility there is nowhere to be found any doubt of the vast superiority of airmen to any other lookout means yet found. In Canadian forests towers have been used. In our own national forests relatively great facility has been attained by maintaining, often in glass houses, lookouts on the highest peaks, whence they are in communication, by telephone usually—which governmental phones are tied in with private systems wherever practicable—with the remainder of the detection service, and the suppression service below, and are in many instances related to other lookouts, so that triangulation can be employed.

Such lookouts, however, cannot of course see beyond intervening ridges. They cannot look down into cañons miles away, and it is worth noting, as Colonel Greeley says, that more and more fires do occur in valley areas as rapidly as more and more recreationists use the forests. Nor, in smoky weather, can they look down exactly and spot flame. But the pilot can see in any direction over forests as over battle lines. He can see, moreover, a very long way. He can look down into cañons and he can look round corners. And, as Mr. Headley points out, he is invaluable in inaccessible areas for spotting fires set by lightning, which in normal seasons sometimes smolder for days before throwing off enough smoke to attract notice.

As an instance of his prowess as an eagle, one pilot who was flying a DH-4 plane for the first time in two months over a route entirely new to him, though equipped with no more than a base map on a scale of one inch to twelve miles, placed within one-half mile of its actual location a 200-acre forest fire, which was thirty-five miles away, and to see which he had to look almost directly into the sun. And not satisfied with that accomplishment, on the same trip he discovered and located five fires, three with absolute accuracy, the two others accurately enough.

Mr. Rachford goes so far as to say, in fact, that taking as a standard in good weather visibility of thirty-five miles for airmen flying a mile high, the California airmen scored eighty-five per cent efficiency last year and can score one hundred per cent for the time they are in the air, of course. And by lengthening the time in the air and by better correlation between the time of flight and the time of day when, as shown by analysis of fire reports, most fires start, he says detection of fires from the air can be made about conclusive.

"There is no question," he says, "but smokes, either large or small, can quickly and accurately be detected from the air. Detection is of course at its highest efficiency when the atmosphere is clear, but experience demonstrates that detection from airplane during hazy or smoky weather is on the whole decidedly superior to detection by the regular lookout methods. This fact is borne out by the experience of District Six, where it has been shown time and again that lookouts on extremely high elevations can function much longer and much more efficiently during hazy weather than those at lower elevations. It has been found entirely practicable to get quicker, more complete and more satisfactory progress reports either on a series of small and widely scattered fires or on large conflagrations that load the air with smoke, by airplane than in any other way.

"Thus it was established beyond the shadow of a doubt at the Tejunga and San Gabriel fires on the Angeles National Forest from September fifteenth to twenty-seventh, that airplanes in connection with fire suppression have value that cannot be overestimated. These fires were in rough and inaccessible country. They covered 165,000 acres. In their suppression an army of 2000 men was employed. The situation was one of the worst that California ever experienced. As soon as the supervisor realized the enormous proportions the fire had attained he saw that of course his most difficult problem was to keep himself informed of changing conditions on all the various fronts, in order to direct the fire fighters and at the same time have an eye to their safety. He called on the air service at March Field for assistance. A ship and pilot were put at his disposal. Each morning, then, he spent two or three hours flying directly over the fire lines, thereby getting accurate information vital to his fire strategy, such as—which way the fire was working, when camps were in danger, how best to deploy the men. In short, in from one to three hours each day he got information vastly more valuable than he could have got by the usual method of skirting the fire on foot or horseback, which in this case meant a trip of four or five days. Incidentally one forest officer, returning from this work, reported to the Weather Bureau at Los Angeles a forthcoming shower indicated in the upper altitudes, and the shower came. Incidentally also, it is believable that the estimate of a Northern California supervisor, who estimated that his fire-suppression expenses, totaling $30,000, could have been reduced one-third with planes, is sound."

Causes of Forest Fires

Such report service by air would be made far more effective than it is if planes and ground men were equipped with wireless telephones, which are preferable to regular radio sets with receiving stations below because they do not require special operating skill. During the 1919 season fires were reported from airplanes by radio, by carrier pigeons, by notes attached to small parachutes or dropped in cans with streamers attached and by wireless telephone. Reporting by carrier pigeons is, in point of speed, not much faster than reporting back to fields by plane; moreover, there exists, it is said, an apprehension that at critical times the carriers may fail. The dropping of notes implies seeking out and attracting the attention of ground lookouts if it is to be successful, and fragmentary and infrequent reports at best. If the army planes were equipped with wireless telephones in such wise that communication between them and the ground lookouts were made practicable, and if the personnel in the air and on the ground were trained to use the instruments effectively, the ideal form of intercommunication would exist, which would greatly improve the excellent record of the airmen. Accordingly steps are being taken to fill the need during this season.

Also airplane telephones would have the same discouraging effect on individual depredations that they have on fires. There is only one unpreventable source of fires—lightning. All others are caused by some human agency. There were 2457 fires started by lightning in 1918. Railroads were charged with 618, but steadily, by coöperation with the Forest Service, they are reducing their quota. Lumbering caused only 104 of a total 5573. Brush burning caused 361; 257 were counted as incendiary; and campers were charged with more than the number charged to any other classification except lightning. Campers are careful enough with camp fires, relatively, the forest officials say. At least campers seldom leave their fires burning. They do their worst damage with cigars and cigarettes. And the difficulties in coping with campers increase discouragingly, Colonel Greeley warns, as they increase each year in number. Interestingly,

(Continued on Page 53)

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

THE first appeal of our five passenger "Glenbrook" model is, quite properly, its exquisite beauty and distinctiveness. To merely *look* at the car is a pleasing experience.

The second appeal develops upon acquaintance with one of the most remarkable power plants in the entire field of six cylinder engineering. Thus admiration is supplemented by profound respect—and both appeals merge into Pride of Ownership.

This new Paige motor is an unusual achievement. It is the result of more than three years of patient research and experiment. It is actually and literally a product of our war-time experience.

Furthermore, this power plant is an altogether distinctive product—conceived by our own engineers and built in our own plants by our own workmen. It represents in fullest measure all that the Paige nameplate implies.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, *Michigan*

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

The Men who Distribute the new Leland-built Lincoln Car

Those who know motor cars, know that high character and soundness in the organizations which produce them should be paralleled by like character and soundness in the organizations which distribute them—the men who form the connecting links or points of contact between the car owner and the manufacturer.

The distributing organizations of the Lincoln Motor Co. are in fifteen cities, including a factory sales branch in Detroit.

As production increases, additional distributors will be selected from the nearly 2,000 applicants already in waiting. Many of these, even now, have lists of priority orders and orders conditional upon their appointment.

In the fourteen cities where sales franchises have been granted, selections were made from among 416 applicants.

In not one single instance was it a matter of soliciting a distributor, nor of accepting whomsoever could be obtained. In every case it was one of our own choosing—of selecting those who we believed to measure up to the standards we had established, and whose high standing in their respective cities had been abundantly attested.

Nor was this a simple procedure, because most of the applicants were distributors well established, of high repute, and already handling cars of the better class. They were men who have made it their business to know motor cars and motor car builders.

With this type of applicants it was a matter of carefully choosing those best qualified.

Most of them have had sales franchises continually thrust upon them for consideration, and could obtain almost any franchise merely for the asking.

We have selected organizations and men accustomed to contact with the highest type of citizens—the class to whom the Leland-built Lincoln car will naturally appeal.

They are men cognizant of their responsibilities; men who are not unmindful that upon delivery of a car to the purchaser, their duty has just begun.

These men have shown the faith that is in them by coolly and deliberately obligating themselves to merchandise millions of dollars' worth of motor cars—cars of whose features, and details, and price they were wholly without information.

And their faith is further evinced, in most of the cities, by the erection of modern and adequate structures, quite in keeping with the product and with the clientele.

Their faith in the car, and in the organization which produces it, is confirmed by the faith of more than one thousand of the best citizens who, likewise without definite knowledge of the car, its features, its details, or its price, insisted upon filing priority orders—without encouragement from the factory, and seldom with encouragement from the distributor.

Their faith, too, is not without judgment. They know the organization behind the car. They know the character and the accomplishments of the men behind that organization; they know their works and their record; they know their ideals in motor car engineering and motor car construction; they know their forward vision.

Above all, they know the Leland determination and Leland ability to achieve—and to surpass.

Henry M. Leland
President

Wilfred C. Leland
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

Distributors

ATLANTA
Lifsey-Smith Co.

BOSTON
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DALLAS
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Sweeten Auto Co.

SAN FRANCISCO
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ST. LOUIS
McNiece-Hill Motor Co.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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the airplane helps profitably to educate campers. It is hard to overestimate, Mr. Rachford points out, the attention it invokes to forest conservation.

"Also," Colonel Greeley added, "it is a deterrent to incendiarism. Incendiary fires are started by prospectors who want to burn off the ground and make it easy to prospect. Some are started by stockmen with the idea that the range will be made better by a fire. Some are started by settlers who have grievances against forest patrolmen, and also a few have been started by men who were looking for work fighting fires. And some are started by men who want to clear the ground round their homes, for protection. In all such cases the army planes work as deterrents."

It is a fact, thus, that the serious outbreak of fires in Northern California last August stopped as soon as airplane patrol was started, presumably because plans were laid to have the planes cross twice daily the incendiary neighborhood, and because it was understood that the airmen could, through powerful glasses, see, long before they could be heard or seen, and because they were supposed to be armed with powerful guns. Also in one locality on the Cleveland National Forest incendiary fires that had been for years of common occurrence ceased when air patrol was started. In the same forest, in fact, Mr. Rachford says, one settler informed his neighbor that rather than run the risk of being detected in the act of burning brush he would dig a hole and bury it.

In point of being able to discover fires successfully, the airman is so much more effective that, though ground lookouts probably always do serve valuably, in discovering fires at night, for instance, many advantages—and eventually perhaps many economies—rest with the air. At the least, then, it may be assumed that aerial patrol, even in its present experimental stage, is an invaluable auxiliary to forest-fire departments. It is now in the first stage—that is, it is being used in forest patrol as it was used in the early stages of the war, solely for observation. As the war progressed, and after military experts in general and General Pershing in Mexico agreed that one airman was worth a regiment of cavalry, not only were observation planes in great numbers devoted to continuous observation work with specific army and navy units, but more and more aircraft was developed for combat purposes. At the end of the war they went over the German lines in groups of two, three and four hundred.

The Dirigible's Possibilities

Pursuit aviation, attack aviation and bombardment aviation developed along with miracles in photography. At present the unit for these three groups is, in our air service, set at one hundred planes. With such units, airmen freely assert, navies can be driven beneath the oceans, and armies can be demoralized, long before reaching their enemies. Moreover, such individual authorities on aviation as former Assistant Secretary of War Crowell, who was chairman of the American Aviation Mission abroad, assert that such air groups inevitably will put greater and greater reliance on chemical bombs hurled down by the ton.

Carrying this picture over to battles on the fire god, one can see why it is predictable that aircraft, able to best the war god, should beat down the most ruthless, most treacherous and most greedy enemy of our forests. Chemical grenades and bombs, it is pointed out, offer a promising means by which individual airmen might, after spotting fires, squelch them in their infancy. Certainly, it is argued, if bombardment aviation can demolish whole towns, bombardment aviation should be able to demolish a fire. Thus many foresters who served abroad, among them Colonel Greeley, returned full of hope that aircraft plus chemical extinguishers could prove invaluable. But though not a little attention is being given the problem by some of the score of governmental agencies dealing with aviation, still, so far, nothing progressive has been achieved.

Also it is contended by aviators that, even without chemical fire extinguishers in the form of grenades or bombs, it is entirely practicable at the present time by using multiple-engine planes to carry a score of men at great speed. It is also practicable to drop them by parachute, along with their equipment. But there are objections, as one may judge from the accompanying pictures, to this feat, when territory below is "wicked" and one can go miles without finding a level space much larger than a full-size bed.

"The major objections to airplanes," said Mr. Headley, who, as chief of operations of the Forest Service, has given a great deal of study to aërial patrol, "are their inability to maintain continuity of observation and their inability to transport men to fires. Hydroplanes, in areas that have lakes, are of immediate promise. But the most promising thing for us is the dirigible. That is the ship that is likely to bring about a revolution in air fire patrol. Of course there are some big developments in dirigibles that have to be made, such as anchors to hold such ships and means to lower and raise men by an anchor cable or by other means. I really believe that the time will come when we shall make very extensive use of dirigibles in transporting men to fires."

"I think," said an officer in army air service who has given the forestry problem much study and thought, "that the dirigible is the thing! Such ships, those of the Germans, for instance, have enormous cruising power and can stay in the air for a week. They have enormous lifting power; the LZ-125, on which the Army had an option, could lift 128 tons; and the L-72, the German ship that, with every conceivable plan laid, was scheduled to bomb New York within a fortnight after November 11, 1918, was designed to have five tons of bombs ready for use after the transatlantic trip. Such ships, or much smaller ones, with the deliberate precision which only slow speed and floatability without the use of engines afford, could negotiate altitude or distance in short order, hover very low and lower and lift men by ladder or cable, no doubt. A few such ships, which are essential in modern war and without which a nation would suffer a great handicap, not only could get the advantage of special training, not only would be safe when equipped with helium gas, our exclusive possession, but would, I feel sure, pay the cost of operation in terms of timber saved."

Two Weeks' Work in Two Hours

The problem, then, abides with science and, too, with business men.

For at once they know that more than three-fourths of all the standing merchantable timber in America is in private hands. Accordingly timbermen recognize that the problem of conservation is in large measure theirs. Clearly in many areas forest control is even now, like fire fighting, coöperative. During the fiscal year 1919, in addition to $90,259 on hand July 1, 1918, in our Treasury, $522,840 was contributed, in sums from eleven cents up to $101,406, to various kinds of work carried on by the Forest Service in coöperation with other agencies. Of this large contribution during 1919, $2491 was used for investigative work, $387,603 for improvements on the national forests, $122,279 for fire protection, and $10,466 for brush burning following timber-sale activities. Timbermen are habituated to coöperate against the fire god; in emergencies whole countrysides rally together in common defense. It may be imagined, then, that timbermen and other individuals and states and other agencies will coöperate in any governmental plan by which airmen, while getting commercial experience that would be invaluable for national defense and during the fire season, which approximates half of each year, would serve on the forest front. But it is also clear that timbermen find specific uses for aircraft other than forest-fire control.

One comes, then, to the use of aircraft for timber reconnoissance. On this score one experienced forester and flyer sums up his own experience by saying that a forester can get a better idea of fifty square miles of unknown timber area in two hours' flying than in two weeks' work on the ground. It is exactly as if you had a colored relief map spread out below, under you, he says. It is, he pointed out, very difficult for a forester on the ground to determine just where one kind of timber leaves off and another begins, but that is easy from the air. In a few hours, thus, he insists, it is practicable to sketch in the best of reconnoissance maps. Pine and spruce, for instance, he says, can be easily distinguished from balsam by the difference in color, and the black spruce of swamps is easily recognizable; likewise pure jack pine, birch, poplar, elm, maple. Even the quantity and height of reproduction can be estimated,

Yours are not KRYPTOKS—the surface isn't smooth

Take any bifocal lens (except the KRYPTOK) and you will find across its surface a conspicuous line, seam or hump which you can see or feel.

Then take a KRYPTOK lens. Look at it carefully. Rub your finger over the place where the near vision and the far vision segments are fused together. You can neither see nor feel any line, seam or hump. The KRYPTOK lens is absolutely clear, smooth and even. It is the *only* invisible bifocal.

KRYPTOK Glasses are for men and women who need glasses for both near and far vision. They end the inconvenience and awkwardness of continually removing or peering over reading glasses —or of changing from reading to distance glasses.

Ask your optical specialist about KRYPTOK (pronounced Crip-tock) Glasses. Write for descriptive booklet; please give the name of your specialist. KRYPTOK Company, Inc., 1017 Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

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With GUARANTY

Especially tempered glass enclosed eliminating all possibilities of fire hazard.

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Look for the name "Guaranty"—it Guarantees you absolute satisfaction!

$1 Each Postpaid
One needed for each plug.
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GUARANTY
Spark Intensifire

For Any Car
Truck, Tractor, Motor Boat or Stationary Engine

Making ten gallons of gasoline do the work of twelve and one-half gallons is one of the triumphs Science has made usual with the Guaranty Spark Intensifire

Built on the same phenomenon of electricity that made Wireless Telegraph possible—the breaking of a circuit. Guaranty is not a hit-or-miss invention, but an application of the principle underlying the Wireless. ■ everyday Motor problems *the saving of gasoline, the conquering of ignition troubles—and the increase of power!*

Guaranteed to:

1: *Save Gasoline*

Usually the Saving is From 10% to 30%!

2: ***Instantly locate ignition trouble.*** **Spark always visible.**

3: **Intensify spark, *keeping spark plug free from carbon.***

4: **Overcome trouble with leaky, oily cylinders; *prevent cylinders from throwing oil.***

5: ***Reduce gear shifting* to a minimum.**

6: ***Add pep and power* by giving a rich, hot, fat spark, enabling car to go up most hills on high that were formerly all but hopeless.**

7: **Fire the majority of old plugs like new, *even if porcelain is broken.***

8: ***Make car start quicker and easier* in *all* weather conditions.**

Iron Clad Money-Back Guarantee

Every Guaranty Spark Intensifire is sold on a rigid, MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. In the event that any one fails to do what we claim, it may be returned within ten days and the full purchase price will be promptly refunded without argument.

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Why go on wasting gasoline? Order a set of Guaranty Spark Intensifires NOW. *Your Dealer* probably has them in stock, but if not use the Money-Back Coupon. Tear it out *now*—before you forget.

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Place a modest order by WIRE today
The Guaranty Spark Intensifire is a sensation wherever shown. It sells on sight. Liberal trade discounts, and a full supply of circulars, window and counter display material, etc. Regularly advertised in large space in the Post" and other national publications to create a demand for you to profit by. *Cash in* NOW!

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albeit it be coming up through thin stands of poplar and white birch. "One can tell, even," he said, "whether young trees are three or six feet high"; and lakes, landmarks, logging operations, other aspects important in timbering operations, are distinguishable.

Also the plane is a handy thing for mapping.

As one Canadian flyer who served extensively abroad points out, the use of aërial photography, which came into existence with the extended use of the plane abroad, was used with amazing speed and satisfaction when photographers were working ten thousand feet in the air—and were kept more or less aggravated by enemy projectiles and aircraft buzzing pestiferously in one's ears. "If photography can be used in those conditions, when one is up ten thousand feet," he concludes, "I fancy it could be used to reproduce forests, when you could fly as low as you'd like." As a matter of fact, aërial photography is effective by use of modern improvements when a plane is so high up earthly objects are hardly visible at all.

"But one distinction must be drawn," adds Lieut. Col. Glen Smith, of the Geological Survey, who is geographer in charge of the West Indian Service and is using at the present time a plane to help in the mapping of Hayti, "aërial photography is useful and a great saving in laborious work in mapping, but it must not be confounded and acclaimed as a substitute for mapping."

He points out that it was used abroad to supplement existing maps and continuously to adjust changed areas down to date. It can, by crossing an area, taking pictures automatically or at intervals, piece areas together in a mosaic for use in making maps or for use in supplement to maps. And clearly either of these functions, or both, would be valuable in timber work carried on by foresters or timbermen.

Maintenance Costs

If there existed, then, a governmental department in which all or substantially all governmental aviation were concentrated—and many insist by every rule of organization the score of agencies concerned with aviation should thus be concentrated—it may be imagined that invaluable air training could be had, excellent results in forest control, carrying of the mails, in the fisheries and elsewhere, could be obtained.

To illustrate, not only would saving in government timber doubtless foot up large if ample planes and equipment were available each year—ninety planes, let us say, for the five Northwest timber states, which is the number the air service desired to use and the Forest Service and all manner of agencies sought—and not only would timber interests and states gladly coöperate in point of paying the cost, but since this work is seasonal the planes could be used for other purposes during the balance of the year.

But whether this coöperative plan be taken as desirable or not, still there are many uses for planes in forest work such as individuals may be concerned with. In any event, costs, then, are in point.

If one compare the cost of maintaining an airplane with the cost of maintaining a horse, let us say, the horse wins. If one compare the cost of maintaining an airplane with the cost of maintaining a powerful motor car, again, though not by so large a measure, the airplane loses. But these analogies do not hold. Results count in America.

And the cost of aviation is inevitable largely—that is, the Government might better do without an army or a navy, so airmen cry from above the housetops, than without aviation, as a deciding matter in national defense.

But the cost of planes is not so prohibitive, after all. Here, for instance, is the estimate of a Canadian airman for purchase and maintenance of three planes:

Three planes, he estimates, of a good standard type would cost approximately $24,000—about the cost of three good and powerful motor cars. Instead of a garage there must be a hangar, which he estimates, in an area where lumber is plentiful, at $1000. Initial investment, then, with things comparatively about equal and no f. o. b. for the plane, $25,000; which, with interest at ten per cent distributed over six months, implies $13.88 a working day. Mechanics, three, $12 a day—less, of course, in the Army. Two pilots, $3500 a year each, or $38.88 a working day. Using two planes, then, with one in reserve, and patrolling, he estimates, at least 8000 square miles a day of forest area, he sets the total cost at $64.76 a working day, plus two cents a mile for oil and gasoline, and minus such handy uses as might be made of planes and pilots in and outside of the fire season.

Cheap Insurance

Another estimate, by W. T. Cox, the state forester of Minnesota, is interesting. On the ground, he says, there should be at least one patrolman to every seventy-two square miles of forest area, thus twenty-two to every million acres, 110 to every 5,000,000 acres. The maintenance of these men for six months at $70 each a month, plus necessary equipment in the shape of canoes, tents, and so on, amounts to $49,500, exclusive of special fire-fighting groups or auxiliaries and winter work to see that loggers burn their slash. About $60,000 a year, in round numbers, is the cost of adequately protecting 5,000,000 acres of forest; and since that area represents, say, $100,000,000 in property, the protection cost of six-hundredths of one per cent is very low insurance. It would be a fortunate city government, he says, that could maintain its fire department at so low a cost. Nevertheless, by the use of flying machines, he says, that low cost can be reduced, even when aircraft are, in forest work, in their experimental stage. Three hydroplanes, he estimates, such as would be desirable in Minnesota with its innumerable lakes, and four officers, would be required in his state. The machines, allowing for a life of three years, would cost $7750 a year, which figure is believed to be high. Supplies would cost $600 a season. Two aviators, then, at $200 a month; two observers at $100 a month; a mechanic at $80 a month, or total for service, $4080 for six months. The total expense, then, for air service to patrol 5,000,000 acres, he estimates at $12,430 a season. Accepting possibilities only as they have been demonstrated, and granting that aërial patrol at the present juncture could not therefore entirely supplant ground patrol and could be used only as an observation auxiliary, he concludes that the use of only three flying boats would, at a cost of $12,430 a season, permit a reduction in the ground forces by eighty-five men, on 5,000,000 acres, whose wages would amount to $35,700.

Altogether, then, realizing that timber saved is national profit and prosperity extended, and national pleasure and pride increased, and realizing that whereas planes in war are no more destructive than the fire god is in times of peace, national and timbermen's economy looks to the new transportation. One air squadron of thirteen planes—with trained foresters as observers—all that the Army could spare; all, in California, that are in the present season being used—is not enough. For catastrophe has a habit of occurring in the eleventh hour. And without question anywhere, it seems, the lookout above the mountain has his usefulness in conserving our diminishing timber supply.

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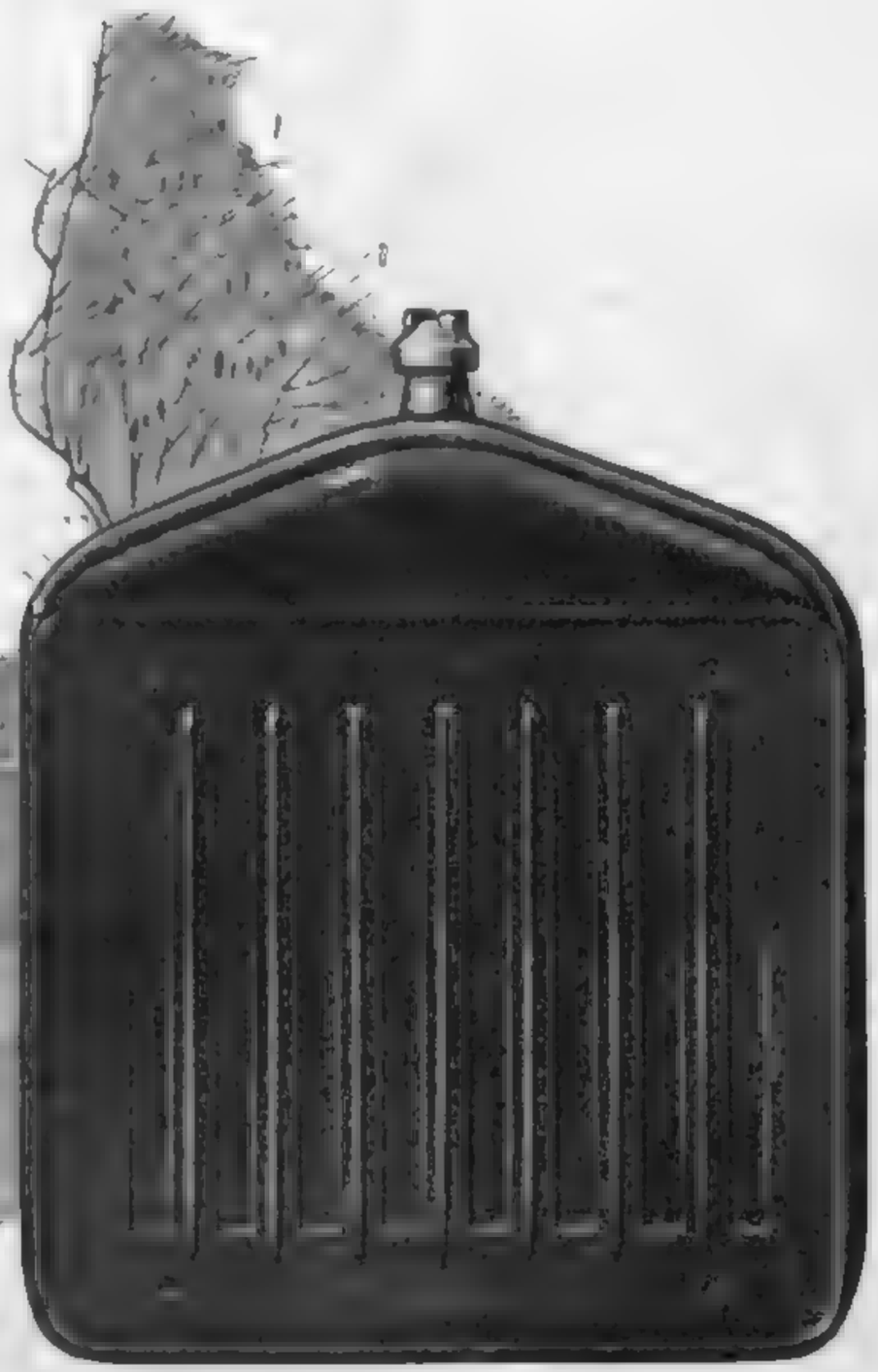
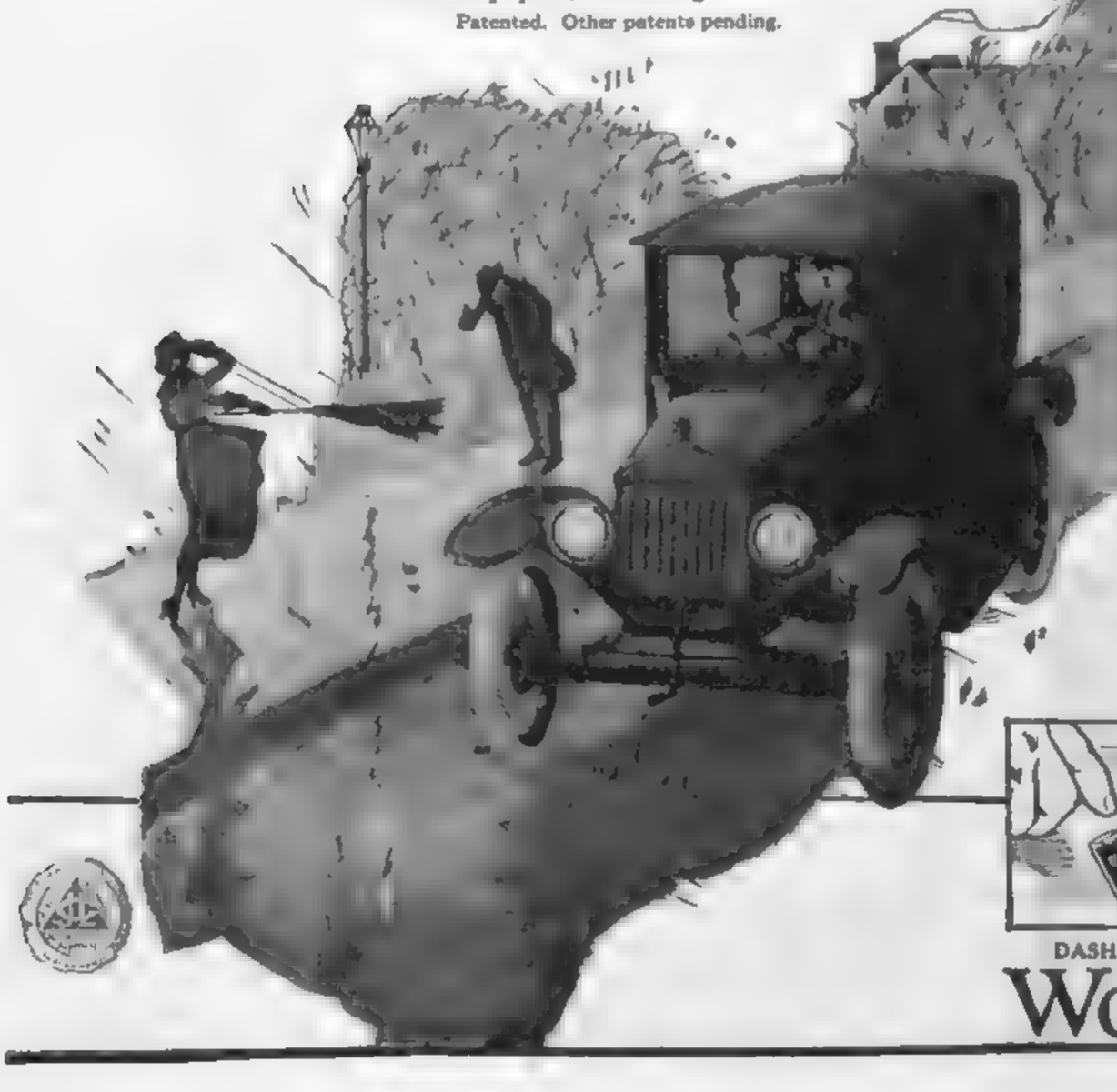
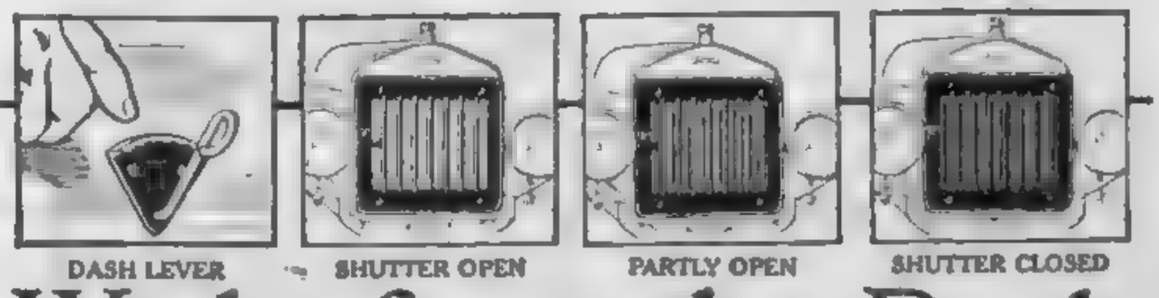
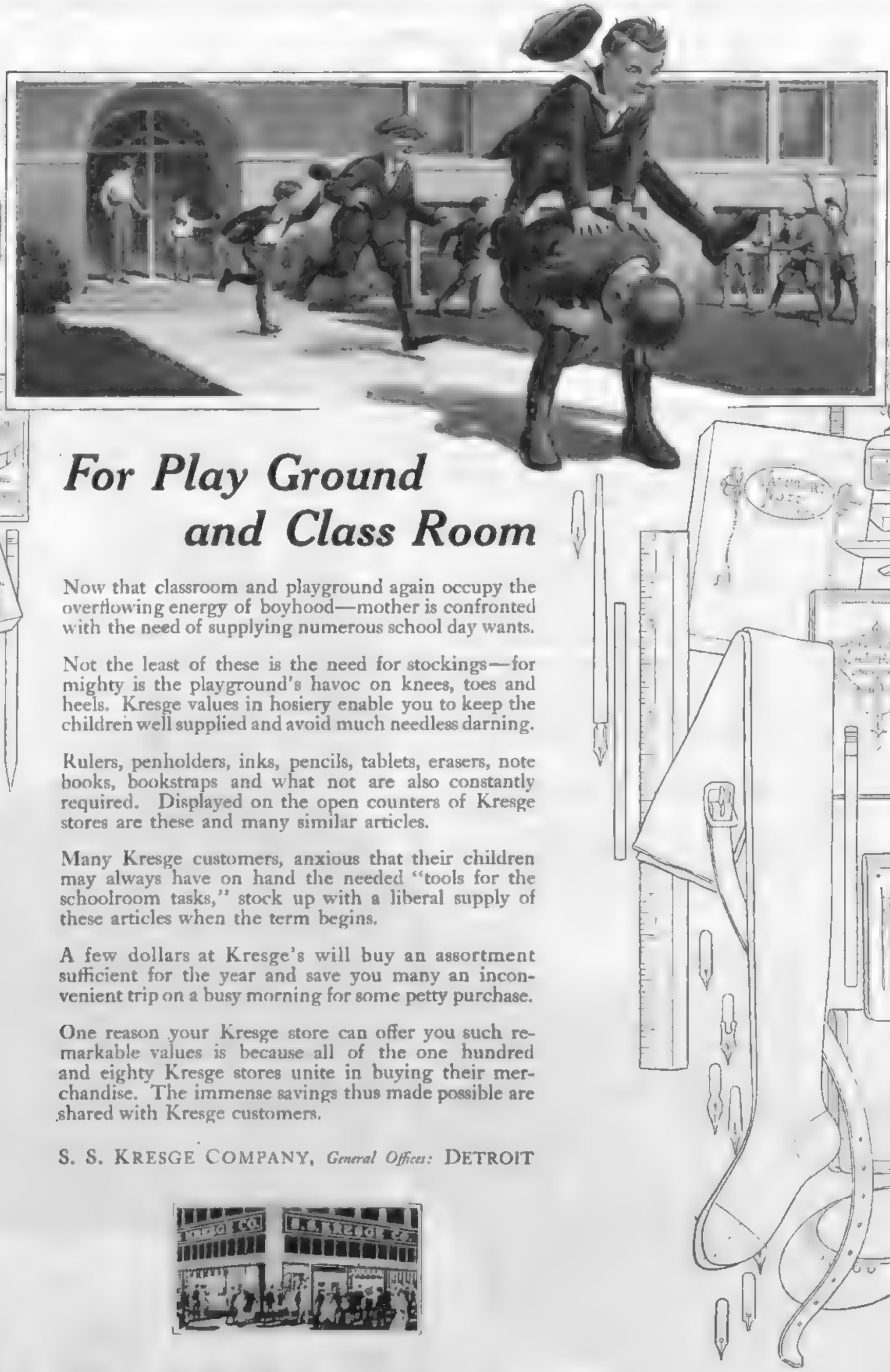






Works from the Dash



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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 36)

many things to consider. For instance, in India the salesman sent there should be given full executive authority by his firm. The proprietors of Indian companies, many of whom are wealthy, much prefer to deal with men of an equal status. The Indian business man pays considerable attention to social amenities. If the man who is selling goods in India is not a member of the American firm he represents, he should carefully but widely advertise the fact that he has been given full authority to act for his company in all matters, however important.

There are 315,000,000 people in India, and not less than 5,000,000 are prospects for the sale of American goods. Though the industries of the country are still in their infancy, there are 240 mines now operating, while hundreds of factories are engaged in manufacturing soap, sugar, chemicals, cars and textiles. England has barely scratched the surface of the possibilities in India. American goods are popular and have gained the reputation of being superior in quality to Japanese manufactures. Just as it is necessary to make a study of the characteristics of the people of India if the exporter hopes to develop a market there, so is it essential to do the same thing in China and other big markets.

It has been common talk in America for many months that the defects in our labor and financial situations can only be remedied by some form of industrial depression throughout the country, during which time the nation would have to undergo an industrial house cleaning. If there is any truth at all in this idea of coming hard times, the very best insurance we can build up to safeguard the nation and soften the evil effects resulting from a slowing down of business is a strong export trade that will carry American manufactures to all parts of the earth. It is not a game, however, that can be won without effort and study.

TRIPTOLEMUS THE MASCOT

(Continued from Page 5)

go round climbing trees at your age," Mrs. Muir commented. "Suppose you had fallen and broken your neck! What did you think of him, Marcella?"

"He hardly spoke to me," Marcella replied. "He and papa were so taken up with their butterflies. Still, papa, I think you did most of the conversing."

"Perhaps, perhaps," Professor Muir conceded good-naturedly. "We old fellows are apt to be loquacious when we have sympathetic and interested listeners. We don't have them so often—among the rising generation. Young men generally seem to be wholly devoted to frivolous pursuits—dancing, glee-clubbing, joy-riding and flirting with foolish girls. I sometimes wonder where we are to get our future scientists—chemists, astronomers, botanists, biologists and entomologists, and so forth—there seem to be so few young men who have any natural inclination to anything serious and worth while. That is why I find this boy so refreshing. He encourages me to take a more optimistic view of the future. I have invited him to come and see me again, so you will have an opportunity to form your own conclusions, my dear."

"I'm quite anxious to see such a paragon," said Mrs. Muir. "I suppose they are rather uncommon at the Beach Hotel. Is he good-looking, Marcella?"

Marcella's cheeks took on a slightly added color. "Why, I—I didn't—yes, I think so. Rather good-looking."

"Nicely mannered?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I'd like to see him," said Mrs. Muir. "I think it very likely that I shall."

"He was very sweet to papa," said Marcella.

"H'm!" said Mrs. Muir.

As Clarence was partaking of his scholar's breakfast, consisting of grapefruit, toast, eggs, country sausage, buckwheat cakes and drip coffee, a wide-mouthed, freckled and red-headed young man very correctly attired in yachting costume entered the dining room and approached his table.

"Yo-ho, me hearty! What cheer?" said this nautical character. "What are you doing in shore togs, dod-gast your toplights?"

"I told you to count me out of it, Billy," said Clarence.

"Say sir when you address me, you lubber, and don't tell me you told me. Go to your ditty-box and change and then get aboard, you scaly swab!"

Clarence shook his head firmly and poured honey on his cakes.

"Clarence, you've got to come," pleaded the red-headed young man. "Who's going to crank the engine if you desert? The Jap totters on the verge of mutiny whenever I ask him to come out of the galley and bend his back, and there isn't room on the old hooker for any more crew without mixing him up with my guests. Come, my brave heart. The wind blows free and a pleasant gale will shortly be on our lee. Edwina and the new girl from Detroit are coming—and listen!" He whispered.

"Nothing doing, Cap'n Bassett, sir," replied Clarence with a face of adamant. "I'm engaged in some important research work, and I haven't time to play. Make Harvey Wenzel crank. It will take off some of his fat. No, Billy, nothing doing."

Billy Bassett dragged a chair to the table and sat down.

"Say, Clarence, what is all this rot about you bug hunting? What's the idea? Where have you been keeping yourself the last two or three days? Divulge! Disclose! Impart! Come clean! Spill it!"

"It's no secret, Billy," Clarence answered. "I've always been more or less of a naturalist, and I like to go off occasionally with my little old herbarium or rock hammer or butterfly net and see what contribution I can make to the sum of scientific discovery—specially in the bug line. Didn't I ever show you my monograph on Lucanidæ? No? It's a bear. Sorry, but you're wasting time on me, and while you're gabbing here the wind may shift into the nor'-nor'-east-by-south before you clear the bar and get into open water. Hustle and get your computing scales and weigh anchor. So long!"

Cap'n Bassett rose.

"Oh, all right!" said he loudly. "But remember that you've thrown me down, and no beach-combing blighter can foil Bill Bassett and get away with it. I'll be even up with you, Clarence Devlin, and ere long. Mark me, Devlin! Mark me!"

He departed with a rolling gait, scowling melodramatically at the waiters as he passed them. Clarence looked at his watch, and then hastily finished his breakfast, and taking his hat and stick at the door, went out.

"Now for a little grind," he murmured.

Bassett's thirty-foot motor cruiser was alongside the dock, and a large-sized party of young people were crowding into the small cockpit. Some of them waved to him, and he could hear them laugh and guessed that it was at his expense. He waved back, and Bassett shook his fist.

"Rough-house bunch!" Clarence thought as he turned away. The laughter jarred on him somehow. "Yelping and giggling! All alike too—Edwina, Marjory, Clytie—all of them. Nobody would be afraid to kid that lot. Honest, I believe I'm getting bashful or something. Gee, but she's sweet! Sweet as a peach and modest as mignonette. I've got to go slow and easy to keep from scaring her. Mighty slow, and mighty easy, Clarence. Easy and careful, boy—easy and careful!"

The altogether unwonted feeling of nervousness assailed Clarence quite strongly as later on he knocked at Professor Muir's door and was confronted by a comfortably arranged matron, who—as he guessed—proved to be Marcella's mother. Still the lady had a nice smile, even if she was rather keen-eyed and shrewd in her expression. Not Marcella's smile in the least—nothing shy about it whatever—naturally, but nice. And she was a lady, in her calico or gingham dress, whatever it was. You couldn't get away from that.

"She and my mother would be great pals," was the thought that flashed across the young man's mind, and that involuntary tribute was a whale.

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"Come in, Mr. Devlin," she said when Clarence had introduced himself. "Professor Muir will be glad to see you. I suppose I should tell you how grateful I am to you for saving him from being dashed to fragments, but you will understand that."

"I am very grateful for the chance of meeting Professor Muir, I assure you," said Clarence as she ushered him into the living room. "I read one of his books once—quite recently in fact. It was great! The Brazilian one."

"He will be pleased to know that you thought well of it," said Mrs. Muir. "Excuse me a moment, please, and I'll tell him that you are here."

In a moment or two she returned.

"You are interested in Lepidoptera, my husband tells me," she said the first thing.

"Very much," Clarence answered. "This is a beautiful place you have here, Mrs. Muir. You like it better than at the Beach, of course?"

"It isn't so gay, but we like it for a change. And you have a collection, I hear."

"Really it was never large enough to call it that," said Clarence frankly. "I suppose at the time I began it I had no idea what I was collecting—just butterflies, and I thought their wings pretty."

She smiled sympathetically.

"Professor Muir was remarking how rarely young men have a natural inclination toward entomology," she said. "I suppose ——"

Here the professor came in, attired in a shabby old house jacket and slippers, and greeted Clarence with great cordiality.

"I was just telling Mr. Devlin what you said about young men taking up the study of entomology," said Mrs. Muir. "I suppose it is because this is a day of big things, and insects are so small." She looked at Clarence inquiringly.

"Luck! Oh, luck!" Clarence told himself. He smiled at the lady with modest confidence. "I don't see how any fellow with a grain of sense could take that view of it," he said. "An insect may seem small—almost infinitesimal; but when one considers their teeming myriads, as it were, and the tremendous and essential part they play in the economy of Nature, as well as their power both beneficial and harmful, they must necessarily assume proportions nothing short of Titanic."

"Ah!" exclaimed the professor, smiling and rubbing his hands, with a side glance of triumph at his wife.

"Think of the devastation caused in India and Africa by the—termites, aren't they, sir?" continued Clarence, warming up—"the white ants, so-called; and of the plagues of locusts and grasshoppers devouring the sustenance of nations and leaving famine and desolation in their path! And then the disease breeding and carrying insects—the terrible Stegomyia, the tsetse fly and all the rest of them; and then think how entomological science has detected their malignant character where it was often unsuspected, and how it has played one great force against another, one destruction against another, neutralizing and often overcoming the worst of them! It's tremendous!" Clarence laughed apologetically and turned to Mrs. Muir. "I don't often get this way," he said. "But insects aren't really so small, are they? I think entomology is one of the biggest things I know of."

"H'm!" remarked Mrs. Muir thoughtfully.

But Professor Muir rose and with a glowing face shook Clarence by the hand and patted him on the shoulder.

"You have the right idea, my boy," he cried. "Quite the right idea. I wish people generally could realize more fully the importance of our work and the vast extent of the field yet to be explored. What you have said hits the nail squarely on the head. And as to the beneficial functions, the pollination of plants, trees and flowers alone ——"

Mrs Muir got up.

"This is extremely interesting, but I have some household duties to attend to," she said. "You can stay to lunch with us, Mr. Devlin, can't you?"

"Awfully kind of you, but I'm afraid I won't be able to this morning," said Clarence with a sudden return of his nervous attack. "I—I was just taking a ramble and I thought I would stop to inquire—I mean Professor Muir was kind enough to ask me to look in ——"

"Of course, of course," said the professor heartily. "You'll stay, and I'll show you some larvæ of the egger moth that I found near here yesterday. Very curious indeed."

"It will be a pick-up," said Mrs. Muir. "My daughter Marcella went to the village and she may bring back something good, but I won't promise it."

"It would be delightful, I'm sure," said Clarence with his most winning smile. "But if you will excuse me, and perhaps let me come some other time ——"

"Some other time then." Mrs. Muir smiled graciously and, it may be said, approvingly. The boy had some sense at any rate.

"But you can spare a few minutes to look at my young eggers," the professor urged, and Clarence allowed himself to be led to inspect the beasts, and was properly impressed. Moreover he made an engagement to accompany the professor on an expedition the following afternoon, and finally left with a pleasant feeling that he had made rather a satisfactory impression himself, even on Mrs. Muir. He took the road to the village.

He saw her from afar, and it seemed to him that he had been meeting her all his life and would have known her among a hundred thousand girls driving archaic fat gray ponies in obsolete buggies. He had not seen the pony before, or the buggy. He had not even known that she would be driving, but his heart leaped with a certainty of her identity, and every pulse thrilled and told him that it was she—and it really was. Once in a while these instinctive hunches—as one might call them—do work out.

She was wearing a floppy linen sun hat with a brown ribbon round it, and a plain, brownish linen dress and loose wash-leather elbow gloves, and all these harmonized perfectly with her brown eyes and hair and the clear tan that tinged her face and neck in spite of the big, floppy hat. Do you happen to know that brown is the most beautiful color in the world for eyes? You would have said it was if you could have seen Miss Muir's.

Clarence said it was, though not aloud, and when you say a thing like that in the manner that he said it you will be likely to notice how perfectly the light-tan shade blends with pink in the human cheek. Mere pink-and-white gives you the wax doll impression, don't you think?

However, Miss Muir was keeping her lovely eyes fixed between the pony's ears, and as Clarence had stepped to the side of the road and stood there motionless, so that he might have been mistaken for a stump or something, it must have been by the merest accident in the world that she happened to see him. Then of course she stopped the pony, or rather ceased to urge him onward.

"What luck meeting you!" exclaimed Clarence.

"Why?" asked Marcella with the utmost innocence, and it was at that moment that Clarence paid her that silent compliment, with the effect mentioned.

"I thought perhaps you had been looking for me," she added—"with a message or something."

"No," replied Clarence, "no message. I've just come from the cottage, and your father and mother were both quite well when I left. They didn't mention anything that they wanted me to tell you. Did you bring something good for lunch?"

"Asparagus," she answered, smiling deliciously and showing him a bunch. "Are you coming back to help us to eat it?"

"Not to-day. But I would love to. You got the mail, too, didn't you?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"That was where I first saw you—in the post office. Your box number is four hundred and ninety-eight. You didn't notice me at all. I hoped that you would."

Marcella had been trained to be strictly truthful.

"Yes, I did," she answered—a little confused, however. "Why did you hope I would notice you?"

Here it was Clarence's turn to be confused. He was not accustomed to that sort of directness He could easily have told her, but it would hardly have been in accordance with the wisdom that he had resolved to exercise. Perhaps a little of the truth would do.

"I like to be noticed," he said. "I feel hurt and disappointed if anybody ignores me. It's because I am vain and don't really hate myself, though I have often been accused of it."

"Of being vain?"

"Of hating myself. I have had people tell me that I must. Often and often I have been told that. But I honestly don't."

"How funny!" laughed Marcella. Then she looked at him quite seriously and appraisingly. "I don't see why you should," she told him.

"You are a little angel!" Clarence told her—in the same way that he had told her about her eyes. Aloud he said "Neither do I," and at that they both laughed.

"I must be getting back home with my asparagus," said she.

"It only takes five minutes to cook," Clarence urged. "If you like them soft-boiled, not more than three."

"You're talking about eggs."

"That's so! It is eggs that take three minutes."

Then they laughed again. It was so good to be laughing together there in the sunshine!

"But I must get back. I'm late now."

"I'm going hunting with your father to-morrow afternoon."

"Hunting?"

"Pleasures of the chase. We trail the wily egger to its lair and bring the blood-thirsty wood tick to bay. I was just joking, Miss Muir. Professor Muir is going to be kind enough to let me go with him to get some specimens of—I forget what he called them—some kind of water bugs. You can't think how I appreciate the opportunity. Er—you generally go with him, don't you?"

"Quite often. But I'm afraid I'm not much use. I try not to be silly, but I never have got accustomed to handling creepy things, and it provokes papa sometimes. He will be so glad to get somebody to help him who really likes insects and takes a genuine interest in them."

"He couldn't get anybody to take a livelier interest than I shall," declared Clarence, "I'll tell the world! Will you come to-morrow? I'll do all the handling."

"If you are going I shall stay at home," said Marcella, gathering up her reins. "Good-by."

She gave him one of her shy little smiles and whacked the pony gently on its flank, which the pampered animal good-naturedly, if reluctantly, accepted as a hint to move on.

"Now what did she mean by that?" Clarence murmured as he stood soulfully gazing after her. "I hope I didn't say anything she didn't like."

He considered, and decided that he had not. Perhaps she imagined that she would be superfluous. She was sweetly and ingenuously capable of such an absurdity, in which case it would be up to him to convince her of her error. In that case ——

The buggy turned a bend in the woodland road and was lost to sight behind the trees. Clarence blew six successive kisses after it, and then sat down on a moss-covered stump to meditate. Presently a small, shiny beetle crawled out of a tuft of grass at his feet, and he picked up a twig and turned it over on its back to count its wildly kicking legs—six of them.

"A true insect," he pronounced gravely, and turned it over again. Whereupon it made off in haste of delayed purpose and proceeded to bury itself in a nearby hole in the ground. Clarence, who had a greatly admired gift for composing Limericks and such *vers de société*, apostrophized it in an improvised quatrain:

Burrow, burrow, little bug,
In the hole that you have dug.
I confess with grief and shame,
I don't know your Latin name.

A sudden thought struck him, and he was instantly down on his knees and digging at the hole.

"You're my mascot, little bug. Come out of that and live with me. You shall be happy, gay and—not free exactly, but—ah, there you are!"

He picked the beetle up and wrapped it loosely in his handkerchief.

"I'll keep you and study your little habits—which I trust are exemplary," he said. "As I told you, I don't know your Latin name, but I'll fix you with something for present use—Triptolemus. How's that? No objection? Then let's go."

He put the handkerchief in his pocket and set out happily for the village.

Marriage, in the old-fashioned concept of the institution, has doubtless—as advanced minds have discerned and advanced fingers pointed out—certain disadvantages and drawbacks. But on the other hand, where its old-fashioned obligations are more or less conscientiously observed, and where its companionship is rather constant than occasional, it is of inestimable benefit to man when he has a tendency to think too well of himself or entertain a too exalted opinion of his own powers of judgment. Other benefits might perhaps be cited, but this one admits of no argument. He may ride fastest who rides alone, but there is such a phrase as riding posthaste to the devil.

Pin pricks are annoying; but where the human bladder of self-conceit begins to swell dangerously a little puncture administered by a delicate wifely hand has a good effect—provided that the leak is affectionately stopped before total deflation occurs. One might write an essay on this subject, but for the present it is enough to say that Mrs. Muir always had a pin handy and knew her duty. In further justice to her, it may be stated that she also kept a supply of quick-drying patches warranted to become a part of the fabric, and was skillful in their application.

Professor Muir was in a complacent frame of mind. He could even touch upon the place where his wife had once or twice jabbed him quite severely, and did.

"I am quite aware that you consider me ill qualified to estimate character, my dear," he said, "but that is exactly where I differ from you. I think you will admit that I have perception. I am a trained observer, and have a faculty for drawing reasonable conclusions from my observations. The very fact of my aloofness, my abstraction from ordinary affairs and from a close and continual contact with what is called the world, enables me to judge dispassionately and impartially where other men would naturally be swayed by prejudice born of the haste and lack of concentration that ordinary pursuits oblige."

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Muir, "there may be a great deal in that."

"You will recollect perhaps that I showed great perception and unerring judgment when I selected you, my love," said the professor with his kind smile and an odd little bow.

"I think that I am entitled to a little credit in that affair," Mrs. Muir said with perfect truth and returning the smile.

"You might have chosen elsewhere, of course," assented her husband. "That is very true, but whether you did as wisely as I is debatable. But setting aside the presumption that you might have done a great deal better, I wish to say that I am pleased to find my first opinion of Mr. Devlin confirmed. I own that I entertained the thought that his devotion to science might be a youthful enthusiasm temporary in its nature, but I reserved my decision on that point, and you see—you must see—that his interest is quite unabated."

"Oh, very much so," agreed Mrs. Muir. "More than unabated. I should call it a growing interest. It seems to be progressing by leaps and bounds. You have noticed it, too, Marcella, haven't you?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma," replied Marcella.

"I wondered whether you had," said mamma.

"He is not only apt, but he shows a great deal of knowledge that, though not exact, and occasionally incorrect, indicates a very observing and acquisitive mind. He surprised me the other day by what he said about earwigs. He said that they seemed to him to be a sort of connecting link between the Orthoptera and Coleoptera. Now, that shows perception. It is of course an established fact, but a neophyte could hardly be expected to discover it for himself. And chiggers—so-called. You remember when we were in Barbados how the chigoes ——"

"I know," Mrs. Muir interrupted. "When I go to get anything at Bennerby's they never have it in stock unless it's something in their window display. It provokes me."

"My dear, your remarks are always interesting, but they are often inconsequent," said the professor. "What has Bennerby's window display to do with chigoes?"

"The hosiery part of it might attract them," replied Mrs. Muir cryptically. "But that's a joke."

"Young Devlin has a sense of humor," observed the professor with a reminiscent chuckle. "He asked me if the cockroach was called Blatta germanica because of its predatory habits and bad odor. I thought that quite humorous."

(Continued on Page 61)

Guild Watches, *so Esteemed as Gifts, Opened the* Gates *of* China

WITH covetous eyes the traders of France, Spain and England, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, looked upon the wealth of China, and with costly gifts they knocked upon the gates of the Manchu kings—and were admitted.

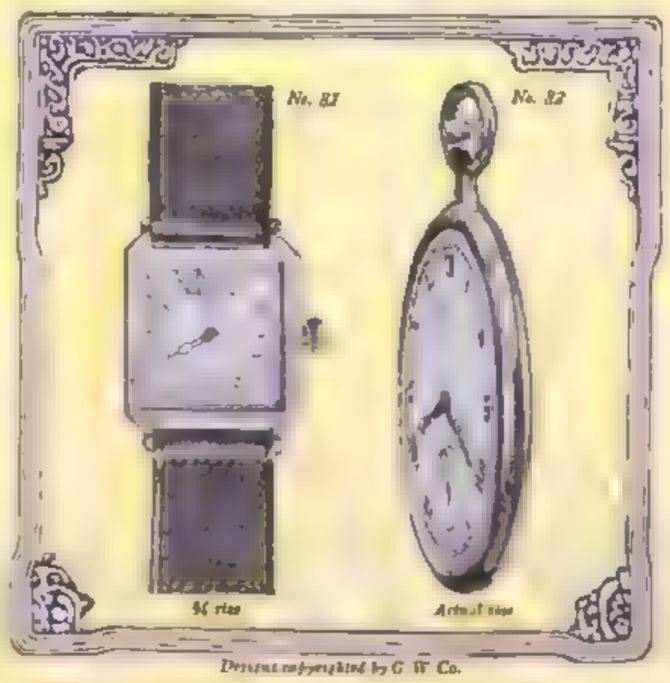
Narratives of these early voyagers record particularly the delight of one oriental ruler when presented with a costly jewel-studded watch, the work of a noted guild watchmaker. Gravely he examined the treasure, solemnly he listened to its ticking, and then, with the cunning of his race, he asked for a second watch so that if one "make stop, the other walkee."

Today many men own two or more watches—but for a different reason than the crafty Chinaman put forth. They have a Gruen Strap Watch, like the model illustrated, for sport, for out-of-doors, and then they have a Gruen Verithin, or Dietrich Gruen, for business and for social affairs.

Whatever the model, they know that they can depend upon the Gruen for accuracy as well as beauty. Gruen Watches are made by a modern guild of watchmakers—many of them the descendants of the old guild masters, all of them actuated by the same ideals, the same love of craftsmanship as obtained in the ancient guildhalls.

At Madre-Biel, Switzerland, these skilled craftsmen, with the aid of American machinery, fashion the intricate movements. And on Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop where the movements are finally adjusted and fitted into beautiful hand-wrought cases—a real service workshop as well, where standardized duplicate repair parts may be obtained promptly by any jeweler in America.

You may see the Gruen Watches at one of the 1,200 jewelers', the best stores in each locality, to whom the sale is confined. Look for the Gruen Guild Emblem displayed by all Gruen agencies.



No. 83—Extra Precision, finest quality, $225
No. 82—Gruen Verithin. See Price Range at right

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Write for the Gruen Guild Exhibit

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Uniform established prices: Dietrich Gruen Precision Models, $300 to $850; Ultrathin Models, $275 to $725; Very-Verithin Models, $65 to $350; Verithin Models, $65 to $350; Thin Models, $25 to $80; Men's Strap Models, $25 to $225; Ladies' Wrist Models, $27.50 to $275.

Individual all platinum or platinum and white gold pieces in various shapes—set with finest cut diamonds obtainable—AA1 quality, from $125 to $6,000.

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Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874

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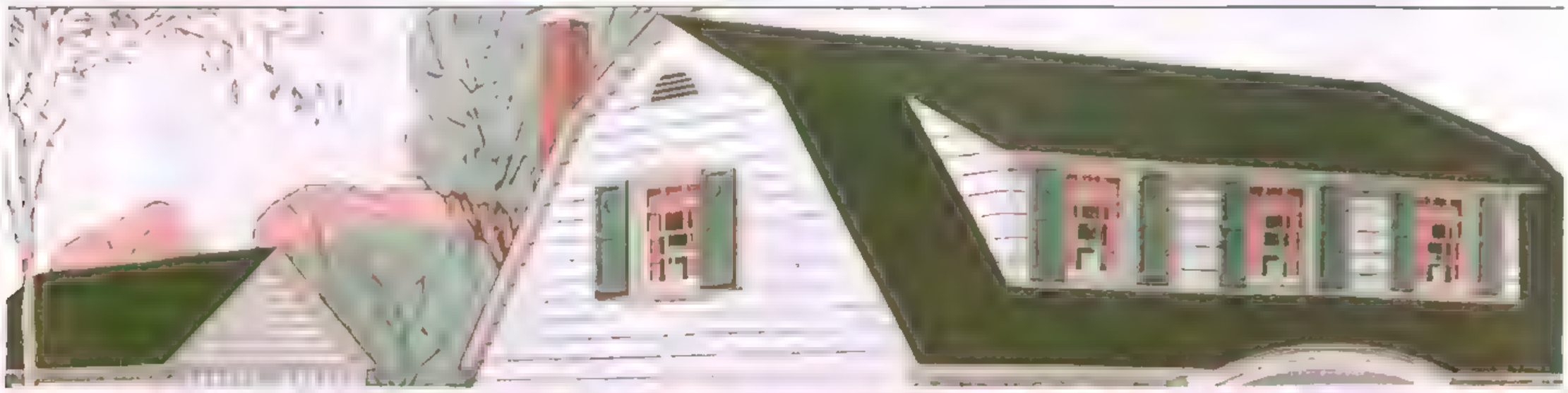

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The savings they effect for you are the result of superior marketing methods, as well as of superior manufacturing.

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Certain-teed

CERTAINTY OF QUALITY AND GUARANTEED SATISFACTION - CERTAIN-TEED

(Continued from Page 58)

"It strikes me as a form of humor that the Stock Exchange would appreciate," said Mrs. Muir. "You told me that he was in his uncle's stockbroking office, didn't you? Devlin & Horwood's, was it? I presume the young man takes a keen scientific interest in stocks and bonds. His acquisitive mind ought to be of great service to him there. Versatility is a beautiful thing."

"Sir John Lubbock, a great scientist, was also a shrewd financier—a banker," countered the professor. "I find nothing incompatible in that. Well, I must get back to my work."

He toddled off, and Mrs. Muir sighed and then laughed.

"Your dear father!" she murmured. "So guileless!"

"How do you mean, mamma?" inquired Marcella. "Don't you think that he really is a good judge of character? I think, as he says, that his very aloofness ——"

"Oh, bless me, yes, child!" said Mrs. Muir. "And you are another. There's a pair of you."

"Don't you like Mr. Devlin?" pursued Marcella.

"Oh, I like him well enough," answered her mother, rubbing the eyeglass ridge on her nose irritably. "But there's one bug that he makes a specialty of. I haven't much patience with that."

"Blatta Germanica?"

"Humbug!"

At this Mrs. Muir received a distinct shock of surprise. Her invariably meek and dutiful daughter rose and with flashing eyes and heightened color actually stamped her foot.

"I think that is mean and horribly unjust," Miss Marcella exclaimed. "He isn't like that at all." Saying which, she hastily left the room, closing the door behind her in a way that strongly emphasized her displeasure.

"Well!" said Mrs. Muir.

Certainly Clarence had been giving incontestable evidence of a growing interest in science. Hardly a day had passed that he had not called at the Muir cottage or accompanied Professor Muir in his expeditions, where he was of great assistance in the heaving up of deeply embedded rocks, overturning logs and swarming up trees after leaf galls. He had insisted, however, that Miss Muir's experience was indispensable on these outdoor occasions, and the young lady had quite frequently yielded and made it a party of three—from which the professor in the ardor of pursuit often strayed away and lost himself for hours at a time.

But Clarence was wise—very wise in the knowledge that he had much to learn of Marcella. He learned fast, but sweetly simple as she appeared, he divined in her complexities that it would take a considerable length of time to straighten out. To begin with, she was not a flower that had bloomed unseen and unseeing. She had traveled to an extent that made Clarence feel like a moss-incrusted villager; not merely over tourist routes, but in strange, out-of-the-way places like Sierra Leone, Basra, Khatmandu, and even the back country in Southern China. The little professor had gone here, there and everywhere with his pill boxes, and Mrs. Muir had almost always taken her knitting and her little daughter and tagged along. And the British Museum had drawn them to London and the Smithsonian to Washington for more than casual visits, so it followed that people had seen Marcella and she had seen people.

"On the boats particularly," Marcella had informed him under direct examination, "the officers were always so kind to me and so friendly and open-hearted."

"I'll say they would be!" commented Clarence, with visions of moonlit decks and sentimental second mates and assistant engineers. "Always cheerfully willing to give you a little of their valuable time when duty wasn't yelling for them at the top of her voice, weren't they? I'll bet they even let you go up on the bridge now and then, and into the chart room."

"Anywhere I wanted to go," Marcella corroborated. "But how funnily you say that!"

"Please excuse me. I didn't mean to. But there is something about a sailor's life that saps the moral nature. They have sweethearts in every port, I understand, and you know that isn't right. Even on the lake here you notice it. I know a man named Bassett who has a little thirty-foot motor boat that he hasn't run much more than a month, and already I can see that it's having a bad influence on him. He's never happy unless he's showing some girl his engine and explaining how it works and asking her how she would like to be a corsair's bride. And he's engaged too. It seems a pity. I can't imagine a man taking real pleasure in talking to more than one particular girl. One has to be polite, of course, but there's a limit—or should be."

"Perhaps your friend is just joking when he asks them to be his brides," Marcella ventured.

"I'm willing to be charitable and try to take that view of it," said Clarence, "but even so it shows a light-minded nature. No joking matter—especially if they accepted him. I only intend to ask one girl to marry me, and if she won't have me I'll never ask another."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want any other."

"You couldn't tell whether you would or not until you met her, could you? I don't know what I would do. I never thought of it."

Clarence, looking at her—he had not once taken his eyes off her for that matter—decided that she was perfectly sincere. There was not a suspicion of intentional challenge in what she had said. She had not even noticed his tenses. She was stating fact—and rather chilly fact—and he had been going altogether too fast. It was not the first time that he had been obliged to pull up.

"You dance, don't you?" he asked, resuming the examination.

"We had dancing lessons at school, but not many dancing men come to see papa in town." She laughed. "But I love to tango."

Clarence stared.

"I learned in Buenos Aires," she told him. "Some girls in a hotel where we stayed taught me, and they had a brother, the handsomest boy I ever saw in my life. His name was Florentino—Don Florentino, and he ——"

"Don't tell me about him," said Clarence.

It was Marcella who stared now.

"I was just joking," said Clarence penitently. "Tell me, and I'll bear it like a man."

"Sometimes I can't understand you at all," said Marcella wonderingly. "Very often I am almost sure you are joking by the look in your eyes, even when you seem quite serious, and I can't imagine what the joke can be. You seem to be laughing at me. Don't think I mind. I often laugh at you, don't I?"

"I deserve it," confessed Clarence. "I must be a scream now and then." He started suddenly at a rustle in the brush behind them and turned his head. "I thought it was your father," he explained.

"I can see his hat moving over there," said Marcella, pointing in an opposite direction. She hoo-hooed, and the professor raised his head and hoo-hooed back to them, whereupon they joined him. During the rest of the afternoon nothing noteworthy occurred, but it was that evening that the professor expressed himself so enthusiastically about Clarence and Marcella undertook his defense against her mother in so undutiful a manner.

Clarence went back by way of the village, and having occasion to fortify himself with a few facts concerning something the professor had dug up he stepped into the public library and went to a familiar bookcase to cull them, only to find a gap where the volume he wanted had been.

"It must have been taken out," said the lady librarian to whom he appealed. "Yes, I remember now that Miss Beale spoke of it being taken by a gentleman—a stranger—this afternoon. But there are some other works on the same subject."

"They haven't got pretty pictures in them like The Insect World of Wonders," Clarence complained, "and I can't understand the hard words that is into 'em. You don't happen to know anything snappy about the Pterophorus, do you?"

"I'm sorry, but I don't," the librarian answered.

"Then you can't tell me whether its proboscis is rudimentary or elongated, or whether the pectination of the antennæ —— no? Too bad! But perhaps the gentleman will bring it back in a day or two. What sort of a kind of a looking gentleman was he?"

The librarian didn't know. Miss Beale might be able to tell him, but Miss Beale had gone home.

Well, it didn't matter much. The professor couldn't have got it, because Clarence had just left him, and he wouldn't want that kindergarten stuff anyway. Clarence, looking through the open door, saw the jitney bus just starting for the hotel, and making a mad rush caught it and got back in time to change for dinner, after a short talk with Triptolemus.

Triptolemus was scratching round in his perforated candy box as usual. Clarence's observation of the insect's habits had not so far been productive of anything in particular. He had only been able to conclude that confinement seemed to irk Triptolemus and destroy his appetite. Giving him his choice of a vegetable or meat diet, Clarence had provided his mascot with a lettuce leaf, a sprig of parsley, an earthworm and some choice morsels of chicken à la King and sirloin steak, but Triptolemus wouldn't touch them. A cigarette dropped into his box on the chance that he might be a cigarette beetle failed to tempt him. All he wanted apparently was liberty, and he put in most of his time attempting to scale the walls of his prison, falling on his back and recovering his right-side-up position after frantic struggles.

"Well, sport, you've done pretty well for me to-day," Clarence told him when he had uncovered the box. "Still a little off your feed, eh? How about a li l' drink?"

He carried Triptolemus to his bathtub, and letting a little trickle of water into the lower end of it hospitably urged his captive to the brink of the tiny pool that had formed there. Triptolemus backed away.

"Well, you can't blame me," said Clarence. "I've given you the chance. Now back to your cozy nest if you don't feel like imbibing and we'll talk a little business.

"Now," he continued when the mascot had crawled under the lettuce leaf, "as I told you, you have done pretty well, but if you want to get back to the hole by the stump you've got to do better. She hasn't given the matter any consideration as yet, so it's up to you to make her think of it. Keep me well to the front in her maiden meditations, and make a pleasing picture of me. I'll know the next time I see her whether you've been on the job or not, and you'll be treated accordingly. You can begin right now, and I'll see if I can't find you some little thing that you might fancy for your supper. And by the way, if you find any image of a slender, graceful, cow-eyed young Argentine ass name of Florentino floating about in her mind, 'raus mit it—dispel it and substitute mine. Put me in a favorable spotlight, little bug."

He went down to the dining room, and was making for a vacant chair at a table of unattached males when Mr. William Bassett hailed him and beckoned. William was not alone, and his companions were a dignified matron with a family likeness, and a good-looking girl, neither of whom he remembered seeing before.

"Mother," said Bassett, "permit me to present my friend, the distinguished naturalist, Mr. Clarence Devlin. Ada, this is him. Clarence, make a pretty bow to my revered mother and my betrothed, Miss Linthicum. Make two pretty bows and sit down with us."

"Oh, I know all about you!" said Mrs. Bassett when Clarence had acknowledged the introduction according to directions and seated himself. She surveyed him with the aid of her lorgnette. "And you look as impudent as ever," she added. "I saw you once before, and would have given anything to spank you. You were eight or ten years old then, I think."

"Happy days!" sighed Clarence. "But please remember that I have had many years to reform since then, Mrs. Bassett, to say nothing of Bill's ennobling influence and example since he has been here. My mother often speaks of you and wishes that you had remained in Chicago," he continued with an ingratiating smile.

"I don't know why," Mrs. Bassett replied disconcertingly. "I think I only met her twice, and one of those times I eased my mind a little without entirely freeing it—about you. I didn't think at the time that what I had to say impressed her favorably."

"Dear mother always believed I had some redeeming qualities," said Clarence.

"Well," said Mrs. Bassett, relenting a little, "since my experience with William here I am willing to admit that I don't know quite so much about raising boys as I thought I did. I've had years to reform too. Are you enjoying yourself here without any trouble?"

"Very much and quite easily, thank you."

"I didn't say easily; I said without any trouble."

Miss Linthicum intervened:

"Are you really a naturalist, Mr. Devlin? Or are you a naturalist just as I am Billy's betrothed?"

"No use, Ada," Billy broke in. "Clarence knows that I am an engaged man—don't you, Clarence? The worst of it is that he makes a point of telling people about it. He may say that he does it out of pure friendship, to save me from being oversubscribed, so to speak, but my private opinion is that he is green-eyed. Yes, he's a naturalist—an entomologist. He roves the merry greenwood or greensward, or whatever it is, looking for bugs and caterpillars, and when he finds one that is really worth while he sticks a pin through it and makes copious notes. That is his sole delight—isn't it, Clarence?"

"I enjoy it and find it interesting," replied Clarence gravely. "Of course you find it difficult to imagine enjoyment of any intellectual pursuit."

"You hear?" cried Billy. "Not for him the frivolous pastimes of his erstwhile mates; not for him their manly sports; not for him the heaving deck and the wet sheet and flowing sea and the stinging lash of the salty spray on his colossal cheek. He has a low opinion of us sailormen anyway, haven't you, Clarence? And the light that lies in woman's eyes is naught to him in comparison with bugs."

"Really?" said Miss Linthicum, smiling at Clarence.

Clarence threw all his power of expression into a long, yearning, passionate gaze.

"Do you believe it?" he asked her in low, thrilling tones.

"I would like to see how you look at a really interesting bug, but I rather think Billy must be mistaken," Miss Linthicum answered.

"I told you he was impudent," said Mrs. Bassett.

"It was rather unkind of you," Clarence protested mildly. "Strangers might think you really meant it, and get a wrong impression."

"Strangers to you or to me?" Mrs. Bassett inquired.

"Well, that might make a difference." Clarence laughed good-naturedly. "Do you intend to make a long stay here? I hope so," he added hastily and almost fervently.

"Then you must be expecting to leave soon," returned Mrs. Bassett. "As to our staying, I don't know. Ada and I will see what Billy can do to entertain us. He is going to take us for a drive to-morrow. I find I have an old friend living near here. I haven't seen her for years, and ——"

"And after that I'm going to lure them aboard the lugger," Billy interrupted. "You are cordially invited and kindly requested to attend, notwithstanding the past—if you have time."

"I'm afraid not to-morrow," Clarence told him.

"You see?" said Billy, appealing to Miss Linthicum. "Insects! I believe that just now he is studying the ladybug, or ladybird, as our English cousins euphemistically term the Coccinella. By the way, it may be news to you that the ladybug has a strong penchant for the green fly. By green fly I don't mean those who think themselves fly and are in reality green."

"Oh, stop!" exclaimed Miss Linthicum. "Heavens! Help! Do try to talk sense, Billy!"

Billy met Clarence's accusing eye with a malicious and defiant grin.

"That's the kind of stuff our young friend here has been giving us for the last week or two," he said. "I happen to know quite a little about entomology myself, but I make it a rule not to parade my scientific acquirements, and very seldom lapse."

"I give you right," said Clarence. "You very seldom do."

"Sth, the insect world is one of wonders," said Bassett with another grin.

"I got you already, Steve," Clarence rejoined.

"If you will excuse us," said Mrs. Bassett, rising. "Ada, my dear ——"

All rose.

"I'll go with you if Clarence will excuse me too," said Billy. "We'll let him finish his dinner in peace."

Clarence smiled viciously at him, flirtatiously at Miss Linthicum and with sweet amiability at Mrs. Bassett.

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Measure foods by calories of nutriment. Note the difference in cost, as per table below, based on prices at this writing.

Calories and Cost

Quaker Oats	
Calories per pound	1810
Cost per 1,000 cals.	5½c
Average Meats	
Calories per pound	900
Cost per 1,000 cals.	45c
Average Fish	
Calories per pound	400
Cost per 1,000 cals.	50c
Hen's Eggs	
Calories per pound	635
Cost per 1,000 cals.	60c

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Use Quaker Oats for their exquisite flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. This matchless flavor costs no extra price.

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"So it was Billy!" he said to himself as he resumed his chair. "Thought he would garner a little insect lore himself and crab my act, eh? All right; I guess I can stand a little kidding from this featherhead bunch round here. I wish he hadn't picked that particular book, though."

He resolved to see Cap'n Bassett and have a heart-to-heart talk with him, but Billy gave him no opportunity that evening, and Clarence could only revenge himself by dancing with Miss Linthicum so often that people noticed and spoke about it.

"You don't deserve it, Triptolemus," he told his mascot as he offered it a piece of bread soaked in the wine sauce—so-called—that went with his cottage pudding at dinner. "You are evidently neglecting your duty. How come you let Billy swipe that book?

"Well, you want to get busy to-morrow, because the way matters and things seem to be shaping themselves it behooves me to speed up a little, and if I do I am going to need your best and most earnest efforts."

He closed the box and began to undress.

"A most unpleasant old lady, Mrs. Bassett. I wonder what I did to her in my childish innocence in the years agone? Well, she's unimportant.

"I'll say that Billy knows how to pick 'em. But, holy brogans, how snide and shopworn they all seem compared with her!

"She'll never have any occasion to worry.

"Marcella!"

As he snapped out the light Triptolemus began to scratch noisily in his box.

The day dawned most auspiciously. Clarence, to begin with, had a letter from the office grudgingly granting his application for a week's extension of his leave of absence. Then on his appearance at the Muir cottage Mrs. Muir received the roses he had brought for her with marked graciousness, and asked him if he liked doughnuts, which Clarence construed favorably. The professor was almost boisterous in his welcome—for the professor—and though Marcella did not at once appear, as she generally had of late, and was a little constrained and embarrassed in her greeting, Clarence happened to catch an expression in her beautiful eyes—just a momentary glimpse of something that he had never seen in them before—and he felt somehow that Triptolemus had been making good medicine.

But Marcella wasn't going with them. No, not to-day—really. But she couldn't be serious in saying such a thing! Not on a superb day like this! Of course she was going! She had agreed to go, and she wasn't the kind to back out of an agreement.

"Professor, talk to her please. Impress on her the sacredness of a promise."

"I didn't really promise," said Marcella. "And mamma wants me to help her—don't you, mamma?"

"Not in the least," answered Mrs. Muir briskly, and—to Clarence—unexpectedly: "Run along, child, and get some exercise. It will do you good."

So Marcella went after all. But she was very silent and grave, and very careful not to let her father get lost. Eventually Clarence had to resort to stratagem. Wandering away himself, he covertly observed the progress of father and daughter, and when he saw the professor down on his hands and knees, evidently absorbed in a discovery, he called aloud to Miss Muir, and after a moment's hesitation, as he repeated his call, she came.

"What have you found, Mr. Devlin?" she asked.

"I've found it impossible to allow you to call me Mr. Devlin any longer," replied Clarence. "It sounds as if you didn't like me very well."

"But I do," said Marcella in her direct way.

"Very much, I mean."

"Very much."

Her eyes were as candid as her speech. Clarence checked up. "Easily, my boy! Very, very slowly and easily! Careful now!" So he admonished himself.

"Try 'Clarence,'" he said. "Because when two people have known each other as long as we have, and like each other, it seems awfully stiff and formal to go on mistering and missing, don't you think? Honestly, don't you think so? Of course, Clarence is a rotten name."

"I don't think it is at all."

"You aren't saying that because you are unwilling to hurt my feelings?"

Marcella laughed.

"Now I know you are joking," she said.

"I'm not. Say it, please—my name."

"Clarence."

She laughed again and blushed a little.

"It sounds all right now somehow," said Clarence. "It sounds fine! I wonder why I ever thought there was anything wrong with it? Would you mind saying it again, if it isn't too much trouble?"

"Well, why did you call me here, Clarence?"

"I wanted to ask you why you are so quiet and thoughtful to-day, Marcella. Do you mind if I call you Marcella?"

"N-no," Marcella answered. "See, papa is going on! Come!"

"Wait a moment, please," begged Clarence. "We can overtake him. Listen! You haven't seemed quite like yourself, Marcella, and—I wouldn't swear to it, and I may have an awful nerve to mention it, but I think you have been crying. Now I've put my big foot in it and made you angry."

"I'm not angry," said Marcella after a short silence. "I'm—I think I must tell you. Clarence, are you really and truly interested in papa's work—in Lepidoptera? You mustn't be offended with me for asking. It's because mamma—she has got an idea that you are just pretending to be. I might as well tell you everything so that you can understand. She said—she said that the bug you specialized on was humbug. It annoyed papa very much, and I felt—of course I knew that you weren't a deceitful person. I couldn't like you if I thought that. But it hurt me to have mamma think so, and I—I've been rather unhappy about it. So I made up my mind that I would ask you that question plainly, so that I could tell mamma what you said."

Clarence actually turned pale. What could he say in the face of this incredible, terrible simplicity—this adorable, implicit and ill-founded faith?

"Confess and be hanged!" That seemed to be about the situation.

"I wonder what possible object Mrs. Muir supposes I can have?" he said at last. "Does she think that I have designs upon your spoons?"

"I'm sure she doesn't think that," Marcella answered. "How absurd! But she may think that you are insincere and willing to give people a false impression if you believe it will be an agreeable one. I think that is it."

Clarence had a sudden flash of inspiration—or was it revelation? He laughed in his relief.

"Well," he said blithely, "I can tell you, and you can tell your mother, that I am really interested—greatly interested in the professor's work. Explicitly in entomology; especially in Lepidoptera."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Marcella, and her eyes shone with gladness. Impulsively she held out her hand, and Clarence took it and held it.

"Let me tell you something about that," he continued. "I was thinking of butterflies last night—of the miracle of metamorphosis—and it seemed to me that something like that had been happening to me lately. I was a sort of a grub, and didn't know that there was any kind of a soul in me. Psyche, you know—symbolical stuff. But I think I felt it stirring in me and trying to break out into sunshine—about the time I first met you, Marcella."

Marcella's eyes were downcast now, and her breathing quickened noticeably. She made a faint effort to withdraw her hand, but Clarence was clasping it too firmly.

"Tell me about this Don Florentino, Marcella."

She looked at him wonderingly.

"There isn't anything to tell. He was just a dear little boy; not ten years old quite, but—he wanted to marry me."

"So do I," said Clarence.

The next moment she was in his arms, with her face pressed closely against him, her hands on his shoulders and only the back of her rosy neck visible. His fingers carefully and tenderly sought her chin and raised it. An instant of ecstasy, and then she had struggled away from him and was running, light-footed as a doe, in the direction of the cottage.

Clarence stood stupidly staring just long enough to realize that she had fled and to give her a respectable start, and then ran to overtake her, stopping short, however, well within a hundred-yard dash. Marcella was not the sort of girl to run with the intention of being overtaken, and whatever

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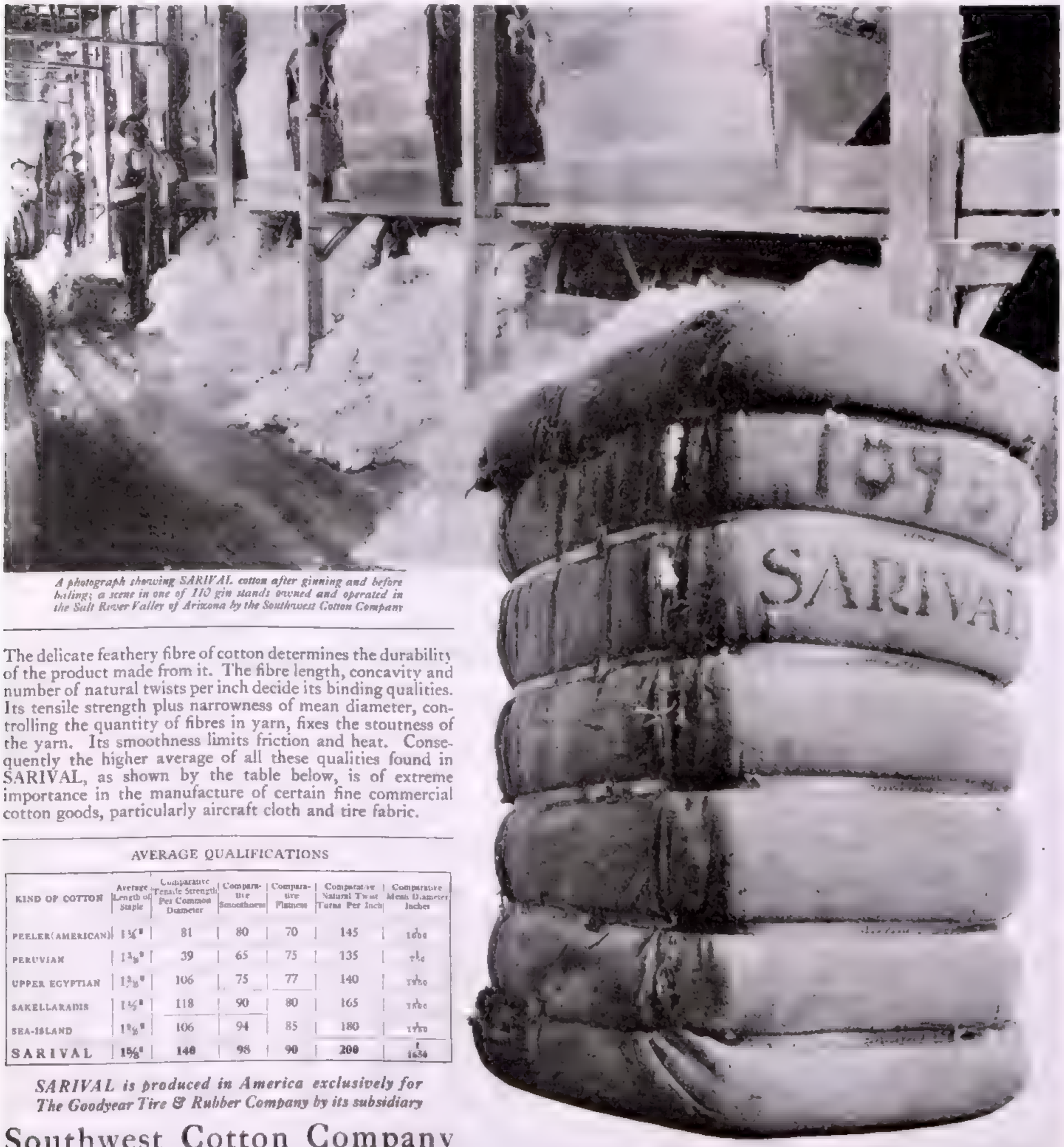

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PERUVIAN	1⅛"	39	65	75	135	1/1000
UPPER EGYPTIAN	1⅜"	106	75	77	140	1/1000
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motive she might have for leaving him in this abrupt manner, he reluctantly concluded that he was bound to respect it.

But he had something to sustain him. She was not angry; she was not outraged; she had not merely yielded to brute force. No! She had made no resistance when he had drawn her to him; she had clung to him and her lips had moved against his in that moment of ecstasy.

"Gad," exclaimed Clarence, "I'll say something has happened to me."

The total inadequacy of the expression struck him. If he was so deeply moved by what had happened, what must she, darling innocent, have felt?

How long he stood there pondering the matter he could not have made a very good guess, but at length it occurred to him that Professor Muir had to be considered. Should he at once ask the professor's permission to pay his addresses to his daughter? It seemed to be the proper thing to do.

"But no," Clarence decided. "I've already paid them. I'll need Marcella's help, too, when I break the news. On the whole, I think I'd better hunt the old gentleman up though."

This he did without much trouble, and he explained to the professor that Miss Muir had returned home not feeling very well—a little tired probably.

"What have you got there, professor?"

"Odd!" remarked Professor Muir. "She doesn't get tired easily as a general thing. Very odd! But Marcella really doesn't care very much about insects, though she is both sympathetic and helpful. Much like her mother in that way. At one time I used to call Mrs. Muir Little Miss Muffet—jocularly of course; her maiden name was Ventnor—on account of her horror of the Arachnida. You recall the nursery rime—'There came a big spider who sat down beside her and frightened Miss Muffet away?'" The professor giggled and then dismissed the matter from his mind. "Why, these seem to be grubs of the wasp-nest beetle. I just saw a wasp flying away, and I think it is safe to assume that she was unconsciously carrying some of these little enemies of her offspring to her nest. Sad to think of hospitality being abused in that way, isn't it?"

"Tell me about them if you don't mind," Clarence requested, and the professor told him quite exhaustively, and when he had finished they made a search for a wasp's nest, which they were lucky enough not to find. Nevertheless they made a fair bag in the course of the afternoon.

Clarence's mind worked fast and furiously, if intermittently and under a full load of anxiety, on the return homeward. He had decided that the time was after all close at hand when it would be incumbent on him to lead Marcella into the presence of her parents and with her assistance make an avowal of their mutual affection. No use postponing it. True, Marcella might already have 'fessed up to mamma, in which event mamma's face would of course inform him. He wondered how she would take it, and there lay the heaviest of his anxiety.

"But if the worst comes to the worst she will be outvoted," thought Clarence. "I've got papa in my vest pocket; I've got Marcella; and I can count on myself with absolute certainty."

That was a reassuring thought to some extent.

"I wonder who those people can be?" said the professor.

They had just emerged from the woods into view of the cottage. A large touring car stood before the gate, and as the professor spoke two women and a young man got in it and were driven away along the village road, waving farewell to Mrs. Muir as they went. As Mrs. Muir turned to go into the house again she caught sight of the professor and Clarence, and waited for them.

"Too bad you didn't get back a few minutes sooner," she said, addressing her husband. "We've been having company—Hilda Bassett, of all people—Hilda Lovejoy that was. You remember. She had her son William with her—a very nice young fellow. I'm sorry that you didn't get a chance to see him, but they are all over at the hotel, and you will. He tells me that he is a bosom friend of yours, Mr. Devlin."

"That was nice of him," said Clarence. "Yes, I know Billy." He spoke absentmindedly, yet he was thinking of Billy—and not too fondly.

"Well, go in, both of you, and wash your hands while I make some fresh tea for you," said Mrs. Muir, and she said it in such a friendly manner that the sense of impending disaster that was oppressing Clarence lifted to a great extent, and he entered the house with renewed confidence.

"Where's Marcella?" inquired the professor. "She left us. She wasn't feeling very well."

"I didn't notice anything the matter with her," Mrs. Muir replied. "I thought she seemed in unusually high spirits." She called: "Marcella! She must be in her room. Well, I'll get the tea."

But when the gentlemen reappeared Marcella was still in her room. Her mother explained that she had a slight headache.

"Oh, I didn't tell you that William Bassett's fiancée was with him, did I?" Mrs. Muir went on as she poured the cheering beverage.

"A Miss Linthicum. She wants Marcella to go to a dance at the hotel on Thursday night, and I half promised to let her go. I thought you said you liked doughnuts, Mr. Devlin? Perhaps not with tea—or aren't they good?"

"If you had only filled up the holes they would be perfect," replied Clarence, forcing himself to a demonstration of appetite.

"We heard quite a little about you," said Mrs. Muir, smiling at him pleasantly. "I am given to understand that you are considered to have a positive genius for the ukulele."

"Eh?" said Professor Muir, looking up.

"You mustn't believe all you hear, Mrs. Muir," said Clarence uncomfortably.

"And Miss Linthicum says that she never danced with anybody in her life—even professionals—who could touch you. Is it true that you substituted for Stovinakoff in the Russian ballet one night, and that he was so enraged by your success that he canceled his engagement sooner than appear again?"

"Not true at all," said Clarence. "I did a few steps at a rehearsal that I happened to attend, and the bunch—some of my friends—it was just a joke. Stovinakoff was sore just because mademoiselle one of the dancers said something he didn't like, and he went up in the air. And this wasn't during the rehearsal; it was just before, you understand."

"I don't understand," said the professor, looking at Clarence very seriously over the tops of his spectacles. "What is all this?"

"Miss Linthicum was telling us what a wonderful dancer Mr. Devlin is," explained Mrs. Muir. "She says that all the girls at the hotel are crazy about him—I think that was her expression—not only on account of his dancing, but ——"

"Please, Mrs. Muir," Clarence interrupted pleadingly, a peony blush on his cheeks and ears.

"Oh, well, I don't mean to intimate that you are only popular with the young ladies," said Mrs. Muir kindly. "William Bassett said that there wasn't a dry eye in the university, outside of the faculty, when you were—when you left it. They called him Sport Devlin, my dear."

"That was long ago," said Clarence lamely.

"Before you took up entomology?" Mrs. Muir was clearly enjoying herself. "I suppose that has been a great bond between you and William Bassett, since he too has been studying The Insect World of Wonders."

"What's that?" queried the professor sharply.

"A popular book on entomology by Edmund Gatterau," replied Mrs. Muir. "Another cup of tea, Mr. Devlin?"

"He's a charlatan," snapped Professor Muir, looking less benevolent than Clarence had ever seen him. "A nature faker! He never wrote anything but cheap mush. Not scientific! Inexact!"

"I don't think you quite do him justice, my dear," said Mrs. Muir. "He has some very interesting information on earwigs in that book of his. William Bassett was telling me that they don't get into your ear, as is generally supposed, and that the name itself was probably a corruption of earwing, owing to their posterior wings being shaped like the human ear. They sit on their eggs like a hen, he informed me. Of course I knew all this, Mr. Devlin having already told me—didn't you, Mr. Devlin?"

"I think I also told Billy," Clarence mumbled.

"No, he told me that he found it in The Insect World of Wonders, and went out to the car to get it and show us a picture of the sitting earwig. He had just got the book from the library here. It has a lot about chiggers too."

"Hah!" ejaculated the professor, bending his bushy brows upon the still-blushing Clarence.

"He was kind enough to leave the book with me, thinking that the professor might like to see it." Mrs. Muir produced the volume.

"He must be mentally deficient," said Professor Muir.

Mrs. Muir had opened the book.

"There was this," she said. "May I read you a few lines of the introduction? Ahem! 'In the usual and ordinary consideration of insect life the average person is likely to consider the study of entomology as rather beneath the notice of practical minds. The insect is small; sometimes infinitesimally small, and is therefore, in his view, unimportant. But when one carefully considers its teeming myriads and the tremendous and essential part, beneficial or harmful, that it plays in the economy of Nature, the subject must necessarily assume proportions little short of Titanic.'

"There's quite a lot more of it," said Mrs. Muir, "about locusts devouring the sustenance of nations, and the terrible termites, and so on. It reminds me of what Mr. Devlin once said on the subject."

The professor rose.

"Very much so," he said dryly. "If you will be kind enough to excuse me, I have something I want to do in my study."

He made one of his funny, stiff little bows and departed. A long and painful silence ensued. Clarence, looking up after a moment or two, found Mrs. Muir's light-blue eyes fixed on him with a whimsical expression. He lowered his own again and continued to say nothing.

Mrs. Muir sighed. "'Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive,'" she quoted.

"Mrs. Muir," said Clarence in reproachful tones, "what did I ever do to you?"

"Why, nothing—except amuse me," the lady answered with a heartless laugh. "No, that isn't quite all; you have rather exasperated me at times. But not seriously."

"If I had stabbed the professor and left him weltering in his gore, or if I had sold you mining stocks that had reduced you to beggary, I could understand it," observed Clarence plaintively. "I might think the punishment far in excess of the crime, but I could admit at least a little justification. Why do you hate me so, Mrs. Muir?"

"My dear boy, I don't hate you in the least," Mrs. Muir assured him. "I have even a sneaking sort of liking for you. I think Mrs. Bassett has too."

"You said that she was Hilda Killjoy before old Mr. Bassett got his, I believe," Clarence murmured.

"Lovejoy," corrected Mrs. Muir. "I think she likes you. She said that she did. But you mustn't blame her or me for what is entirely your own fault. If you had not made the ridiculous pretense ——"

"If I had come the very first afternoon and told you that I had fallen in love with your daughter Marcella and wanted to marry her, how far would I have got?" demanded Clarence.

"How far have you got?" asked Mrs. Muir calmly, and as Clarence did not answer she continued: "Of course I suspected something of the sort, having eyes and the habit of using them. I also took the trouble to make a few inquiries even before Mrs. Bassett appeared, because I thought I recognized in you a somewhat impatient spirit likely to hurry things with disconcerting rapidity. You may judge that what I heard of you did not seriously prejudice me by the fact that I allowed your visits to continue."

"Yes," said Clarence with a rueful grin, "you gave me rope and then brought me up with a jerk, didn't you?"

"I acted with my eyes open, and I intended that my husband and my daughter should do the same. They are not quite so sophisticated as I am. You spoke of stabbing Professor Muir. Well, I am afraid that is just what you have done, and in rather a vital spot. As to Marcella—have you spoken to her?"

Clarence nodded miserably.

"And I—I thought that she—I was intending a little while ago to speak to you and Professor Muir about it. I'm not so underhanded as you might think, Mrs. Muir."

"I don't think that you are underhanded," Mrs. Muir said with real kindness. "Just a little—shall we say clever? But I am afraid that Marcella will not be so tolerant as I am, and that she may consider it her duty to sacrifice her feelings to her principles. You know I couldn't help her hearing what Mrs. Bassett and the rest of them said about you."

"May I see her?" begged Clarence.

Mrs. Muir shook her head.

"She won't see you," she told him. "I asked her if she wouldn't come down, but she wouldn't even unlock her door. I think it would be unwise for you to see her or Professor Muir just now."

"I'll see her to-morrow," Clarence declared half defiantly. Then he took thought. "If you will let me, please, Mrs. Muir. And, Mrs. Muir, be my friend. This isn't any part of my humbug specialty; it's a serious matter with me—more than I can tell you. And you won't ever have any occasion to regret it, if I know myself."

His earnestness and sincerity were evident. Mrs. Muir's penetrating scrutiny assured her of that, but ——

"You are young," she said.

"So are you," retorted Clarence with the ghost of his impudent smile. "Well, I'll go now, but I shall be back to-morrow morning."

"I'm afraid I can't give you much hope," Mrs. Muir told him at the door.

She watched him go, with dejection plain in the hang of his head; then she went to the professor's study and knocked for admittance.

"Well, he's gone," she announced as her husband turned to her from the window out of which he had been staring.

"Don't tell me that you told me so," said the professor irritably. "I admit that you did, and that I didn't believe you. He's a rank impostor and I wonder how he managed to impose on me as he did. I hope you made it very plain to him that future visits would be unwelcome. Yes, I am greatly disappointed in that young man. I certainly thought that his interest was genuine."

"Well, I think it is now," said Mrs. Muir, seating herself.

"Nonsense!" snapped the professor. "He's an ignoramus; a conceited young ignoramus who has primed himself with a lot of misinformation. He hadn't even the intelligence to select a sound and recognized authority. Gatterau indeed! That cheap, unscrupulous adapter! But what puzzles me is this young man's motive. And I really thought that I had found a second Lubbock in that shallow, empty-headed, dancing, dissipating fool! What do you suppose induced him to attempt to practice upon me—a bet?"

"You are a little too hard on him, my dear. He isn't dissipated at all, though he certainly has managed to get into more or less mischief in his time. But that time hasn't been recent, and as far as his ability is concerned I have it on very good authority that he holds quite an important position, for a young man, in his uncle's office, and really earns a good salary, in addition to the income he gets from his father's estate."

"What has his income got to do with it?" the professor demanded impatiently. "What is his motive?"

"I was just trying to tell you that he was making his way in a business that requires a good deal of intelligence, and that he comes of a good family and is not dissipated," Mrs. Muir answered. "As to his motive, I should think that quite obvious."

"Yes? Tell me what it is—tell me what it is."

"Don't you think it quite natural that a young fellow meeting a man of your distinction would want to make a favorable impression on him? Young men are generally hero worshipers, and almost everybody likes to know a celebrity. Of course Mr. Devlin couldn't be expected to know how little standing Gatterau has—and he had read your Brazilian book, if you remember. Well, just put it on the ground that he didn't like to appear entirely ignorant of what he knew was your life work, and that he was flattered by your notice, and after that enjoyed your companionship, and make allowances. I am not defending his deception at all, but ——"

"If I thought that ——" mused Professor Muir, pulling his right whisker as was his habit in meditation—"if I thought that but I don't like lion hunters, young or old, male or female. If he calls again tell him that I am not at home. Still ——"

"Very well," said Mrs. Muir, rising to leave. "I suppose you are right. I must go now and see about dinner."

"I'll let that soak in for a little," she said to herself as she went to the kitchen.

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Clarence was out of tune with the universe—or the universe was out of tune with him. Usually one's egotism chooses the latter form, and implies a universal fault. One is plunged in grief and woe, and all Nature rejoices; birds sing merrily, lambkins skip on the daisied mead, radiant countenances are all that are seen, and only cheerful greetings salute the ear. Weep, and the world snickers at you; laugh, and somebody yells, "Kill that braying jackass!"

Clarence returned to the hotel in a frame of mind that demanded skies o'ercast with gloom; the surly, sullen tolling of deep-toned passing bells; weird wailings of mourners and faces pallid, long-drawn and hollow-eyed. He naturally resented the western sky with its opalescent fires reflected in the dancing water; the gay bunting still flying from the boats, the multicolored beach umbrellas and the bright-hued sports garments of the giddy girls were affronts to his jaundiced eyes. But the limit of untunefulness seemed to be reached when every group that he passed grinned and made audible observations on entomological subjects.

Even fat and foolish Harvey Wenzel had to have his little gibe:

"H'lo, Clarence! Say, have you heard the latest? Earwigs don't get into your ears and eat your brains, as is popularly supposed. Haw, haw!"

"Any earwig that got into your ear looking for a meal of that kind would be out of luck," said Clarence.

"Seen anything of Bassett?" he inquired of Jeff Taylor, a young man who had always appeared to have rudiments of sense.

"Billy?" said Jeff. "Why, I think Billy is off somewhere chasing Purple Emperors with a butterfly net. I've been gathering chigoes myself. I'm going to put a hen chigoe on a setting of turkey eggs and see what happens."

"Something startling is likely to happen to you if you play the silly clown with me," said Clarence savagely. "And Bassett is likely to get a purple eye, even if he slips up on the Emperor."

He was getting the key of his room from the clerk when Clytie Evarts called to him: "Clarence, come and tell us about ladybugs."

Clarence glared at the tittering bevy.

"They behave in a ladylike manner—that's how they got the name," he answered, and at that moment Bassett came into the office. Clarence hastened to meet him and drew him to a remote corner.

"Why do you look upon me thusly?" asked Cap'n Bill with feigned anxiety.

"I'm trying to make up my mind where I'll hit you first," replied Clarence. "While you are in a condition to speak you might tell me why you thought proper to mix in my affairs and knock me to my friends. Do you want to?"

Bassett grinned.

"Sure," he answered. "R-revenge! I told you that I would get even with you for spoiling my party, and for good or evil Bill Bassett keeps his word. I trailed you, Devil Devlin. Night and day my sleepless eye was on you. You were wily, you were wary, but once my remorseless nose touched your track I never lost the scent. When you wooed the simple village maid, villyun that you were, I lay concealed and heard your lightest whispered word; and say, bo, you certainly have your nerve, talking about knocking. If Miss Muir tips Ada off to what you told her about me and the boat and corsairs' brides ——"

"So you were eavesdropping?" said Clarence coldly.

"I got an earful, believe me," assented Bassett. "Then I hied me to the library and found a chatty little lady name of Miss Beale who gave me a line on your studies. Simple deduction, my dear Watson. You know what followed."

"Of course I knew that you had got the book after what you said at dinner," said Clarence, "and I suspected the sneaking and spying. The librarian threw me off by telling me that a gentleman had got the book, but ——"

"By the great god Gollygosh, I believe I've got your goat!" exclaimed Bassett with some concern. "Clarence, honest, is this serious about Miss Muir? I wouldn't have opened my head if I had thought that. But she must have known that I was just kidding. Listen! I know how it is myself, and if I've spilled any beans I'll go down on my hands and knees and pick 'em up and wipe 'em off. Listen ——"

"Go to the devil!" said Clarence, shaking his arm from the penitent's detaining hand.

"Punch my silly head! Biff me on the beezer!" implored Bassett.

"If you knew how I ache to do it you wouldn't be issuing any invitation," Clarence told him, and turned away.

He spent the evening in his room meditating on his misfortune, without even a break for dinner, and the more he thought of it the worse it seemed, and inch by inch he was sunk and sucked into the quicksands of the lover's slough of despond. The professor—noble, upright old man, scorner of subterfuges and compromises—how that unworldly spirit must despise him! Was it likely that he would give his daughter to a false initiate who had profaned the sacred mysteries of which he was high priest? Never! At no price! For no consideration! Mrs. Muir, wise to him from the first! She too must hold him in contempt, the more galling, being mingled with derision. It were foolish to bank on her, for all the salve she had applied to the injuries he had sustained from the bump.

Who bumped him? Why couldn't she have let him down easy in private without any bump? He asked himself this last question in his dark ignorance of the vital necessity of putting a husband in the wrong. And her last word to him had emphasized the hopelessness of his case. She knew, and she didn't give a single darn!

Marcella—here the ooze of the slough bubbled against his lips. After all if Marcella relented there would be hope, even in the face of parental opposition—but she would never relent. Her tender heart might bleed, she might be torn by pity; but if love had ever budded in her bosom it was blighted now—killed absolutely and beyond resuscitation. Hadn't her mother said that she would consider it her duty to sacrifice her feelings to her principles? And what Marcella herself had said was even worse—"I couldn't like you if I thought you were a deceitful person." Any getting round that?

"I'll pack up and get back to town," said Clarence.

He got up and paced about the room and presently his eye fell on the perforated candy box. He laughed bitterly in two syllables:

"Ha, ha! My mascot!"

He opened the box, and there beside the wilted lettuce leaf, the worm and the cottage pudding, Triptolemus lay dead.

Mrs. Muir had no comfort for Clarence when he called the next morning. The professor had intimated that he had no desire to see Mr. Devlin. The professor was really wounded in his *amour propre*, and mortification had set in. Early as it was, he had already gone out, probably with the idea of escaping undesirable callers.

Marcella? Marcella had driven to the village. She too had been unwilling to see Mr. Devlin, and had in fact charged her mother to acquaint Mr. Devlin with her purpose to avoid him, and to ask him, please, not to try to change it, as it would be useless.

"And that is all she would say," concluded Mrs. Muir. "I was afraid that she would be rather mulish."

"I don't think there is anything mulish about it," said Clarence. "I understand perfectly why she feels as she does, being what she is, and I know I haven't any right to bother her. But I'm going to do it, Mrs. Muir. If I can explain a little, and get another chance—I've got to have another chance."

"Have you had your breakfast?" Mrs. Muir asked, looking closely at his colorless face. "I don't believe you have. Remember, you have got to be honest with me."

"To be honest, I haven't, but I really couldn't eat anything now," Clarence answered.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Muir briskly. "I made Marcella eat, and you are going to too."

Whereupon she conducted the young man indoors, and presently set before him food and drink, and in a motherly way saw to it that he went through more than the form of eating, while she talked to him lightly and divertingly of inconsequent things. And grateful Clarence kissed her hand when he had finished, with a look that pleased her, and he felt altogether much better, and set out on the road to the village with at least a fighting spirit.

It was to be put to the test sooner than he expected. He had hardly traversed a third of the road when off to one side among the brush and fallen timber he saw something moving that he recognized as Professor Muir's time-honored and weather-beaten deerstalker cap on a head that was undoubtedly the professor's. For a moment Clarence hesitated, and then marched through the undergrowth to where the enemy was seated on a prostrate beech examining something with the aid of his magnifying glass.

"Good morning, Professor Muir," said Clarence with a creditable imitation of his usual cheerful manner. "What have you got?"

The professor continued to look at whatever he was looking at. He took his time, and it was not until he had finished his examination and replaced his glass in his pocket that he transferred his scrutiny to Clarence.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Devlin," he said in a coldly hostile tone. "Why, I think if I told you you would be none the wiser. I think I shall refer you to Gatterau for any information that you may require. Gatterau's your man. Pray lose no time in consulting him. I wish you a good day."

He got up and began to gather his impedimenta, clearly with the intention of departing.

"Please sit down a moment or two longer, professor," Clarence begged. "I want to ask you something if you don't mind."

"I am sorry to be obliged to tell you that I do mind," returned Professor Muir. "I think it should not be necessary after what transpired yesterday afternoon, but you are so persistent that I must inform you plainly and without mincing matters that I wish to terminate our acquaintance. Good day."

He set off at as rapid a pace as the obstructions before him would allow. Clarence kept by his side, and as the angry gentleman stumbled over a root he caught his arm and saved him from a fall.

"I wouldn't insist if it were not a very important matter, sir," said Clarence.

Professor Muir regarded him with a frown.

"Well, sir, what is this very important matter?" he demanded.

"I want to ask your consent to marry your daughter," said Clarence.

"What?"

The professor actually shouted it.

Clarence repeated his modest request.

"Of course I have to gain her consent, too," he added, "but if I can get you—I know that just now—I want an opportunity to explain how it was. I think I can satisfy you as to my character and as to my ability to support a wife, and I assure you—well, that's what I wanted to say."

"In-deed!"

The irony that Professor Muir contrived to put into that one word was terrific.

"I care very much, and I would do anything and everything that a man can do to make her happy," Clarence pleaded. "It may seem to you ——"

"Yes, it does," Professor Muir interrupted smartly. "So that was your motive! I see! Yes, I see very clearly now. You thought that you could hoodwink me regarding your tastes and habits and assume ardor in the pursuit of a branch of science in which you were totally uninterested, and so recommend yourself to me as a means of ingratiating yourself with my daughter. You were mistaken in both of us, sir. I am quite satisfied as to your character, and I beg to decline your proposal and any further communication with you—for myself and my daughter."

He started off again. Again Clarence kept pace with him.

"It seems to me that you are exploding and going up in the air without giving me any show whatever," said Clarence. "When I first met you I may have been rather indifferent to bugs, except when they happened to annoy me, but it wouldn't have been polite to say so or give you that idea. I may have stretched the truth a little—exaggerated my interest a trifle after that even, but—oh, well, I did try to post myself in that book that you seem to disapprove of, with the deliberate intention of hoodwinking you, but later on ——"

"I don't wish to discuss the matter with you any further," said the professor.

"Later on I learned to like 'em, and liked to learn about 'em," said Clarence. He felt in his waistcoat pocket. "Here was a pet of mine—Triptolemus. Dead, poor fellow! I'm going to bury him near his once-happy home. It's the least I can do—put him where I found him. It was almost a deathbed promise."

He held out the mortal remains of Triptolemus for inspection, but the professor plodded straight ahead, refusing to look.

"I've about settled that it's a scarabæus, in which case its demise is perhaps to be attributed to a wrong diet," Clarence continued. "Is it a scarabæus, professor?"

To save his life Professor Muir could not have helped looking then. A casual and contemptuous glance to begin with; then he stopped and peered at it more closely, and incredulity, excitement, conviction and amazement registered consecutively in his prolonged gaze. He took Triptolemus from Clarence's hand, and with trembling fingers fumbled for his magnifying glass.

"A scarabæus! I should think it was, and a species supposed to be found nowhere but in Egypt! Look at the markings! Macrae's scarab, by Osiris and Seb and Ptah! And Macrae was right, and Steffler will have a nice dish of humble pie to eat, by jings! Where did you get this, my boy? Where did you get it?"

"Within five hundred yards of here," replied Clarence, wondering.

"On your honor?"

"On my honor as a gentleman and an entomological student," replied Clarence gravely.

"Take me there," said Professor Muir eagerly. "Show me the exact spot if you can remember it."

Could Clarence remember that spot? Could he?

"I can show you the hole he went into. Just let me finish what I was telling you and we'll go."

"Go on and finish," said the professor, turning Triptolemus over and inspecting his running gear. "You see there has been a serious controversy regarding this beetle between Macrae—a very good friend of mine, by the way—and Professor Steffler of the Trinidad Institute. Macrae announced his discovery of it near Lake Superior two years ago—by gum! It's the Macrae scarab to a certainty—and Steffler denied the possibility of such a thing. Macrae was unfortunately unable to substantiate—we can be walking to the place as we talk, can't we?"

"About your daughter Marcella," Clarence suggested. "I was saying that my interest in entomology was genuine."

"I think perhaps I was a little hasty in my inference that it was not," said the professor. "Did you say you could show me the very hole that it entered?"

"I th[illegible]o," Clarence answered. "And as I was say[illegible] I am in a position to marry. My mother's [illegible]ns are independent and I have [illegible]"

"Yes, Mrs. Mu[illegible]old me something of that. I leave such matters to her judgment, which is excellent. Are we going in the right direction?"

"We're very near now," Clarence assured him. "Professor, if you could overlook ——"

"I said I was hasty," said the professor. "This is, I confess, a little surprising, and as a father—I don't commit myself, mind, but after all it is a thing in which Mrs. Muir and Marcella, of course, have a voice, and if they are satisfied, and my own inquiries sustain their favorable inclination, I can have no serious objection. Is it here?"

"In this vicinity. But before I show you exactly where I must insist on shaking hands with you," said Clarence, and he did so with an energy and enthusiasm that the professor found extremely embarrassing.

"And now I will demonstrate," Clarence continued, seating himself upon the stump. "I was sitting here, and he came crawling out of the grass there and made for a hole where you see that loose dirt. That's where I dug him out. I'm afraid that I spoiled the hole."

The professor was almost instantly down on all fours and delicately pawing over the sand. In a moment or two he uttered a cry of triumph and held aloft a small spherical object.

"Here it is," he shouted—"the stereoraceous case in which the larval transformation occurs! Fabre mentions—hold it carefully while I find something to put it in. Clarence, my boy, I'm delighted! And now if we could only find another adult specimen ——"

"I'll find one for you," said Clarence confidently.

But he did not even assist in the search, for at the instant he heard the clucking

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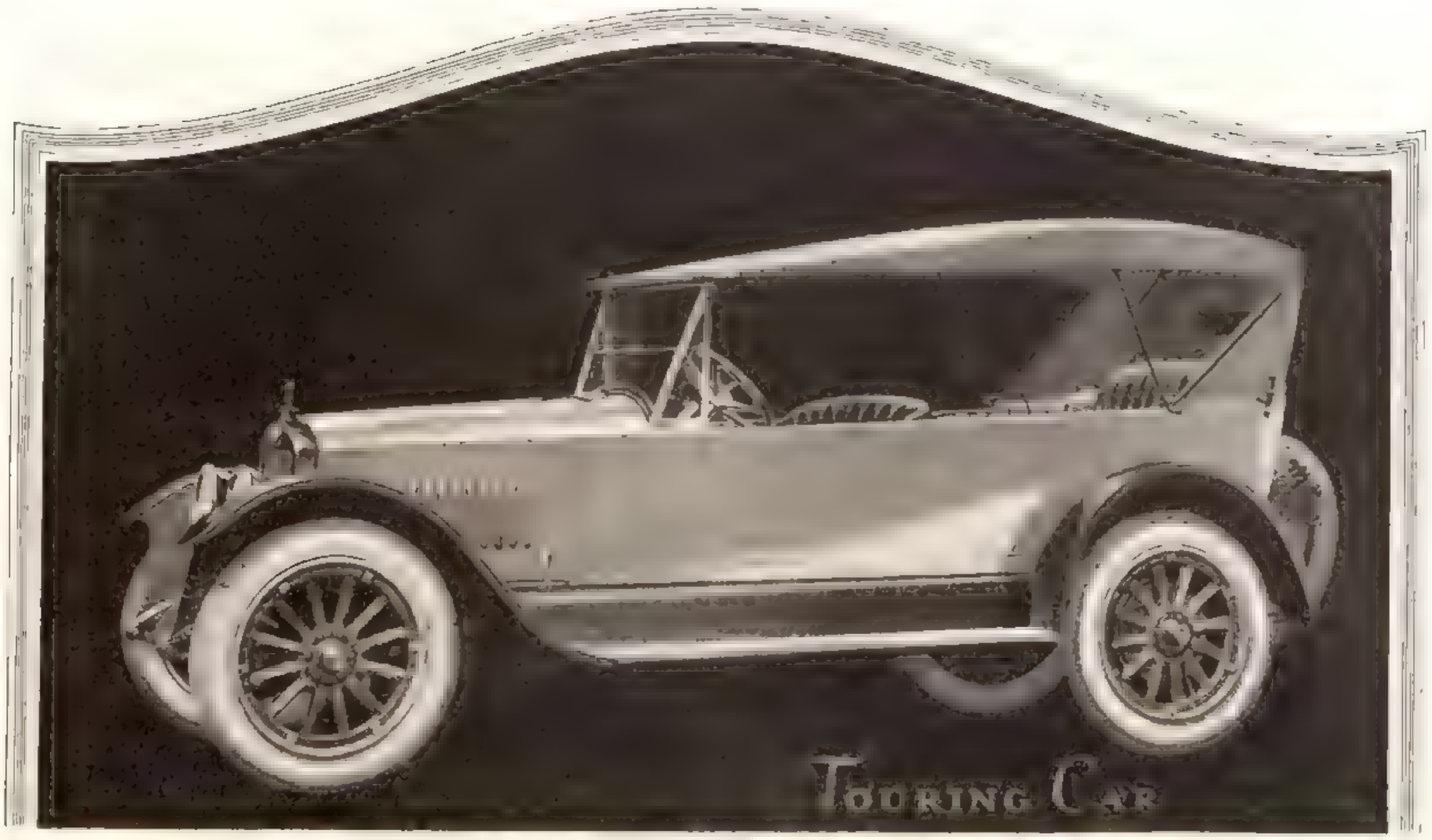

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(Concluded from Page 67)

sound of loose wheel spokes, and looking up the road he saw in the distance an approaching buggy drawn by a fat gray pony.

"Excuse me, professor," he said, and darted up the road at top speed.

If the pony had been at all skittish, or even a shade less sedate, he might have shied. As it was, he merely stopped and turned his head curiously as Clarence passed him at checked speed and halted at the side of the buggy, much as if he had been making third with the ball still in the air.

"Marcella!" Clarence cried.

Marcella looked at him as her father had looked at the beginning of the recent interview—coldly and with something distinctly hostile in her expression. She was wearing the same big floppy sun hat with the brown ribbon, but it shaded a face that had no trace of pink in its clear tan. It was so wan and pale a face that Clarence's heart smote him.

"Marcella!" he said again, but in a low and reproachful tone; and so they looked at one another until her eyes fell, and in the same moment she gathered up her reins.

"Please stand aside," she said.

"Aren't you going to let me speak to you?"

"I would rather you didn't. Please stand aside."

"I'm not going to yield to anything but brute force," said Clarence, trying to smile and speak lightly. "If you want to crush me beneath your chariot wheels, go ahead. You look as if it would give you pleasure, and I would gladly please you. But let me say a few last words first. Strike, but hear!"

"I am not joking. I wish you would be kind enough not to stop me, and to say nothing more."

"Why?"

"If you will ask your friend, Mr. Bassett, I think he can tell you. Of course I am helpless here if you persist ——"

"Funny!" said Clarence. "Your father told me that I was persistent just a little while ago."

"If he were here you wouldn't dare to annoy me in this way," she told him with a flash of anger.

"Oh, dear girl, don't say things like that to me!" cried Clarence. "All I ask is a chance to put myself straight with you. I know how you feel, but ——"

"Oh, I don't care at all," she assured him loftily. "Not in the least. I am sorry that I am not able to respect you, after what you told me and what I learned from Mr. Bassett. But apart from that it is a matter of perfect indifference to me."

Her voice was not very steady as she said that, and her adorably shaped chin quivered slightly; but she controlled that evidence of passing weakness, and Clarence began to feel the despair that his success with her father had for a time overcome. There was now in her look something implacable, inexorable. He raged against it even as he respected it; and still his determination to fight to the last was strong as ever.

"You are wrong," he said earnestly "That you are above any deceit yourself and despise it in others is natural; and yet, dear, you shouldn't be too hard and unforgiving. Even your father listened to me, and when I had explained he forgave me. I told him that at first I had pretended to be more interested in insects than I really was. I owned that, and I see now that I should have owned it to you; but I explained that I really did become interested later on.

"I told you yesterday that I was greatly interested, genuinely interested in your father's work. That was true, and I thought you believed me, Marcella."

"Oh, that!" said Marcella quickly. "It isn't that at all! You know it isn't!"

"What?" Clarence stared in blank amazement. "Then what on earth is it?"

And at this question the color for the first time came into Marcella's face—flooded it. She tried to speak with dignity, and failed.

"You—you know. I shall not tell you. You haven't any right to p-press me like this."

"I have a right to know from you what has offended you and changed your feeling toward me. You must tell me, Marcella. I love you too much to let you go without knowing and having a chance to confess or deny or explain whatever it is."

"I don't like deceit," faltered Marcella. "You told me ——"

She stopped and covered her face with her hands.

"Yes?" Clarence was pretty stern.

"This—this Mlle. Olga Nokolaska—the Russian ballet dancer that you—they all said—Mrs. Bassett and the rest—that you—you told me that you couldn't imagine a man—flirting. Oh!"

A shameful termination! Clarence had laughed—actually laughed—and what was more, he continued to laugh, and with so little restraint and so much of happy relief—pure joyousness—that Marcella somehow incomprehensibly felt the relief and the happiness conveyed to her.

"Oh, Marcella, darling!" he cried, and at that miraculously, involuntarily, Marcella turned her rosy face to him with the old sweet, shy smile. Clarence made one leap and was on the seat beside her.

"Marcella, sweetheart, just listen!" he said.

And with her hand held fast in his Marcella listened.

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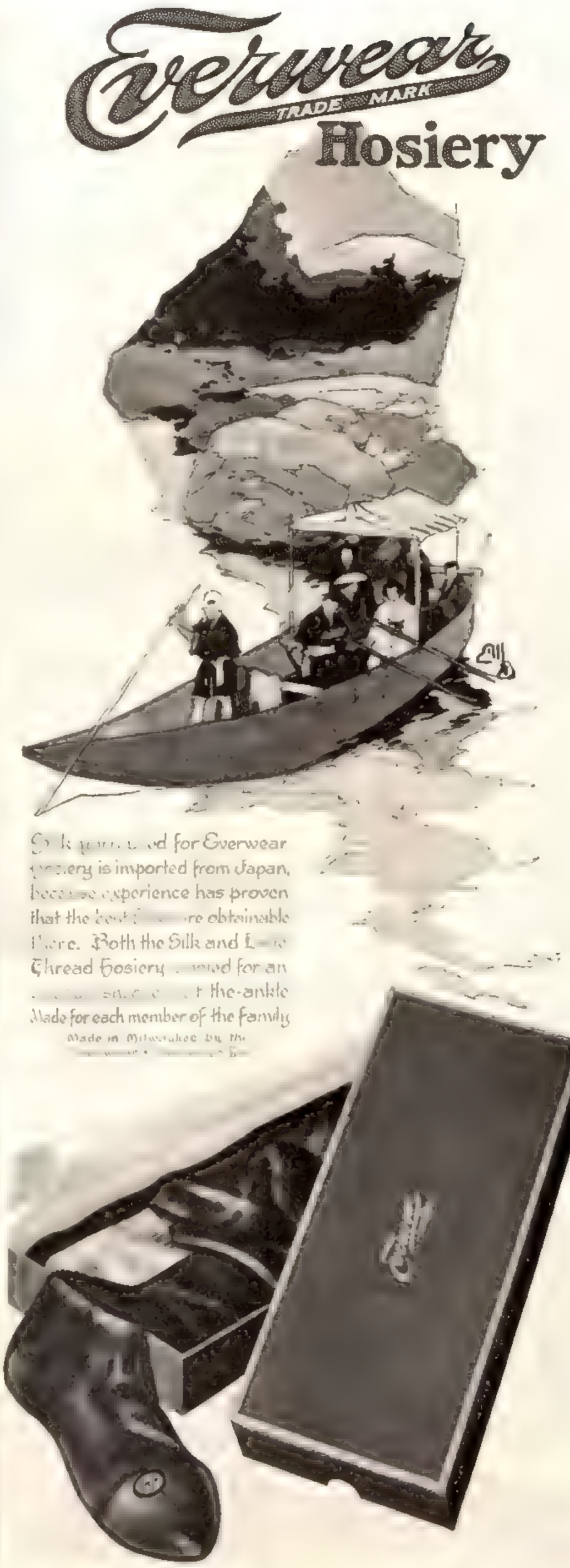

Silk yarn used for Everwear hosiery is imported from Japan, because experience has proven that the best silk is there obtainable there. Both the Silk and Lisle Thread Hosiery is made for an extra length at the ankle

Made for each member of the family

Made in Milwaukee by the

THE ANTHOLOGY OF ANOTHER TOWN

(Continued from Page 29)

pretended that he had been employed to represent Jeff. Then Judge Harlan spoke up as Aunt Hannah's lawyer, and most of the guests stood round listening to the controversy.

Aunt Hannah calls her husband "the reverender," and it seems he once told his wife that after earnest prayer he saw his sins leave him. Being asked by his wife as to how his sins looked when they departed, Jeff said they looked black, and seemed to come out of his left side and float away.

"I ain't never got rid of mine," Aunt Hannah commented, "and let him go on away and live with saints."

Joe Tull's cross-examination brought out the admission from Aunt Hannah that Jeff is affectionate and kind, but she says she just naturally can't stand his perfection. She declares that though she does not talk about the whites to other whites, she thinks she has a right to talk about them a little to her own husband, but that as soon as she begins Jeff lifts his eyebrows in a virtuous way, as though above such common things. And Aunt Hannah admits she is common, and that the reverender's goodness has at last driven her to distraction.

She left him, it seems, two weeks ago, and when Jeff went home that night Aunt Hannah called out to him from the window to go away.

"We've parted," she told him. "It's not proper for you to be hanging round here."

The white men are greatly amused because a wife should leave her husband for no other reason than that he is too good, since the main objection to married men everywhere has long been they are not good enough. So they are talking of getting up a mock trial in the police court, with Joe Tull representing Jeff and Judge Harlan representing Aunt Hannah. The white women say they will not permit the ridiculous performance, but the men are keen for it. They believe Aunt Hannah's real objection to Jeff is that he pretends to be able to read, though she grumbles some because he won't work. Aunt Hannah cannot read, and she frequently mentions the hours Jeff spent with his books when she wanted to talk. Joe Tull is particularly anxious to boast at the trial that his client, Jeff Wethersby, is not only a good man but is educated; then give him a Bible, and ask him to read the twentieth Psalm, for Joe also doubts that Jeff can read.

Aunt Hannah has frequently said: "I don't know whether he can read or not, but he surely ain't never read none to me. When I went into the house I found the reverender sitting round, but at sight of me he got his book and looked and looked at it."

Joe Tull says he believes he knows the male nature. He says that if Jeff could read, and knew his wife couldn't, he would be reading to her all the time.

So I suppose we shall have the mock trial, and my prediction is that as many women as men will attend. Human nature is much the same, whether it is hidden by skirts or pantaloons.

Ed Estes

WHEN the weather is bad there is little in this town to amuse us except to listen to Ed Estes tell about his trip abroad. During a recent rainy spell he told about visiting St. Paul's Church in London, and says he found a little man preaching in the chapel. No one was listening to the sermon, though several tourists were walking about.

"Let us," Ed heard the little man say, "pause and consider a very important point."

But Ed didn't listen any longer. He went on out with the others. He doesn't know yet what the important point was or how the preacher settled it, and doesn't believe anyone does.

Old Bill Root

OLD BILL ROOT is an untidy man and doesn't seem to know any more than the law allows. It is one of our Christian duties in this town to be patient with him, for he is a great bore.

But his daughter Harriet, sixteen years old, is as dainty and sweet as a flower. We watch his son Jack, fearing he will break a window or steal something, but Bill's daughter Harriet has exquisite manners, her complexion is naturally equal to painted, and everything she wears looks well. The dogs may bark at Harriet when she is forty, but she is a queen now.

Nate Welsh

"I HATE the yellow stuff poured over tomatoes, lettuce, and so on, and called mayonnaise dressing," said Nate Welsh. "I hate not only the taste of it but the looks of it. But from my mother on, the women I have been closely connected with have insisted that I eat it. I have told them that I do not like it; that I get along better without it—to please let me have my own way about one thing.

"Henry," the Mother Said, "What Do You Suppose This Wretched Boy Wants Now? He Wants a Shotgun!"

"But though they let me alone for a time about mayonnaise dressing, they look at me in a funny way as though they believe there is something wrong about a man beyond understanding in a pure mind and heart. And some day when there is company, and I cannot say anything, my salad appears with mayonnaise dressing on it.

"So I have finally surrendered; I have been saved. I hate mayonnaise dressing, but I eat it. I want to be satisfactory to my loved ones, but I cannot understand what difference it makes to them whether I like mayonnaise or not."

Marsh Bently

WE ARE all compelled to stand a good deal from Marsh Bently, the joker. He usually springs his jokes at a time when the victim can do nothing and is compelled to take the laugh. The other day Wes Thorne had hiccoughs, and Marsh said to him, "Wes, drink nine swallows of water and think of Edna."

Wes says he thought rapidly for a moment, and concluded to hit Marsh a wallop on the jaw. And his judgment proved good. The fact that Marsh Bently received a calling down long deserved attracted so much favorable talk that most people forgot that Wes Thorne's wife is not named Edna, but Clara.

Jud Harmon

WE HAVE in this town a man who is a model husband. Jud Harmon is rather stout in a controversy with men, but tamely submits to his wife in everything. One evening a number of people went to call at his home, and found his wife sitting on the porch. Jud was upstairs, and called down to his wife in hearing of the callers: "Melissa, did you send me upstairs to go to bed or to change my clothes and come down?"

Eph King

"IT'S this way about a husband and wife," Eph King says. "If I should walk in a lonely place with my wife, and meet a bear, her conduct would determine mine. If she showed confidence in me I would fight that bear with all the strength in me. But if Emma should lack confidence in my protection and start to run, I would beat her home."

George and Christine

LONG before the engagement of George King and Christine Donald was announced everyone knew what was in the air. The Donald dog followed George everywhere.

Lem Vorhees

LEM VORHEES is a widower, and very fat and bald, and therefore compelled to submit to three sets of very old jokes.

Mark Ford

MIGHTY little has been accomplished in town to-day. As soon as the people got out of bed this morning there was something to talk about. The office of the Weekly Times had been dynamited during the night.

The Times has had what may be called a checkered career. Ben Hall, owner of The Herald, has starved it out seven times, but on each occasion the owner of the mortgage changed the date line every Thursday and got out a few copies to preserve the franchise. Then in a few weeks a new man would come along and arrange to make another attempt to resurrect the paper.

There was nothing of much value in the office except the cylinder press, and we heard a good deal of the value of that, the owner of the mortgage saying it was good enough for a city. But the cylinder press seems to have gone last night. Whoever the miscreant was he seems to have laid his plans with particular reference to it. The explosion tore a piece out of the cylinder as big as a man's body, and the frame is in worse condition.

Where was Ben Hall, owner of The Herald, last night? Everybody asked the question early this morning. By noon it was fairly well established that Ben had no personal connection with the explosion. A hundred people will testify that he attended a meeting of the Odd Fellows' lodge until eleven P. M., there being an initiation on, and five members of his family say he returned home at that hour and slept peacefully until morning. When he heard the news he offered fifty dollars to assist in running down the culprit, saying the fair fame of the town had been tarnished. So practically no one believes Ben knows anything about the affair. He has been in the office thirty years, succeeding his father, who died ten years ago, and Ben has always been looked upon as a good citizen.

When old George Hall established The Herald I suppose he had an ambition to make it a newspaper. But one bad habit after another has been gradually added, and when the paper appears Thursday morning we get only a record of personals, obituaries, marriages, country correspondence, movie notes, propaganda and appreciation of certain citizens we all think regularly occupy too much space. The Herald prints almost no news; it hasn't room for it.

Last week five weddings were recorded, occupying a column or more each, and we hear the parties interested were not satisfied with this lavish display of society. Ben complained to Miss May Ashton, the society reporter, but Miss May said to him: "They expected more than I gave them! You may cut it, but I won't take the blame."

The editor took the bit in his teeth for once, and actually cut the description of Miss Fanny Moore's wedding to a column, as the four others occupied only that amount of space. But in his attempt at reform he slipped into deep water. He accidentally cut out the few lines giving the name of the bridegroom, and members of his family were furious.

When there happens to be an item in town, and The Herald has space for brief mention of it, usually someone interested goes to the editor and begs him to keep it out. When George Henley committed suicide his widow begged the editor not to distress her and the children needlessly by laying the horrible particulars before the whole world, and as Ben has a good heart he kept the item out. He said in explanation that everybody knew about the suicide anyway.

But that week he printed the inaugural address of Sam Whaley as grand master of the Good Templar's lodge. Years ago Ben printed a similar address, one he thought particularly good, and ever since has been forced to continue the custom.

Likewise, years ago, he printed a bit of poetry he admired in connection with an obituary, and ever since no obituary has been complete without verses. Every family has a favorite poem, and when there is a death relatives call at The Herald office and tell what they want done the same as they call at the undertaker's. And Ben, the editor, is forced by precedent to grant their demands, which usually include an appreciation of the deceased by their pastor.

So it has gone in weddings, country correspondence, in personals, in church notices for years. The Herald has carried a weekly notice of the meeting place of Class A of the Brick Church, as well as announcements of services, prayer meetings, sociables, and so on. Ben began wrong. In trying to make friends for The Herald years ago by

(Concluded on Page 73)

Come On, Folks! Your Pancakes Are Ready!

And such pancakes! Made in a minute, too. A little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, a dash of water, a thorough beating—and they're ready for the hot griddle.

Pancakes made from Pillsbury's Pancake Flour have a tantalizing fragrance and a delightful flavor that bring back your out-door appetite—no matter where you are.

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Ask your dealer for them. If he cannot supply you, please send us his name and we can stock him, for our distribution is national.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

The Wilson label protects your table

(Concluded from Page 70)

printing complimentary and free items he finally ruined it.

It is the custom of the country correspondents to mention the name of every subscriber for the paper at least once every three months, and usually these mentions are no more important than that the parties were in town the Saturday before.

When there is a wedding in town Miss May Ashton, the society reporter of The Herald, is compelled to go to the home of the bride to get particulars. One of our amusements here is to hear Miss May tell of the high-and-mighty way in which brides treat her. If the wedding is in the country Miss May is compelled to hire a horse and buggy, and the office pays the bill. People will bring in funeral notices, but they demand the personal attendance of Miss May when there is a wedding.

All local propaganda begins in The Herald. Ben Hall usually speaks well of the people, except that he is always grumbling at them because they do not give more to funds in which Ben himself does not believe. Ben and his associates are completely worn out by the system they have built up. But the system has become so thoroughly established that they are afraid to break away from it.

Tom Haley, local editor, says he believes the people like what The Herald prints, because there is so much in it to make fun of. Everyone on the paper seems to admire Mark Ford, editor of The Times, who had a different policy.

By supper time it developed that Mark had left town, leaving a note to the owner of the mortgage that he would not be back.

"I owe everybody," the note read, "and I will try and get a start elsewhere."

As to Mark Ford, of The Times, I will mainly quote what his late opponent says. After it became known that Mark was gone, and that The Times press was damaged beyond repair, Ben Hall talked freely and with surprising candor.

"Mark Ford," Ben said, "was a real newspaper man."

He printed the news fairly and accurately. When there was a wedding or a funeral he gave such particulars as were of moment, but no more. He abused no one, but printed the news. The other opposition editors abused The Herald, and the squabbles of the papers became very tiresome, but Mark Ford let The Herald alone. He printed the news, however, and it is surprising how much he managed to pick up in our quiet community. Ben Hall confesses now that when the first issue of The Times appeared under the management of Mark Ford he thought The Herald was ruined. Ben says The Times was exactly such a paper as he has always desired to run.

Todd Whitmore, who set type on The Times, says the office was always full of people who offered free notices such as The Herald used, but that Mark courteously told them he was determined to run the paper in his own way; that he was trying to get away from the system of Ben Hall and The Herald, believing the people would in time appreciate a real newspaper.

A horse trainer who came to town offered Mark a half column announcing a free exhibition on the streets the following Saturday, and when Mark refused it the horse trainer was astounded. He said he had been everywhere almost, and never before had a newspaper refused his modest requests; that all other papers gladly printed his preliminary notices free.

The members of the committee which managed the last money-raising campaign also hounded Mark Ford, demanding that he contribute space as generously as The Herald had done. But Mark replied that he knew his policy was unusual and would excite bitter criticism but he was determined to print only the news, and see what would come of it.

I suppose he knows now. The cylinder of his press lies on one side of the street and the frame on the other, and inside the office is a scene of confusion I have never seen equaled. Todd Whitmore says it is all up with The Times, after its years of trying.

There is an old and idle newspaper outfit at Centerville. Probably it will be brought here by someone, but it is safe to say the new editor will not try the experiment of printing the news.

Housen Armsby

HOUSEN ARMSBY, the school-teacher, is always quoting classical things, and some of them are pretty good. He says at the siege of Troy, one of the besiegers was a noted strong man who was always fighting men smaller than himself. This strong man challenged the Trojans to send out a representative to meet him in single combat for the amusement of the two armies.

The Trojans happened to have a man about the size of the challenger, and sent him out. At sight of him the hero took to his heels, and though he was counted the swiftest of men, the Trojan was compelled to chase him three times round the walls of Troy before he finally caught and whipped him.

Mrs. Gus Hahn

I AM of the opinion that there never was a man who amounted even to a little who did not become more or less famous. But thousands of remarkable women live and die without any attention being paid them. There is the case of Mrs. Gus Hahn. Her husband and sons are noted in a modest way, but few seemed to know there was a Mrs. Gus Hahn until she died—and she was about the best one in the lot.

Gus came from the Old Country when his seven children were all little, and after getting a start here sent for his family They came on a sailing ship, and were six weeks at sea. The storms were so bad that they feared for a time they would never see Gus again, but Mrs. Hahn finally arrived at the depot, her children well and looking neat and clean. She couldn't speak the language, but was so capable she managed to find the way here.

That was thirty years ago, and since then she has been about the busiest and most capable woman I have ever known. The five boys are all doing well. Three of them own the ice plant, and long after they were men grown their mother carried their dinner to them every day. Two other sons are in banks and well thought of. Both the daughters married well, and are good women, but like their mother attract little attention.

Mrs. Hahn was the flower of the family, and the frailest, but was never heard to complain. When her children were little they were never late at school, and all of them respected and minded her after they were grown, she was so capable. Such tremendous energy I never saw. Her garden was the town marvel in summer, and old Gus and the boys got the credit; but she was entitled to it. They had been gardeners in the old country, and she knew more about gardening and work than Gus did.

After her husband became old and was helped by his children he drank a little too much. When his wife died three months ago it was discovered she had saved up a special sum for him, fearing he might want for something in his old age. Old Gus knew nothing about it, and when the banker gave him the money he was greatly affected.

Gus still lives in the old home, his children looking after him with great faithfulness. I went over to see him the other evening, as he is a kindly man, and he showed me his wife's picture hanging in the parlor. He dusted the portrait tenderly, and after looking at it a while he said to me: "If mamma had been here things would be different."

A swelling has lately developed in one of old Gus' ankles, and he believes if mamma were here she would know something to do; and she was so wonderful that I believe she would.

Elder Morton

A TALL man wearing a long, shiny coat of a fashion common twenty years ago stepped off the train at the depot last week. He also wore a plug hat of an old style, long, faded whiskers, and carried a carpet satchel. People wondered what he had come for, and soon found out. He was looking for an argument on baptism, and Elder Morton accommodated him.

Pike's Peak From Mt. Crest Crags, Pike National Forest, Colorado

Do you swear at your Shaving Brush-or by it?

DO you ever have to halt your morning shave—stop traffic—while you paw around in the lather on your face for a loose bristle from your shaving brush?

About three or four of those stops per shave, and a man's temper gets busy.

Does your shaving brush shed?

Or is it an Ever-Ready brush with bristles that CAN'T come out—bristles that are sunk, moulded, cast, and stuck everlastingly in a vice-like vulcan grip, which neither time nor the tide of a thousand soakings can affect. CAN'T is the word; they simply can't come out.

The parrot may d——n it because they won't come out; you'll never d——n it because they do.

Another point in regard to shaving brushes: have you ever dived down into one of them to see how it is made—and found a plug or wedge in the bottom of the bush of bristles, which enables the manufacturer to get away with putting in about half as many bristles as he ought to?

Well, a lot of shaving brushes are made *that way*. *False measure* brushes, we call them.

They may look all right at the store. But after a few shaves there's nothing to them but a lean, lank, lonesome, wilted wisp. And you have to dip and re-dip and whirl 'em and work 'em, and put on more and more soap, in order to get up a good lather.

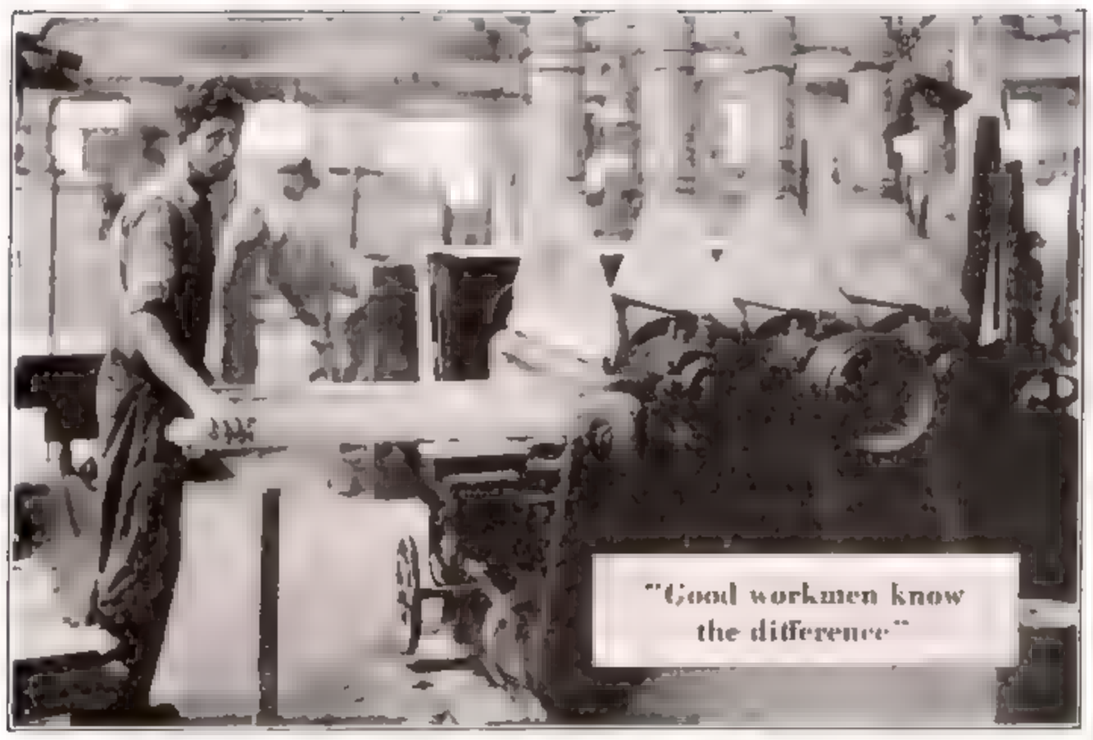
The Ever-Ready, on the other hand, is a brush without a plug—it's a big bountiful bushy brush, thick, full, generous, honest—a regular Seven Sutherland Sister of a brush.

It will hold a wagonload of lather, and increase tenfold the joy of your shave.

It's such a pleasure to wield the Ever-Ready brush that you really find yourself lathering longer, and that's one of the big secrets of shaves that supersatisfy.

30c to $7.50—Sold the world over.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.



A Straight Line is—etc. Q. E. D.

"You'll wish you had a Ford," said the gatekeeper. And I did.

Long before I finished my trip through the Showers Brothers Company's great furniture plant at Bloomington, Indiana, I was fagged and footsore. But interesting? The Showers factory has it on any circus for interest.

The plant stretches straight away from North to South. A straight line is the shortest distance between two points. And that's how this company makes furniture—in a straight line—from North to South. Logs at the North end, chiffonniers or something at the South. No waste motion—straight line production.

"We'll take the same route a log does," said the human Arithmetic who was acting as guide, "and we won't back-track a single step."

Then he threw in his clutch. "Factory grounds, 69 acres; yearly consumption of lumber, 24,000,000 feet; our own forest; our own mirror plant; our own veneer plant; 25,000,000 feet of veneers a year; a finished piece of furniture every 40 seconds!" His record of statistics turned all through the trip.

We stopped in the sanding room. Here a crew of big Six-Drum Sanders whirred busily as their fast-cutting drums finished and smoothed the constant stream of wooden parts.

"Some speed here," I ventured. "Got to be to keep up," replied one of the Drum Sander operators—Ezra Hamilton, his name turned out to be.

"How do we do it? Straight line stuff right through. If it's a question of tools the boss gets after the fellow using 'em. 'What's the best abrasive belt made?' he asked me about two years ago. 'Well, I dunno,' I began, 'but I guess ——' 'Don't guess. Find out. Try 'em all,' he came back. Well, I made tests and ——" He pointed to the fast-cutting drums covered with Manning Speed-grits, and to the Manning Speed-grits belts which help Showers' sanding department to keep up to one finished piece of furniture every 40 seconds.

"There's the answer."

* * * * * * * * *

If you want to know what tools are right, ask the man who uses them. Whether it's saws or sandpapers—

Good workmen know the difference.

Send today for "The Difference Book." Address the Manning Abrasive Co., Factory and Laboratory, Troy, N. Y. Sales offices in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco and other principal cities. Look for Manning Abrasive Co. in your telephone book.

Manning Speed-grits

Look for this trade-mark on the back of every sheet, belt or disc.

Manning Speed-grits
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Don't say sandpaper—say Speed-grits

THE RINGER

(Continued from Page 9)

which a stormy pork-and-beans career had robbed of any racial or other shape.

Everything was serene. Indeed everything was too serene. Even the nonsuperstitious Barney realized that. He fidgeted as he and Mule sat in the club car waiting for the ten-fifty-five train to start. But it failed to start. Presently a trainman came through the car and said something about a hot box or a flawed piston bar and added an assurance that they would pull out of St. Louis in a few minutes now. But they did not.

At last—a long last—a man next to Mule glanced at his watch and said to the world at large: "Five minutes past twelve. Guess I'll turn in."

Mule was on his feet, his pale little eyes abulge.

"Five minutes past twelve!" he repeated accusingly to Barney. "That means it's Friday morning. I don't start nowheres on a Friday—not for a fight anyhow. I'm going to ——"

The jolt of the starting train and the tug of Barney's detaining hand yanked him back into his seat, and the journey began—on a Friday.

All Barney Falk's eloquence and more than half the long southerly journey were consumed in the lulling of Mule's mordant superstitions. Not until the sight of the noisily welcoming throng at Oleopolis railroad station shifted his mind to less gloomy channels did Mule cease to brood at intervals over the omen.

The next week or so was spent pleasantly enough. Mule was the hero of the hour. His impromptu training quarters were crowded with admirers who watched with awe as he punched the bag in scamping fashion or sparred a lazy round or two with his one handler. Barney, too, shone with reflected glory.

Then the bunch of Eastern papers that reached Oleopolis on the morning of June twenty-sixth brought new thought food to the happy manager. Athwart the front pages was blazoned the news of a wholesale tie-up of all main railway lines east of the Mississippi. The companies were firm in refusing to grant the strikers' demands. The men announced that they would stay out until doomsday unless they should get what they asked for. In the meantime matters were at deadlock and the east-to-west traffic arteries were clogged.

To Barney Falk these direful matters were of only academic interest. In a day or so at most the tie-up was certain to break. He felt scarce a momentary twinge of worry when he received later in the day this message from Hart:

"How am I to get Bad Bill Sullivan out there if trains not running?"

So petty did this query seem to Barney that he made flippant answer—collect:

"That's up to you. You've contracted to get him here."

He knew Hart for a man of his word—such as that word was. He knew, too, that Hart would sooner lose his eyeteeth than a clear profit of four hundred dollars. Wherefore Barney decided to let Saffron do the worrying and the scheming.

The town and the prairie crossroads and the oil derricks and fences were billed big with announcements of the fight. Mule Sherrod in four colors and a martial attitude glared down upon the passing world from numberless eight-sheet posters. So to only a lesser degree did Bad Bill Sullivan.

As no authentic likeness of Bad Bill was procurable at such short notice, Barney had brought with him from East St. Louis the most noncommittal picture in all his assortment of professional photos. It was one he had treasured for many years. It was an amateur snapshot and depicted Tom Sharkey at eighteen. The thing looked as much like one young pugilist as like a hundred others—providing all were Irish.

This he had turned over to the Oleopolis poster people with the information that the hair was to be scarlet and the trunks green and that the nondescript handkerchief belt was to be retouched into an Irish flag. Quarters were fitted up for the impending Bad Bill in the basement of the rehabilitated bull ring, where also was Barney Falk's temporary office.

Barney had surmounted his own troubles so masterfully that he began to feel a mild and brotherly interest in the troubles of his fellow magnates, the railroad presidents, and he read daily the reports of the strike. After the second day he lost his poise of aloof pity and scanned the news columns with brow-puckered worry. The strike was not dying out. It was spreading. It had stretched its sticky fingers north, south and west and under its touch the myriad wheels came to a halt. Freight trains—miles of them—choked the sidings and banked up outside the yards. Perishable food by the hundred tons proceeded to prove its birthright to the term "perishable." Travel was at a standstill. A few thousand railway employees were trying to discipline their chiefs and, as usual, nearly a hundred million people were paying the bill.

Barney Falk paid his share of that same bill by hourly increasing worry. He called himself a fool for worrying. Then three days before the fight he telegraphed Hart, saying tactfully:

"We are expecting Sullivan as per schedule to-morrow noon."

On the morning of July second came the answering wire:

"Could not send Sullivan or anyone else. How could I when there's no trains running west out of New York?"

It took a bare five minutes for Barney Falk's brain to shake off its blank horror and to strip for action. It took another hour of frantic questioning and of long-distance telephoning to prove to that same tortured brain of his that there was no earthly way of rushing a substitute fighter down from St. Louis or from any other section of the map. He had sent to New York in the first place to make certain of finding a man who would go unrecognized by the Middle Western contingent at Oleopolis.

Now slinging caution into the discard, he sought feverishly for any middleweight from any part of the West.

But professional middleweights do not blossom broadcast within reaching distance of Oleopolis, Texas, and so high was the excitement over Bad Bill that Barney dared not advertise for a local amateur to take the absentee's place. These oilmen were mighty free with their cash, but they demanded worth-while results for it. They were not going to hand out five thousand dollars for the privilege of watching one of their fellow townsmen hammered to a pulp by a state champion. They wanted to see a fight—not a massacre.

And Barney Falk groaned in spirit. Then he groaned aloud. Five thousand dollars—in that dull season and with so many states framing antifight laws—meant a lot to the thrifty little manager. Barney had laid out the bulk of his advance one thousand dollars in a tempting series of bets among Oleopolis' flush and patriotic Irishmen. He was close to the edge now. But once more Falk's gallant brain went into action.

It would never do to tell Mule that his opponent was not going to show up and that they were all but broke. Already every time the Gusher-Hotel steaks were tough or the dust made him sneeze the fighter harped dolorously back to the tale of their starting on Friday, and the sight of a fantastically oil-spattered burro in the street had involved an hour's gloomy mental effort to connect the luckless beast's appearance in some way with the leopard of his dream. No, it would never do to tell Mule until every chance had failed.

Into Oleopolis—by car, by buckboard, on horseback and afoot—the holiday crowd was seeping. With it came the army of cheap-Jacks and venders and leather workers. With it at noon on July second drifted Señor Junipero Tejada.

Tejada had journeyed far and had seen much since leaving his Orizaba birthplace thirty years earlier. He had been everything from muleteer in the Sierras to sheep herder in Tehama County. Then, tiring of day labor, he had traveled for three years with a circus, enacting successively such high rôles as Zulu assagai thrower and Arab sheik and even Choctaw dispatch rider. Thence he had worked as handy man round the Pastime Athletic Club in East St. Louis and later with a medicine show and, last of all, as "utility" in a barnstorming troupe which had stranded that week in a town thirty-five miles northeast of Oleopolis.

(Continued on Page 76)

CYCLONE FENCE

SAFE STORAGE SPACE

Cyclone Fence makes your factory grounds a safe depository for costly supplies—protects your thousands of dollars invested in fuel, lumber, raw materials, and finished factory products.

Cyclone Fence prevents thefts, reduces fire risk, lowers insurance cost, prevents interference with employees, increases efficiency of workmen and watchmen; soon saves its cost.

Let us know your property protection problems. Our engineers will analyze your fence requirements without charge. Literature and specifications furnished on request.

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Phone, wire or write Main Offices, Waukegan, Ill., or Branch Offices nearest you.

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Factories: Waukegan, Ill., Cleveland, O., Fort Worth, Texas

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President Suspenders
for comfort
The President guarantee of satisfaction or money back, attached to each pair, is our bond to wearer and dealer.
Every pair guaranteed
Be sure the name President or Shirley President is on the buckle.
Made at Shirley Massachusetts

(Continued from Page 74)

Hearing of the wide-heralded Fourth of July festivities at Oleopolis, he had tramped the ties to reach the scene of such money wasting. Junipero Tejada was spurred thither by another incentive too. He had read that Barney Falk was at Oleopolis as manager for Mule. Though Tejada had left his Pastime-Athletic-Club job before Mule shifted from coal cart to ring, yet he had had a slight acquaintance with Barney in the latter's lean days. And now in Falk's zenith of wealth and fame there might perhaps be some lucrative job on tap for an old acquaintance, something at the very least which should tide over the present zero hour.

Wherefore as Barney sat huddled low in the desk chair of his impromptu office under the bull ring, head in hands, that noon, a swarthy and dust-powdered man broke in upon his miserable solitude. The visitor was lugging a disreputable big satchel and he hailed the manager in flawlessly accentless English.

Now Barney had full sense of his own lofty social position. Though he prided himself on being democratic, yet his goodfellowship ordinarily would not have included a down-at-heel greaser whom he recalled as a mere roustabout in the good old club back home. But just now he could have embraced a deputy sheriff if the officer chanced to be a link between home and this place, where the net was closing so tight. So he greeted Tejada with something close to effusion.

The Mexican too had gone far without kindness. The ways, of late, had been made bumpy for him. This friendly welcome went to his emotional heart. In no time at all the two men were chatting like long-parted chums.

The clamoring urge for sympathy and the need for someone to tell his troubles to smashed down Barney Falk's reserve hedge. In lamentable tones he told the visitor of the cruel trap Fate had been setting and springing for himself and the unwitting Mule.

Junipero Tejada sat on the corner of the desk, prodding his swollen satchel with one dusty foot and rolling cigarettes with one grimy hand while he listened to the jeremiad. There were real tears in the liquid black eyes he bent upon the forlornly pudgy little form in the chair and he punctuated Barney's recital with tongue sounds like those made by a hen that wants to set.

The bare mention of such a sum as five thousand dollars stirred Tejada to the soul, and the fact that anyone on earth should come so near winning it as had Barney, only to lose the golden hope, was enough to wring the Mexican's heartstrings. Seldom has grievance been aired to so keenly sympathetic a hearer, and Barney's ulcerated feelings calmed under the poultice of clucks and tears.

As he finished his tale Falk even expanded to the point of giving Tejada a large cigar—the first that had fallen to the down-and-outer's lot for weeks—and the manager thereby won for himself adoration as well as sympathy. This dual emotion burgeoned forth into words.

"If it was anything else!" exclaimed Tejada. "If it was rope work, if it was steer tumbling, if it was jumping into a part like Simon Legree or Levison or Marks the lawyer, if it was horse wrangling, if——"

"Well," demanded the mystified Falk, "what if it was? Not that that has anything to do with——"

"Why," explained Tejada, "if it was any of them things I could whirl in and help you out, don't you see? But fighting—I couldn't last out ten rounds to save me. I haven't had the gloves on in five years, and I wasn't ever good enough with them for even a high-class prelim. Besides, my heart and my wind are all——"

"Too bad!" cut in Barney with ponderous sarcasm. "Because if it wasn't for that we could easy work you in as a ringer. I e'd introdooce you by saying: 'Genta, this here coffee-faced, black-haired, black-eyed brunet may look to you a whole heap like he's a greaser. Some of you maybe might even think he'd be likely to pack a name like Hoonippero Teehadda, but you're wrong—dead wrong—and you're color blind too. This lad is a red-headed Irishman named Bad Bill Sullivan. If some gent in the audience will kindly holler *Erin go bragh* in Spanish, Bad Bill will bow his thanks in behalf of the corner of Ireland that was once a part of Spain.' Why, greaser, they'd chase us both so far we'd discover a new street! I take it kind that you're wishing you could help me out, but——"

"I played parts last season lots of times that called for 'ruddy to blond,'" Tejada defended himself, stung by this slur on his coloring. "It's all in the make-up. And Marks the lawyer is red-haired too. I played that twice last week. Give me half an hour with my make-up box here," with an explanatory kick at the satchel, "and my Marks wig, and you'd never know where I come from. It might be Ireland or it might be Jersey."

"H'm!" answered Barney, not much impressed by his visitor's protean powers. "But that don't get me no further in my mess of toad pie."

"It would if I could box for ten rounds," persisted Tejada. "I could go on in an Irish make-up, and nobody'd be wiser if they didn't get close up to me and see the paint. That arena up yonder has a lot of room in it. Even the box holders could get a yarn that I'd greased my face because the sun down here is so hot it burns me. But what's the use jabbering? I can't box ten rounds. I'd fall apart before the tenth. And I don't need work bad enough to let myself be chawed up by a champ. Say, Mr. Falk, I dropped round here to-day thinking maybe you could give me a job of some kind. But I reckon it's no time to be pestering you when you're feeling so blue. I'll just be going. Glad to have seen you again. I wisht I could help you out. So long."

He held out a bronzed hand. Barney did not take it. The manager was looking up at him with filmed eyes. His mouth corners were twisting. He was thinking. He was thinking overtime, his mind racing like a runaway engine.

"So long!" said Tejada again, hurt at the refusal to shake hands.

He moved toward the door. A sharp hail from Barney called him back. But when he had returned, wondering and still offended, the manager did not speak at once.

He sat there studying the Mexican from every angle, lips and chin quivering with the intensity of his thought.

Then, "That fool wig you was bragging about!" he exploded. "It'd come off in the first clinch or the first glancing head blow would send it a-skittering into the boxes."

"In a fight?" queried the puzzled Tejada, casting back in his memory for some connection between the managerial outburst and anything that had gone before. "Yes—probably, unless my head was shaved and I had it glued on. I used to do that with my wild-man wig when I wrestled with the bear at Merriam's, and it never came off. But I am not fighting, so what does that matter? You called me back. What did you want?"

"It's to be at night of course," rumbled on Barney, unheeding, "and under the arc lights of course and all that. Still that make-up idea is fool talk."

Another moment or so of self-communion followed. Then Barney's burdened mind found vent in words.

"I've heard of a lot of crazy stunts," he announced, "but none of 'em as crazy as this. Just the same, I win a fifty-to-one bet once on the Metropolitan, and it's less than fifty to one we can pull this thing off, with a bunch of amachoors like these oil folks. Half of 'em is due to be parboiled by that time of night, too, on a holiday; and there ain't another man I can git for love or money that they wouldn't recognize. I brought Spider Cahill down here with me to handle the big feller. Spider's as close-mouthed as a clam that's been Burbanked to an oyster. He e'd take care of you. You e'd be kep' out o' sight down here for a s'prise till you went into the ring and——"

But Junipero Tejada was backing away in frightened little steps.

"If you mean you want me to put on a red wig and make up blond and get into the ring with that bruiser for ten rounds——" he sputtered.

"No, no, son! Keep your shirt on!" adjured Barney, warming to his own forlorn-hope plan as the other shrank from it. "No, no! Don't go misjudging me wrong. I'm not aiming to have you spoiled up, and I'm not aiming to have Mule wear himself out with a real fight. I got him down here by giving him my word it wasn't to be a fight, but only just a set-up—a friendly bout with a fake knock-out in the tenth round—not a real blow hit all through—just hippodrome. You'd be worse hurt in a tussle with a ten-year-old kid than in a friendly go with Mule. He——"

"I couldn't last ten rounds!" declared Tejada. "Not even with a ten-year-old child. My wind——"

"All right," interrupted Barney with a sigh as he renounced part of his program to Fate, "it can go four rounds then. The crowd won't git as much for its money, but it will look straight to them. Four rounds it is. I'll have Spider rehearse you in one or two grand-stand stunts and in your knock-out fall and I'll coach Mule to——"

"Nothing doing!" insisted Tejada, backing again.

"There," cried the ingenuous Barney, "I clean forgot to say this favor would be worth an even hundred to me!"

Tejada ceased to back away. His cash assets were ninety-two cents and he was hungry. Moreover, he craved the luxury of a soft bed and a night's rest in comfortable quarters. He had come to doubt of late if as much money as a hundred dollars was still in circulation. Yet though he ceased to back away, he did not advance.

Eying Barney in coy indecision, he said: "You told me you was going to pay the other Bad Bill Sullivan four hundred dollars."

Then began a spirited and brilliant argument, at whose breathless close Barney grunted: "Two hundred and found it is! Here's the twenty dollars' advance. Now strip to the waist and dig out that make-up box and the wig while I chase round and locate Spider Cahill—and keep remembering what I told you. This here is just a friendly four-round bout with a bunch of hippodrome stuff in it to catch the rubes. Do your end of it right and we'll clean up yet. I'll be back in a minute."

The next forty-eight hours were busy for Barney and Cahill and the Mexican. Down beneath the bull ring they worked industriously. Step by step the manager and the handler coached Tejada in his rôle, and he was gratifyingly swift to learn. Three years as a barnstormer had made him quick study. There were divers artistic experiments too in the effects produced on brown skin by one blend after another of grease paints.

From the first Barney had decided against letting Mule into the secret. So bizarre a bit of news was quite enough to set the fighter to dreaming, and heaven alone knew what superstition train it might start. Moreover, Mule was anything but close-mouthed. Falk had enough bothers on his hands without Mule's adding to them.

To the press—in the form of Oleopolis' two reporters—announcement was made that Bad Bill Sullivan had reached town on midnight of July second, having made the trip from New York in his own hard-driven motor car in order not to disappoint his Irish compatriots. The long exposure of his tender skin to the sun glare of the Southwest had given the fighter an agonizing case of sunburn and he was therefore resting up for the fight in seclusion, smeared from head to foot in cold cream. It might even be necessary for him to enter the ring thus anointed. Despite his pain and discomfort, he sent, through Manager Falk, a message to Oleopolis at large that he would be ready on the night of July fourth to put up the fight of his life and that he intended to wrest the state championship title from its bearer if it killed him to do it.

This plucky bulletin from the sufferer was received with wild acclaim by the fans and the betting odds shifted from six to four on Mule to even money. The Irish saw to that.

Barney explained to Mule that the sunburn part of the yarn was true, and that the newcomer was actually in anguish. Because of this affliction Bad Bill had persuaded Falk to change the proposed ten rounds to four and to entreat Mule to go easy with him. Mule Sherrod smiled at this plea—his first smile since he had left St. Louis. Gladly he agreed to the proposition, and with something like a light heart he went through the rehearsal of his required hippodrome stunts. He even offered to rehearse with Bad Bill himself.

But Barney vetoed this, saying with a headshake of compassion: "The poor stiff's scared enough of you as it is without seeing you beforehand. He keeps making me promise three times an hour that you'll go light with him. For the love of Mike, nurse him along the first three rounds. We don't want him to queer ev'rything by jumping through the ropes before the

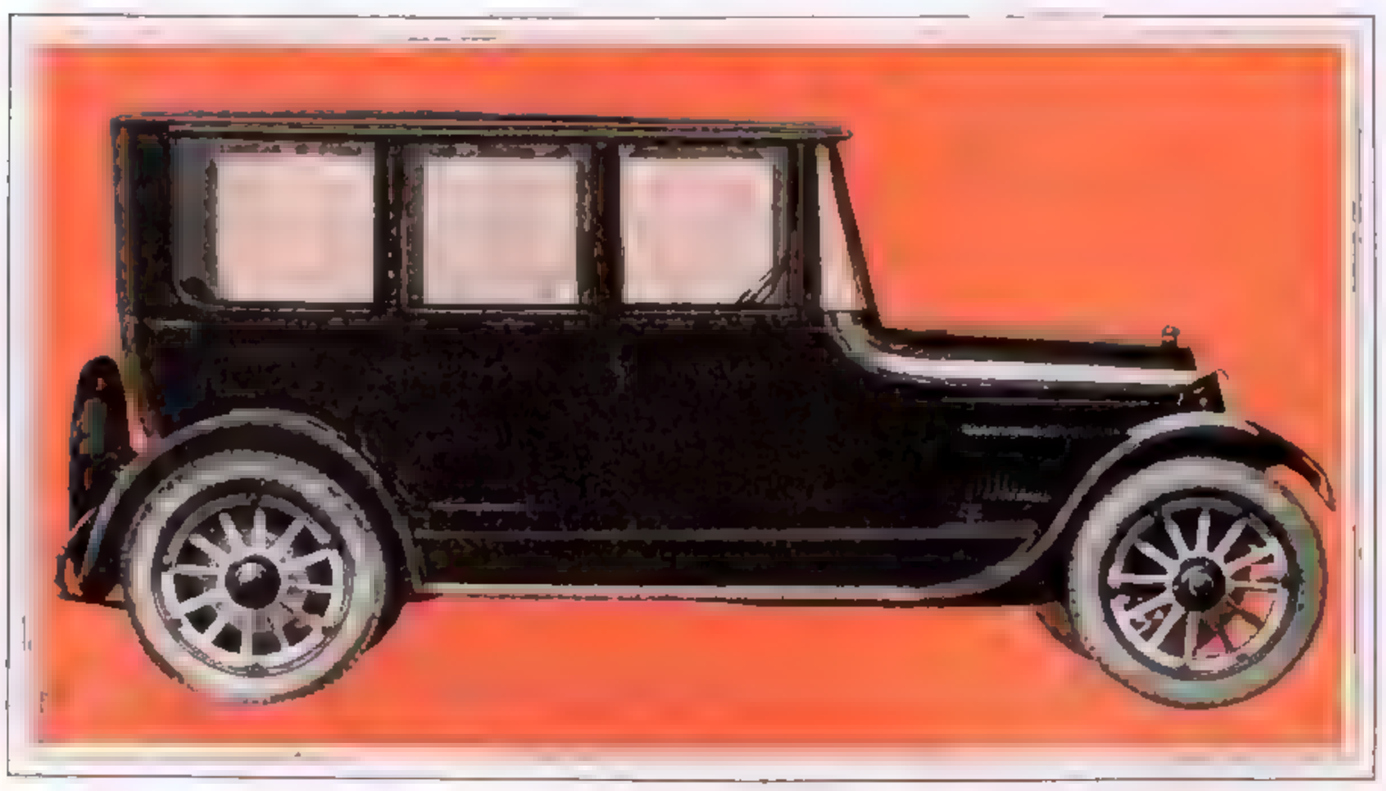
(Concluded on Page 79)

REO

Sedan Time Is Here

Seasoned motorists have learned that Sedan Time is all the time. That the season in which the closed car is ideal is—all seasons. ¶ These have learned that when Old Sol is pouring his rays directly from above, the solid roof affords as grateful protection as do the glass sides in winter. ¶ But we would remind those who still look upon the closed car as necessary only nine months in the year, that—summer is gone. ¶ Folks are returning from the country and seashore. The children will soon be back in school. These modern signs presage the coming of Fall storms and Winter cold. ¶ You, like most other motorists, have said many times, "My next car will be a closed car." ¶ And if you have ever owned a Reo of any model, you have considered no other make for your next—your closed car. ¶ Once a Reo owner, always a Reo enthusiast. ¶ This new Reo Six Sedan was made to measure for you. ¶ It was designed and built for the select Reo clientele—experienced, fastidious motorists all. ¶ The silent, perfectly balanced, sweet running motor is matched in quality by the hand-wrought aluminum body. ¶ No drumming, no noise, no vibration to detract from the harmony of design and finish and equipment. ¶ A ride in this new Reo Sedan is the quintessence of luxury. ¶ Marshall springs in the cushions add their quota of comfort to the perfectly balanced Chassis, while the upholstering of silk velour and fittings of Sterling silver add the last touch of beauty and elegance. ¶ You will find your heart's desire in this new Reo Six Sedan. ¶ Demand, always greater than the possible supply—for we can't make such cars in millions and maintain the quality—is today greater than ever. ¶ Only way to be at all sure of getting a Reo Sedan for early delivery is to see your Reo distributor and place your order at once. ¶ Today—won't be a minute too soon.

U. S. Royal Cord Tires are Standard Equipment on all Passenger Models



Four-Passenger Coupe, Finished in Silk Velours or Leather.

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A VERY economical roof for all kinds of steep-roofed buildings is Barrett Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing.

This famous plain-surface roll roofing is inexpensive in initial cost, can be laid without skilled labor, and requires only an occasional painting in after years. It is made of carefully selected materials by an organization of over fifty years' roofing experience.

It is one of the most popular roofings for factories, farms and other buildings having *steep roofs*.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing is another widely used roll roofing. Its surface of red or green crushed slate gives it a distinctive appearance, renders it highly fire-resistant, adds to its durability and makes painting unnecessary.

For residences, school-houses, churches and similar buildings, Barrett Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Shingles afford durable and artistic coverings at moderate cost. They are surfaced with real crushed slate in a beautiful tone of red or green.

The four styles of Barrett Everlastic Roofings are briefly described at the right. Illustrated booklets of each style will be sent free on request.

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Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing. The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. Very durable. Requires no painting. Nails and cement in each roll.

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(Concluded from Page 76)

wind-up. He understands he ain't to lay the weight of more'n a slap on you too."

The Fourth of July boxing carnival began with no less than three ten-round preliminary bouts. Barney had no concern in these. The entertainment committee had arranged for them. They were waged among youths of the town who aspired to fistic fame. The only outsider was a featherweight from Waco.

The third preliminary ended in a creditable and cheer-punctuated knock-out in the seventh round and the crowd, well warmed up, prepared to revel in the main event of the evening—the championship fight between the redoubtable Mule Sherrod and Bad Bill Sullivan, the hope of Ireland. The spectators, tier on tier, sat forward, collarless, coatless, hatless, puffing at pipe or cigar in nervous suspense or swigging the wares of the swarm of soft-drink venders. All eyes were gripping the low door in the south end of the arena.

Then after a tedious wait feet stopped shuffling and catcall whistles fell silent. As the town clock boomed ten the door swung wide and two men emerged. The foremost—shirt-sleeved and laden with pail and bottle and towels—was Barney Falk. Behind him strode majestically the red-bath-robed form of Mule Sherrod, middleweight champion of Missouri.

Mule, after a hot argument, had consented to waive his championship prerogative of entering the ring last. Barney had told him Bad Bill's nerve was already crumbling and would assuredly go to smash if he were kept sitting alone in the glare of the arc lights waiting for his terrible foe. Thus by diplomacy did the manager avoid giving the audience an overlong chance to inspect the Erinized Mexican.

A storm of cheers smote upon the gratified ears of Mule as he swaggered to the ring and ducked through the ropes. Unattended except by his manager, he stood bowing right and left in response to the plaudits, his gaunt body as graceful in its undulations as the rising and falling of an oil derrick.

The referee—a one hundred and fifty dollar importation from Houston—stepped back into the ring. The timekeeper tested nervously his hand bell. The cheering died down and the thousands of avid eyes turned again toward the small door in the arena's south end. So may the vestals and Augustans and plebs and the rest of the sweating and gaudy Colosseum throng have clawed with their glances at the iron-bound gate whence lions or gladiators were about to issue into the space of sand and blood. For human nature—fight-loving nature—changes nothing but its clothes and its language through the wide rift of the centuries.

This time there was no dramatic stage wait. With businesslike briskness the door flew open. Out stalked Spider Cahill, bearing his principal's paraphernalia of bottle, pail and towels. At his heels came the sun-kissed Bad Bill Sullivan. At sight of the green-striped bath robe that engulfed everything but head and upper face a second burst of cheers shook the ramshackle old adobe structure. And now mingled with the throaty Anglo-Saxon shouts shrilled the keening battle yell of the Celt. Hundreds of vehement Irishmen pounded the swaying bleachers with their heels and sent to the skies their high-pitched howls of acclamation.

Midway to the ring Bad Bill Sullivan paused. He bowed low to either side with courtierlike obeisance. Then, rising to his full height, he kissed both hands to his admirers.

The torrent of shouts ebbed with as much suddenness as though each and every shouter had been kicked with much violence in the exact center of the stomach. The Irishmen stared at one another and then at their compatriot in frowning surprise. Not thus had they ever known any son of Erin to acknowledge applause. Still most of them had been far away from civilization for a long time. Perhaps this was some bit of fistic etiquette installed since their day. At all events they were ready and eager to give their man the benefit of the doubt, and the cheers began again—if with less zest.

The shouts and handclaps mounting to his Latin head like so much ether, Señor Junipero Tejada continued his ringward progress. Lithely he vaulted the ropes, bowed again nearly to the floor and accepted a seat on the stool upon which Spider Cahill all but shoved him. Then, smiling graciously, he looked about through the smoke haze of the arena and—last—across at his antagonist.

The presence of the vast crowd did not shake Tejada's nerve. Indeed the plaudits of the multitude were tonic and rapture to his histrionic soul. He expanded under them. But his first good look at Mule Sherrod shook his sense of exaltation. The grim-faced gladiator was eying him with cold disfavor and Tejada had to remind himself forcibly that this was a friendly bout on which he was embarking.

Mule was making a close study of Bad Bill. What he saw did not impress him favorably. A shapely and small head was capped by close-cropped and vividly red hair. The almost classic features beneath were blurred by a superthick coating of the cold cream of which Mule had heard so much. The contender either had been born without eyebrows and eyelashes or else the grease hid them. The eyes themselves were dark and poetic.

The coat of grease paint had most assuredly changed Junipero Tejada from a brunet to a pronounced blond; in fact to a blond who looked as though he might be on the road to recovery from a recent case of lead poisoning. The vivid glistening of the grease under the multiple glare of the arc lights made the man shimmer and seem to palpitate.

Barney Falk beheld with a smile of pure content. In his pocket was the final payment of four thousand dollars in bills, which by his agreement with the committee had been turned over to him an hour before the fight. He had won out. The rest was mere detail.

Thanks to Barney's earlier arrangement with announcer and referee, the wait in the ring was pleasantly brief. In less than three minutes from the time when Tejada had vaulted the ropes bath robes had been cast aside and time had sounded.

The two men came together in the center, moving with fierce caution, the result of careful rehearsal. Mule stood forth, lank, sinewy, with a hint of meridional flesh that spoke of a month's loafing. Bad Bill shaped up more slenderly, but with graceful athletic lines that made the Irish nod with approval. Not without the gaining of muscle and suppleness does a man live as the pseudo-Irishman had for years been forced to live.

Carefully Bad Bill held his pose of motionless ferocity, while Mule circled slowly about him like an angry pit dog and while the crowd held its breath. Then at the mutual silent count of fifteen the two came together with a clash and fought like blood-mad tigers at close quarters.

The referee plunged between them. The crowd shrieked and stamped. The warriors were dragged asunder and warned loudly to fight clean.

The net result of the mix-up had been the exchange of seven or eight blows that would not have crippled a mouse. Of these Mule had landed three—one on the nose tip, one on the side of the jaw and one under the heart. He had employed the old ruse of dragging his glove slightly athwart the smitten spot to give the impression of force.

Again the two hippodrome experts faced each other with their professional glower of murder lust, and on the instant that homicidal glare was wiped from Mule Sherrod's rugged face as by a soaked sponge. His glance, roving by habit over his opponent in search of damage done in the mix-up, was caught by a phenomenon—or rather by three phenomena. He had struck Bad Bill on nose and jaw and under the heart. The blows had been feather light. Yet all three now were identifiable by a trio of brownish irregular splotches—splotches that looked like—like—good Lord, they looked like nothing on earth but the spattery spots on a leopard's hide! Yes, under the light impact of those three taps Bad Bill's pale yellowish skin was taking on the spots of a leopard! That or else the goggling and gaping Mule was going dotty.

It had been so in the dream! The yellowish mountain lion had been a harmless opponent until the dreamer's punches had turned him into a ravenous leopard—a leopard that had torn him to shreds! Panic obsessed the sample-sized brain of Mule Sherrod, and, as he was a fighter at heart, panic took the form of blindly desperate battling.

Forgetful of his rehearsed tactics, he flew at the tigerishly advancing Tejada and slugged wildly for the jaw. Awkward as was the smash, Tejada moved his head just in time to escape its full impact. As it was, the back of Mule's glove scored the side of his face glancingly, yet with cruelly painful force. The punch hurt. It hurt like the mischief. Not only did it scrape off a goodly smudge of make-up from the bronzed cheek beneath but it roused in Tejada's heart a hot resentment. It was going to be bad enough to have to simulate a knock-out fall in sight of all these people who had acclaimed him so fervidly and lovingly, without being battered about the ring beforehand like a human punching bag. Why couldn't the horse-faced gringo stick to the program and hit lightly?

Rage began to simmer and boil deep down in Junipero Tejada. Instinctively he danced back from the assault. Then as Mule, shut-eyed and desperate, followed him up, he tried to save himself by running into a clinch. But he was too late.

Mule followed his right lead to the face with an equally ferocious left to the wind, and this second blow found its mark with a crashing force that doubled up its recipient and sent retching tendrils of pain through every inch of him.

A yell from the horrified Barney reached Mule's dazed consciousness as might his master's stern call pierce the rage mists of a fighting dog. Mule checked his rush and came to an irresolute halt. For a moment he blinked stupidly, brain sick and scared by his glimpse into the occult. Then he turned slowly upon Tejada.

The instant of respite had been enough to let the Mexican gulp back a lungful of expelled air and to regain his balance. It had been enough too—that and the roar of the fickle crowd—to send a swirl of insane rage through his brain and to set every hair-trigger nerve atingle with yearning for revenge.

He had been tricked—lied to. Falk and this slugger were bent on making a fool of him before the multitude that had welcomed him so lovingly. This was to have been a friendly bout, but it seemed the friendliness was all on his side, which manifestly was unfair. Junipero Tejada was not minded to be tricked. Moreover, that first mad gust of wrath had now mastered him and was giving him the false strength of the rage-ridden. Snarling and mouthing, he flung himself at Mule.

The dreamer of dreams meantime had pulled himself together—just a little bit. He had told himself that the queer lights had played tricks on his eyes. Those irregular blotches now—those were just his imagination. They could not even be the normal blotches that mark the site of some heavy blow, for he had not struck hard enough to bring the red to a baby's skin. No, he'd just been seeing things.

At this point in his lightning process of self-reassurance Mule faced the oncoming Mexican and let his eyes play dispassionately over the other's body. There were the three splotches he had seen before. Yes, there could be no doubt of it; and they were as spotty and irregular as a flung blob of ink or as a leopard's spots; and seen against that pallidly yellow and glistening skin they had the velvety brown hue of such spots. Worse, there on the cheek and in midstomach were two newer and larger splotches, the results of the last two blows.

That settled it. Mule's eyes bulged in a vacant, unseeing stare of stark horror. His chin protruded. His mouth went ajar. His arms dropped idly from their guard. Only for an instant, all this, but long enough. For it was then that the irate Mexican whizzed in like a mad cat to the attack. Tejada's left fist, with a hundred and fifty pounds of solid and fury-driven weight behind it, landed flush on the sagging point of Mule Sherrod's jaw. A featherweight amateur could not have failed at such a knock-out try. Mule's blank face went yet blanker. His leanly powerful legs turned to hot tallow beneath him. Even before his spineless body slumped to the floor he had begun dreaming.

Scarce had the count of ten sounded—the referee had not yet had time to lift Bad Bill's stainless glove in token of victory—before the vanguard of the Irish contingent had stormed the ring. They swung their new-made red-haired idol to their shoulders and began their tumultuous triumph march round the arena. They had won big money and at good odds, these sportsman exiles. One more of many hundreds of ring victories had added luster to their far-off home isle. Wherefore they rejoiced, and they did loud homage to their grease-coated and splotch-skinned hero.

What if he had kissed his hands at them? A man who could knock out a middleweight champion in a single round was entitled to kiss his hands all day long, Lord love him!

The scattered whoops and song snatches blended during the march to a bellowed triumph hymn led by a giant oilman whose lungs were of leather bound with brazen clamps. And out over the rackety and tossing turmoil of bedlam boomed forth the olden saga of Erin's expatriated notables. The choristers intoned in thunderous unison:

Phil Sheridan was an Irishman, born on American soil!
He won his way to em-i-nence by industry and toil.
He proved himself a hayro bold at the Battle of Win-chester!
Another Irishman who rose—his name was Dan'l Webshter!

But the second verse never got under way. Its first notes were drowned in howls of "Speech! Speech! Speech!" from a hundred parts of the jostling arena.

In no way averse, the marchers halted. They reared their paladin as high in air as their mighty arms could lift him, and in the whirlwind frenzy of success' drunkenness Señor Junipero Tejada began to orate.

This was his delirious moment. His was the barnstormer's paradise. He held the center of the stage—of the whole world—and ecstatic eloquence gushed from his made-up lips in a cascade.

Barney Falk half lugged, half led the dizzily blubbering Mule from the arena, Spider Cahill doing the bulk of the labor as usual. As they reached the door leading down to the dressing rooms Barney caught this single cross section of the victor's clarion speech:

"And if I can down a champion in one round, they'll have to use split-second rounds when they send me against the third-raters! Viva Santo Patrick!"

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A CONSISTENT WOMAN

(Continued from Page 32)

It is said that Everett was careful to preserve his usual outward appearance. He thought he did this very well. He talked of Dorothy Minter between the courses, fired off two excellent jokes to his host with effective carelessness, kept his head very high and his face composed in its customary expression of calm good nature. Dorothy, as always, was much impressed by his reserve, and thought him not only good-looking but delightfully enigmatical. Dorothy was charmed by people she did not understand.

Sara, who was able to study him at her ease, since her partner, Johnny, was engrossed by Miss Wilkinson on his other side and since Everett himself was careful never even to glance in her direction, thought that he would look well in an old high collar and black-silk stock, with a curl on his forehead, small mutton-chop whiskers, like Mr. Darcy in the old illustrations of Pride and Prejudice. Not that she thought him quite so offensively arrogant as Mr. Darcy, but that his nose was shaped after a late-eighteenth-century model. He had a high bridge, and with that high bridge went a high look. Yes, he was very like Mr. Darcy, especially when he did not know that anyone was watching him. Sara caught herself in a certain admiration for this dignified bearing, but she hastened to correct it. Dignity ought to be absurd, she felt, in so young a man.

After the ladies had gone and the gentlemen were drawing together at Mr. Minter's end of the table, what was Everett's indignant surprise when Johnny Minter sat down beside him and slyly murmured in his ear: "I see you're suffering from my complaint. Wish you joy, old man. I like little Sara."

He raised his eyebrows at the tactless young man, who looked even more knowing in reply and, then growing suddenly serious, showed a tendency to be sentimental. Wonderful thing, wasn't it, falling in love. It made a fellow so—so—well, it was quite a new feeling.

"Gad," said Johnny, "and it makes you think too! When I think what I am, and what she is ——"

He shook his head to express the enormous chasm which separated him from Miss Wilkinson.

"Then there's proposing," he murmured. "That's a bad business. Gad ——"

"I don't see why," Everett replied coldly.

"No? Don't you?" Johnny was interested. "How will you do it—plain or colored?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, are you going to throw in a little excitement—fervor, and so on—like me, or do you think it'll go better before breakfast, with sincere respect? Of course it's not quite the way to talk. Goodness knows it's serious enough! I felt it seriously enough. But you know what I mean—and with a quiet sort of girl like Sara ——"

Everett, who was not very fond of Johnny Minter, and knew besides that he was a bad confidant, understood what he meant, but pretended not to. He managed to open a conversation on his other side with Colonel Harty about the prospects of the hay crop before Johnny could explain the difficult point. Johnny did not feel neglected, for he turned immediately to ask Professor Hughes if he did not think Miss Wilkinson remarkably clever.

It always pleased Everett to think that his proposal was conducted with a decorum which—he believed—must be rare in the proposals of people like Johnny. Not that he was influenced by a vulgar desire to be different from others, but that acting always within his own character he was glad to find that his deeds—and so he must believe—his personality, were of dissimilar metal. He was enabled to propose that very evening by one of those mysterious disappearances of the rest of the party which have been already remarked.

At ten o'clock he found himself alone in the small drawing-room with Sara. Sara herself had not run away, in spite of a strong inclination, which grew with every departure and the closer menace of her fate, partly because she disliked conspicuous action and partly because she was never very good at making up her mind in a crisis. Her habit in danger was to sit still and wait—the greater the peril the greater her powers of stillness, as with the wiser of the small birds. As the door closed behind Colonel Harty, who had been the last to understand what was going on and left on the very poor excuse of seeing what was happening in the billiard room, Everett walked across the carpet, drew up a chair and sat down beside her. Having paused a moment to make sure that he had full control of himself—that, though his heart was beating much louder and a great deal faster than he liked, his mind was collected and his breathing easy, he remarked gravely: "I am afraid, Miss Banbury, that I am going to take a liberty."

Sara made no reply to this, though she felt none of that inclination to laugh which she had expected.

"It is always taking a liberty to propose," continued James, "because it forces people to reveal preferences which they might wish to keep to themselves. But I hope you will forgive me. I ——"

James was going to say "I can't help myself," but he suppressed this on second thoughts as too much like an impulse. He therefore completed his sentence rather lamely: "I only wish your happiness."

Sara, whose eyes were brighter than usual and seemed perhaps larger, otherwise showed no signs of emotion.

"No, I oughtn't to say 'only,'" James added with his usual scrupulous honesty, "because I'm thinking of my own happiness too. That is, I—I'm thinking of both of our happiness, because I—I want to make you happy, if you will marry me."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Sara, at last turning her head and gazing at her lover with a look rather quizzical than sad.

Sara had recovered her sense of humor. She perceived that this was a ridiculous proposal, especially in a young man like James. James, giving way, seized her hand.

"Please, Sara ——"

"I'm awfully sorry," she repeated in a lower tone, yet not altogether an uncheerful one.

"That means 'no.' So am I," said James. He pressed the hand and released it.

There was a slight pause.

Sara was fond of James. She could not deny it. She was very fond of him at that moment—dangerously fond. The magnificence of his manner was not less than the excellence of his courage, his consideration, his finished politeness. He did not even permit himself a wrinkle, a frown or a sigh. But it was the very force of his quality which prevented Sara from sentiment. Her momentary weakness passed.

She had as good control of herself as James himself when he remarked at last: "I suppose it would be inconsiderate of me to ask you why you don't like me."

"I do like you."

"Why, then you don't like me well enough to—er—to marry me. I know it is not usual to ask this kind of question, but I don't see why it should be—between people of discretion."

Sara appreciated the compliment. She felt a warm sympathy when she looked up again at Everett's grave and respectful countenance.

"You won't think me rude?" she said.

"No, of course not."

"I think it is partly—a little—because you—but you will think me very unkind."

"No—no, dear Sara—I promise!"

The "dear" shook Sara a trifle, but she spoke steadily enough when she continued: "Because you are so wise."

She glanced at Everett rather timidly after this piece of frankness, but he had taken it without a tremor. He was now pondering the matter—his legs crossed, his hands clasped about one knee.

"I see," he said slowly. "You mean that I am not at all wise."

"Oh, no!" cried Sara. "It's only that ——"

"That I am too sure of myself."

Sara was silent.

"I am sure of myself," said Everett, and smiled at Sara; "but I wasn't sure of you."

Sara blushed. But at this moment the door was opened by Johnny, who came charging in, cried "Where's mother? We want her for a fourth," saw a couple with a look of consternation and turned as precipitately to fly with a loud "Sorry! I didn't know you were here—didn't mean to interrupt ——"

"I'll make a fourth," said Sara, getting up and following him.

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As Everett said very truly about the whole affair on his return from Japan, "Thanks to the advance of civilization, it is as easy to find a good wife as a good friend. We are all trained to pattern, and so—more or less—we fit. Almost any well-brought-up young woman will do for the one, as most decent fellows of good education will do for the other."

It should be added that Everett did not go to Japan to recover from the effects of his unlucky love. That had no effect on his health. He broke down on account of insomnia and overwork, and went round the world not to distract his mind but to improve it. So at least we all understood. And no one ever heard him speak of Sara Banbury.

I agreed heartily with the theory of marriage which so hopefully returned with Everett from the East. In fact we all were anxious that Everett should marry; some of us because we were married and had the common wish of all married people to see others in the same condition; some of us because we were single and still supposed that marriage was good for bachelors, and there was no doubt that Everett was thinner, quieter, more reserved.

He agreed with us, as formerly, that every man ought to be married. Yet, though his visit to the Minters took place in 1898, he was still a bachelor in 1910 at the age of thirty-nine.

Wisdom did not fail him in these twelve years. He knew that only men of very unusual ability—or foolishness—are able to enjoy all the hours of their lives, which would be much too long for the ordinary person if he did not contrive to get rid of three-quarters of them by one or other of the approved devices. Everett was too modest to think himself capable of doing nothing, and he faced the problem of passing the superfluity of his time, without either too much pain or too much trouble, soon after the tour which followed his rejection by Sara. All young men face this problem, and it has many solutions. Everett could have been a politician, a golfer, an artist, a collector of books, pictures or stamps, a business man or a philanthropist. He could have entered the church or made his way to the bar. But finally he went into the political service of Northern Nigeria.

There were objections, but these, it is needless to say, he answered without difficulty. The climate of West Africa is bad, but to this he replied that it does not make much difference whether life is shortened in the middle or at the end. When it was pointed out that he would be exiled for long periods both from civilization and friends he said fairly enough that he would see more of both in his leave than those are able to do who spend all day in an office and study the world between the walls of a Kensington flat after five o'clock in the evening.

"My friends shall have the best of me when I am with them," he explained, "and not merely the odds and ends."

Everett entered the northern service almost at its beginning. His promotion was therefore as rapid as the advance of the country, and in 1910 he was already a second-class resident. Moreover, he was worth his post. His experience had been as large as his responsibilities. He had a well-earned general service medal, a slug in his left leg from which he still limped, and the confidence of the Raji pagans, which is not given undeserved. His hair turned prematurely gray after a bad attack of black-water fever in 1909, and the climate had left very little flesh on his bones. However, he flattered himself that Northern Nigeria does not make men yellow, and it is true that his complexion in 1910 was not much darker than that of old sherry.

When therefore he met Sara Banbury again at the Minters', whither Johnny had invited him after a chance meeting in the Royal Society's Club, he was surprised that she did not recognize him at once.

"I knew you the moment I saw you," he said, shaking hands very warmly with his old friend.

"But I must have changed a great deal," said Sara hopefully.

Sara at thirty-one was certainly not the Sara of nineteen. She was plumper, rounder, and somehow not quite so awe-inspiring as the self-confident young woman of '98.

"Yes, a great deal," replied Everett, and Sara was after all not disappointed. She recognized in that plain speech the old James.

The Minters' house was not quite so gay as Everett had remembered it. The old people were nursing their rheumatism in Egypt. Johnny's two young sons were at school, while Dorothy Minter, now Dorothy Mulholland and the mother of five, who was staying with her brother, had ceased to be impressed by people she did not understand. Instead she disliked and avoided them—she avoided James. Mrs. Johnny Minter, the Miss Wilkinson of '98, was not at home. She was staying with her parents, where she stayed pretty often, except when the small Minters were at home. Johnny and she had not quarreled, but—as Sara privately explained—that was because they had taken precautions in time. And he replied in quite his old tone that people who allow themselves to fall in are apt to fall out.

"I see you have not changed inside at least," said Sara.

"No, I am very consistent," replied Everett with a smile.

"Do you hold all these old opinions still?"

"I do. I think I must have been precocious. But really they were not bad opinions."

One afternoon when Johnny was away as usual at a race meeting Sara played Bach's Chromatic Fantasy to an appreciative listener. Everett made no comment at the time. He did not recall any memories, though he thanked Sara politely for the entertainment. But there was a look in his eye at dinner time which caused Sara a pleasant perturbation. Johnny, who had had a good day, made no objection when soon after the ladies' disappearance to the drawing-room Everett proposed to follow them.

"I see how it is," said Johnny with a wink, stretching his fat legs luxuriously and fingering his glass, "and won't spoil the sport. Though," he added reflectively, "if you take my advice, you won't. I like Sara. But it ain't a good thing to marry the girl you like—not if you want to go on liking her."

Mrs. Mulholland had gone to write letters in the library. Her long and deep breathing from the chair before the fire was audible through the open door as Everett crossed the hall. Sara was in the drawing-room. She sat upon the same chair which had served her upon a similar occasion twelve years before. This was a deliberate choice, as Everett understood. But he did not reprobate the lady's forwardness. Sara had a sense of humor, which he enjoyed as much as the rest of her. James approached with an air of quiet determination and took a chair beside her.

"I'm afraid you know what I am going to say," he began, "but whatever happens, I hope you won't allow it to spoil our friendship. Marriage itself is of course capable of doing that. There is a risk."

"Oh, I hope not!" said Sara, who had gathered *naïveté* with the years.

"I don't feel it now," James agreed, "but we've only got to look at other people to see that it is there, and perhaps it's not right to ask you to share the risk. But there's this to be said: You need not come to Nigeria with me unless you like, and so you can partly escape the consequences."

"But I don't think I want to," said Sara.

James did not reply for a moment. His breath was unexpectedly short—his ideas not quite so well arranged as he liked. He had not even already said quite what he intended. He thought that his statement of the case lacked not only the force of his feelings, but a certain delicacy which was certainly present in his intention. But he was wise enough not to go into explanations at such a time, and he continued in a moment with a diction moderately composed.

"Dear Sara, if you won't marry me now it can't be helped and I won't mind very much. I mean—I will understand it. But what do you say?"

"Yes, dear," said Sara.

James kissed her respectfully on the eyebrow, and was then about to try again, less respectfully, when he was horrified to see that she was about to weep. There were tears ready to fall from her lower lashes. He looked hastily away and pretended to blow his nose until she had time to recover herself. Sara quickly dabbed her eyes with a small handkerchief.

"I wonder would you mind?" said James, who carefully avoided looking at Sara in this unhappy situation, and wished at the same time to make a little conversation in case his tact by becoming too apparent should cease to be tact. "I haven't any right to ask, but I am rather interested to know why you have changed your mind."

This was a wise maneuver of James. Sara immediately recovered and began to smile.

"Don't you think it must be because I like you?"

"Yes, but why have you—that is, why do you ——"

"Because you are so wise, dear."

James pondered, and while he thought his arm passed, as if of its own accord, round Sara's waist.

"But that," said he, "was the reason you gave for saying no. I remember it very well. It seemed such a good reason. I'm afraid, Sara dear, that you are not a very consistent woman."

"I shouldn't wonder if I were much more consistent than you."

"I don't see that."

"Have you been in love with me all this time?"

James reflected.

"Of course I thought of you sometimes. But no, Sara, I'm afraid I can't say I've been in love with you all the time. Now and then perhaps—and of course I began to love you again when I met you again."

Sara laughed at this gallant confession.

"You see then—I've always been in love with you."

Johnny came in at a very awkward moment some minutes later. But Johnny had lost that youthful delicacy which sent him flying on a former occasion from a far less disgraceful scene. Truth to tell, both Sara and James had also lost something of their respectability.

Johnny did not apologize and rush away, and instead he stood in the middle of the floor, looking with his bald head and cigar much too much like a modern Silenus after dinner, and grinned from one red ear to the other, while Sara made no attempt to get off James' knee.

Sara's explanation of her conduct is that girls do not marry the men they like, but the men they think they ought to like, "Which is why actors are so popular."

"Whereas women have to take what they can get," said Johnny.

"Women," said Sara stoutly, "get the best husbands."

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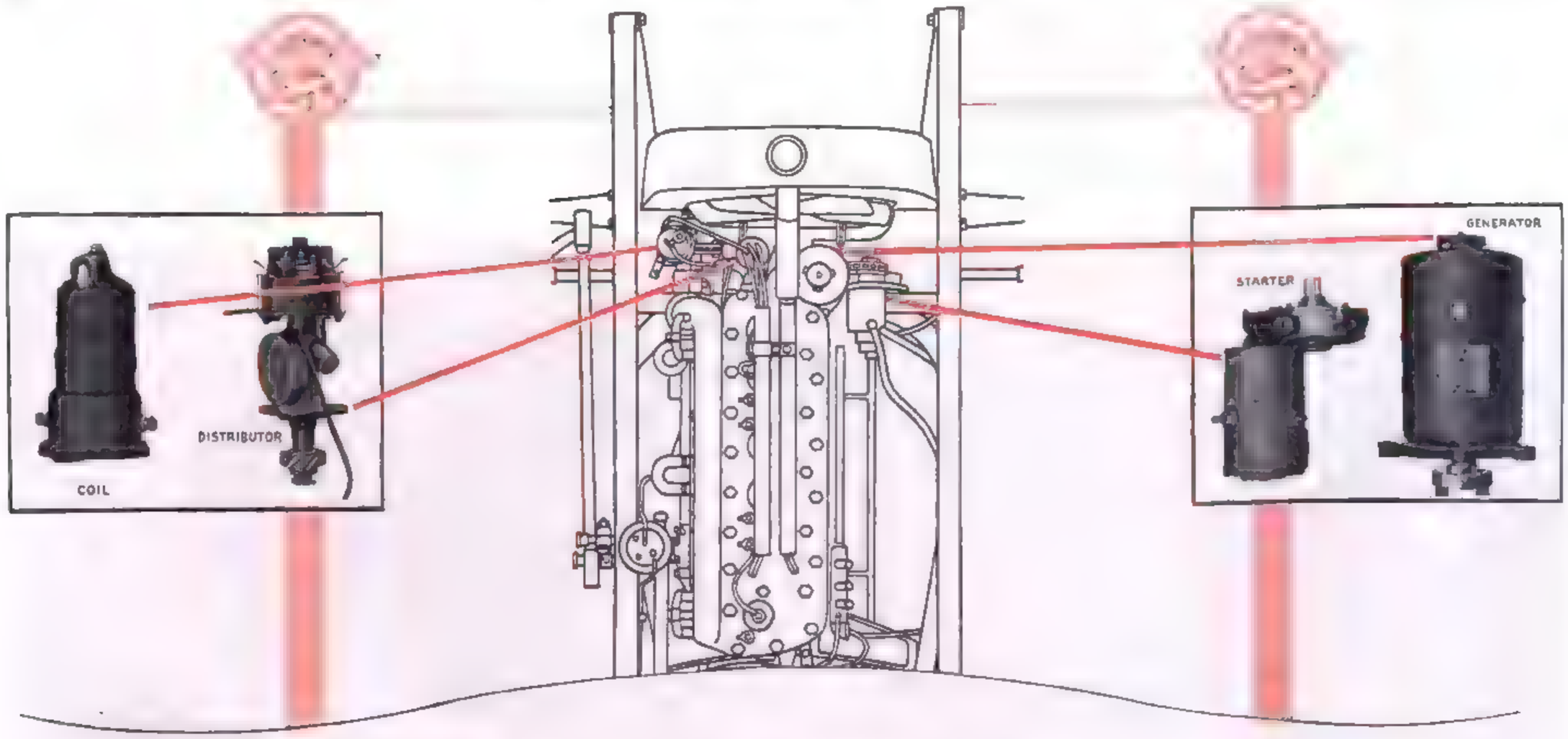

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FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 23)

the afternoon and was awaiting orders, when the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sazonoff, and the chief of the General Staff, General Yanouchkevitch, arrived at the imperial villa at Peterhof and were received by His Majesty. Whatever may have been the arguments brought forward by these ill-omened personages in order to influence the Emperor's decision, the result of their interview with His Majesty was that General Tatistcheff's departure for Berlin was countermanded and general mobilization was ordered to be proceeded with.

Of this fatal decision I learned at about nine P. M. from the lips of the member of the cabinet who had kindly taken the trouble to keep me informed during the day of the course of events. Two hours later I was told, by a general who was in a position to know, that the mobilization order had been countermanded by a telephone message from the Emperor to the Minister of War. Had he stood firm by this decision Russia might have been saved and the world might have been spared the catastrophe that has overwhelmed it, and the end of which is not yet. But the Minister of War, General Soukhomlinoff, after consultation with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sazonoff, and the chief of the General Staff, General Yanouchkevitch, succeeded by midnight in extorting from the Emperor his consent to let the mobilization order stand, having represented to His Majesty that the general mobilization once ordered could not be stopped for "technical reasons."

The general mobilization, which was bound to lead to war, ordered at a moment when the whole world was in a panic, overcome by a vague sense of impending doom, when not only Austria but even the German civil government had shown symptoms of having come to their senses, and when consequently a few days' delay might have sufficed to allow of a peaceful settlement being reached, was an act of unmitigated folly and arrant imbecility if intended as a bluff, for it supplied the military advisers of the German Emperor, who were obviously and unquestionably bent on seizing the moment they thought to be favorable for bringing about the general war for which they had been preparing, with the one pretext needed for a rupture with Russia, with a compelling argument to confound the hesitation of their Sovereign, if such there was, and, last but not least, with the most effective means of deluding the German people into the belief that they were being wantonly attacked and that they were called upon to defend the very existence of their Fatherland.

But if it was meant to be a deliberate provocation it was an appalling crime, the responsibility for which these three men, Sazonoff, Soukhomlinoff and Yanouchkevitch, must share with the equally guilty advisers of the German Emperor who caused the Russian mobilization to be answered by an ultimatum and a declaration of war. I prefer to think that it was due to their light-headed recklessness, self-sufficient incompetence and groundless belief in the possibility of a prompt and glorious victory, rather than to any thought-out intention. But it was an act that sealed the doom of an empire—their own Fatherland; and the crushing consciousness of having advised it must be to the two of them who are still alive a punishment more cruel than any which human justice could devise.

On the morning of the thirty-first of July the general mobilization had begun, and on the same day the Emperor sent the following telegram to the German Emperor (The Times Documentary History of the War, Volume II, Page 132): "I thank you cordially for your mediation which permits the hope that everything may yet end peaceably. It is technically impossible to discontinue our military preparations which have been made necessary by the Austrian mobilization. It is far from us to want war. As long as the negotiations between Austria and Serbia continue my troops will undertake no provocative action. I give you my solemn word thereon. I confide with all my faith in the grace of God and I hope for the success of your mediation in Vienna for the welfare of our countries and the peace of Europe. Your cordially devoted (Signed) Nicholas."

But it was too late. Germany's ultimatum was already on its way to St. Petersburg. Inexorable fate was on the march. No human power could arrest it, and it meant the downfall and ruin of Russia and a catastrophe for the world.

I cannot resist the temptation of quoting one more passage from Earl Loreburn's book:

"Quite likely there were other arrows in the quiver of Fate, unknown to and unseen by us. War might have come later or it might not. Among the gifts in Pandora's box there might even have been the replacement by more capable men of the Ministers who, in fact, guided all nations into the horror. We might have seen wiser Ministers in the various countries concerned who would have guided the world toward peace. We might have had next time, if this crisis had been tided over, some Minister in Germany who would not consent to give Austria a free hand or bow the knee to the General Staff, someone in Russia who would have allowed another forty-eight hours before mobilizing, someone in France like Jaurès who would have told Russia roundly that France would not help her if she mobilized prematurely. Any one of these contingencies would have made all the difference next time, if only there could have been a next time, with plain language and competent men, instead of some hundreds of hesitating telegrams, followed by a blind furious rush into 'an abyss so deep and vast that Echo's self will not make answer there.'"

The declaration of war became known on August first between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. The next day there was considerable excitement, as was but natural under the circumstances. The people felt that they were being suddenly and wantonly attacked by a hitherto friendly nation with whom they had always been living in peace and amity. Of the complicated causes that had led up to this unexpected result they—I mean, of course, the popular masses—could not have had any conception.

The idea, which was spread and propagated by the press not only in Russia but abroad as well, and had become a kind of political axiom, that Russia, as a Slav Power—I would observe here parenthetically that Russia is no more a Slav Power than Great Britain is a Teuton Power as far as race affinity is concerned—was bound to intervene in the conflict between Austria and Serbia and to shield the latter from the consequences of her policy aimed at the creation of a Greater Serbia at the expense of her Austrian neighbor, was, though widely entertained by our Intelligentzia, undoubtedly quite beyond the understanding of the popular masses.

If, as was said to have been the case, the Minister of Foreign Affairs had really represented to the Emperor that unless he yielded to the popular demand and unsheathed the sword in Serbia's behalf he would run the risk of a revolution and perhaps the loss of his throne, it could only have been under the influence of the same delusion which swayed the minds of the majority of our intellectuals and had its origin in the existence of that fatal unbridgeable gulf of mutual noncomprehension separating the numerically insignificant educated classes from the enormous bulk of the nation.

This same remark applies with no less force to the relation of the educated classes to the war, which by a majority of them was indeed hailed—and for various reasons—with a certain amount of enthusiasm sufficient to deceive even perspicacious foreign observers—such, for instance, as Mr. E. H. Wilcox—into the belief that the war with Germany was popular in the broadest and deepest sense, and to make him say, in his interesting volume, Russia's Ruin: "The very air was electrified with patriotism and one could feel its stimulating infection everywhere."

In some respect this impression correctly reflected the atmosphere which at first prevailed in the capital and other large centers of population containing considerable agglomerations of the more or less politically conscious factory laborers. But to believe that the immense mass of the population of the empire—let alone the peasantry, which had to furnish the bulk of the reserve forces, mobilized and torn from their labors in the middle of the harvest season - would be to any appreciable extent affected by such warlike enthusiasm could only betoken a profoundly erroneous interpretation of the real feelings of the people, quite comprehensible in a foreign visitor naturally inclined, in time of war, to see everywhere symptoms of the disposition which he hoped to find in the population of an allied country, but quite inexcusable in Russian intellectuals, who ought to have known better, and who were but too prone to foster similar illusions which largely prevailed in allied countries.

I feel bound to insist on this point because this misinterpretation of the real feelings of the Russian people, not only by our Allies but also by our own politicians, has had consequences of incalculable importance—a subject to which I shall have to revert later.

As a matter of fact the war was welcomed, just as any other war would have been, by the military element, especially the younger generation, dreaming of glory and promotion to be won on the battlefield—a perfectly natural and, as long as war is considered to be a necessity in the life of nations, a not only laudable but most desirable frame of mind.

Among the higher ranks of the army, in spite of all necessarily paraded official optimism, a less cheerful disposition seemed to prevail. They could not but be aware of the various defects of our military organization, the actual insufficiency of our preparations, and the colossal difficulties of every kind that would be entailed in the conduct of a war on the gigantic scale this war was bound to assume.

Among the Duma leaders and politicians the war was apparently very popular; at least there was no lack of most enthusiastic patriotic demonstrations. The same may be said of the Intelligentzia as a whole. Those who understood what a tragedy the war really meant for Russia and were bold enough to say so were necessarily very few; though the number of those who in their innermost hearts thought so cannot have been small. The revolutionary Intelligentzia alone had any reason to rejoice, for their opportunity had come at last.

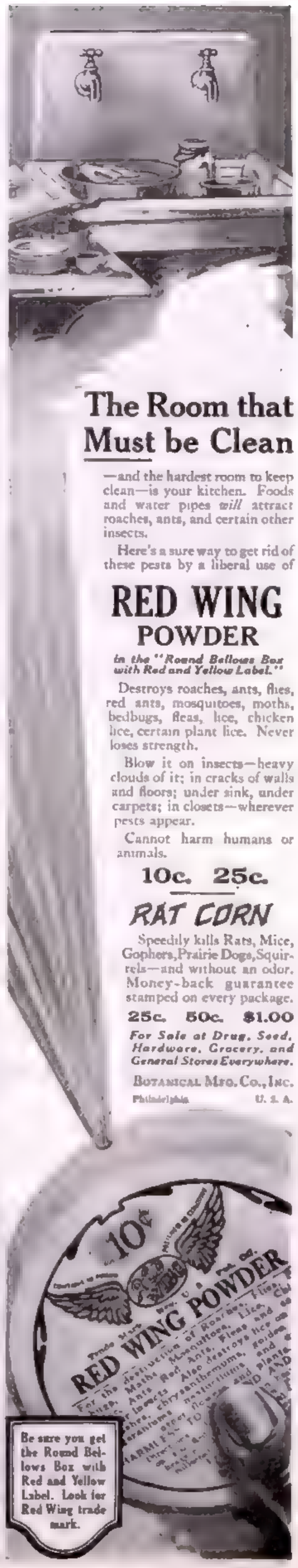
But the most sinister meaning of this tragedy was that it was bound to widen hopelessly the gulf that for two centuries had been separating the thin layer of the educated classes, the natural leaders of the nation, from the enormous bulk of the people, who had not and could not have any understanding of the cause for which they were called upon to lay down their lives. The failure of the Intelligentzia to realize this obvious truth has been at once their misfortune and their unpardonable crime, for it has caused the destruction of the empire and the ruin of the nation.

All efforts to rouse in the popular masses the spirit of hate as a moving force in the war, though they succeeded in provoking here and there outbursts of disorder and violence to which many thousands of perfectly innocent people fell victims, utterly failed in their object, just as they had been unsuccessful in the war with Japan, and for the same reason. The favorite and—by war propaganda—widely spread legend of the inveterate hatred of the Russian people toward Germany and Germans had no basis in fact.

To begin with, outside of the border provinces, in the immense expanse of Russia proper the overwhelming majority of the people never had, nor could have had, any personal contact with Germany and Germans, nor had, perhaps, ever set their eyes on a live representative of that supposedly hated race.

And then the spirit of hatred toward foreigners as such is entirely absent in the mental and moral make-up of the Russian people. This indeed is one of the most attractive traits of the Russian national character, to which all foreigners who have ever lived in Russia have always been willing to render justice. The conception of the hatred and loathing of this or that nation, even of a nation with which one is at war, as a requisite of patriotism is a conception certainly quite alien to the mentality of the Russian people, and one should think to that of the so-called plain people in all countries as well, just as it is notoriously absent in the minds of the soldiers who face each other in the trenches and in deadly combat.

This conception of patriotism seems to be everywhere confined mostly to the educated middle classes, and its peculiarity is that it seems to inspire the minds of people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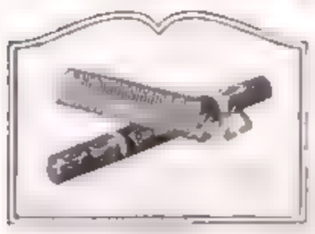

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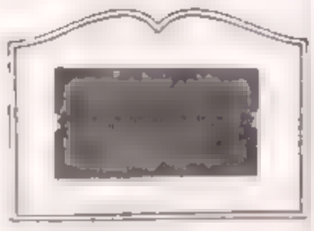

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with greater virulence the farther they are from the fighting line. But what is truly astonishing is that the ruling classes when making ready for the World War did not reflect in preparing to send forth millions upon millions of the plain people of their countries to a war that was obviously bound to demand holocausts of unheard-of dimensions, that a day might come when these same plain people would awaken to a realization of the fact that they, the plain people, had really no quarrel with the plain people in the enemy camp, and might conclude therefrom that the real enemy was not the enemy they had to face in the trenches, but that the real enemy was their own rulers who had sent them to the slaughter.

That is exactly what has happened in Russia, and that is what our experience in the Japanese War and its aftermath should have taught our rulers to foresee and guard against at any cost, and most certainly at the cost of such a diplomatic defeat as would have been implied in an abstention from becoming mixed up in the conflict between Serbia and Austria. For their failure to have done so tens of thousands of brave officers, loyal unto death, have had to pay with their lives, often under tortures of unspeakable cruelty; hundreds of thousands of the deluded Intelligentzia have had to pay, some with their lives and most of them with utter ruin and hopelessness of outlook for the future, or exile as unwelcome guests in foreign lands, often in conditions of pitiable destitution; and Russia herself has paid for it with unheard-of abasement, dismemberment and total destruction of her political and social fabric, from which it will take her, possibly, generations to recover.

Ominous symptoms of an incipient disorganization of the administrative apparatus were noticeable from the very beginning. Two or three days after the outbreak of the war a crowd of rowdies invaded the building of the German Embassy, murdered the chancellery servant who had been left in the house to guard the furniture and effects it contained, the private property of the Ambassador, and occupied themselves during an hour or so with destroying or throwing out of the windows all the movable objects they could lay their hands on.

The clubhouse where I was living stood in the same street in the nearest neighborhood, and being informed by the servants that an attack on the German Embassy by a riotous crowd was in progress I went with a couple of friends—among them the representative of a neutral Power—with whom I had been engaged in a game of cards at the club, just to see what was going on.

The sight that presented itself to our eyes was not one to be proud of. A considerable crowd had collected in front of the embassy, composed of the most heterogeneous elements, among them some decent people, mere onlookers like ourselves, but the majority a howling mob of such sinister figures as usually appear on the surface in large towns whenever rioting is in the air. An officer of police and a couple of policemen were calmly looking on while pieces of furniture, crockery, glassware, and so on, were flying in the air and coming down on the pavement with crashes, which were greeted with howls of delight by the crowd. Nothing evidently had been done to prevent the possibility of a crowd of rowdies breaking into a building of which the Embassy of the United States had officially taken charge, and which therefore was placed under the protection of international law. Nothing was done to put an end to the disgraceful outrage that was being committed under the very eyes of the police; no arrests were made; no one was ever punished or even prosecuted for the murder of the German chancellery servant.

Having satisfied its lust of destruction, the crowd moved on in the direction of the Austro-Hungarian Embassy, situated at some considerable distance in another part of the town. But there, Austria not yet having declared war and the Ambassador and his staff still being present, necessary precautions for their protection had been taken, and the riotous crowd found all approaches to the embassy building barred by troops.

It seemed to me that in deliberately allowing the dregs of the populace to have their way on this occasion the government was most imprudently entering upon a course fraught with the gravest danger and that they were already beginning to let the reins of power slip through their fingers. This disgraceful episode, though of no importance at the time, proved, indeed, a mild foretaste of what was to come two years and a half later.

There was undoubtedly but little hope that the administrative apparatus of the empire would prove capable of satisfying the almost unlimited demands that the conduct of a war on the to-be-expected scale was bound to make on its efficiency, though the mobilization of the armies had been effected with the most commendable precision and rapidity—a proof, by the way, of the fact that active preparations had been secretly under way, as presumably they had been in every other country, for some considerable time before the actual outbreak of hostilities. But the most disquieting feature of the state of affairs was the evident noncomprehension by the ruling powers of the political demands, the satisfaction of which the situation rendered not only necessary but extremely urgent indeed. I mean, of course, the absolute necessity of an immediate and complete reversal of the policy theretofore pursued in regard to our outlying dominions, Poland and Finland.

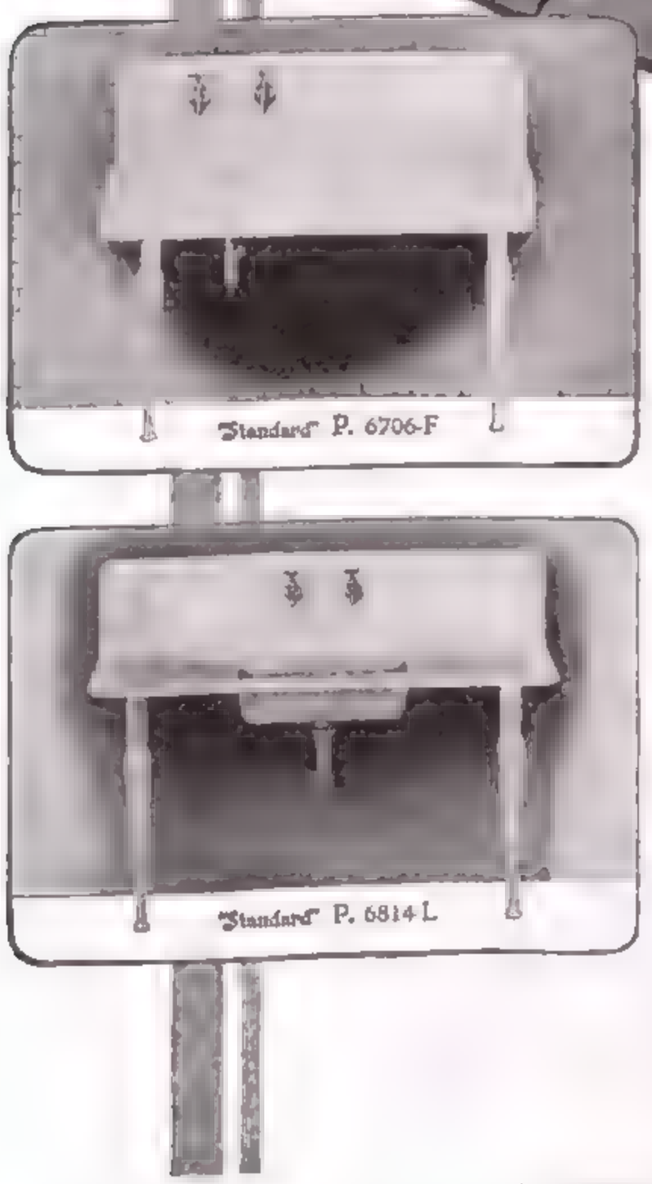
The partition of Poland had unquestionably been a crime—as the Emperor Paul himself is said to have admitted, though it had been committed by his own mother. But in committing this crime Russia had had two accomplices, Prussia and Austria, and she could remain in the tranquil enjoyment of the fruits of the crime only so long as she avoided falling out with her accomplices. Once, however, the rupture with these two Powers had taken place, there was only one rational policy she could adopt, and that was to make reparation as fully as lay in her power by renouncing her share in the spoliation of a gallant and generous nation, whose good will and support in the coming titanic contest was of inestimable value to her.

This consideration seemed to have commended itself to the attention of the government and to have met at least with a partial approval. It was decided that something had to be done to conciliate the Polish people. This something, however, turned out to be an act than which hardly anything more illogical, senseless and unsatisfactory, to Poles as well as to Russians, could have been devised. It took the shape of a declamatory and dramatic proclamation addressed to the Poles by the Grand Duke Nicholas, supreme commander in chief of the Russian Armies, a translation of the text of which I take the liberty of quoting here from F. S. Whitton's History of Poland:

"Poles! The hour has come when the dream of your fathers and forefathers will at length be realized. A century and a half ago the living body of Poland was torn in pieces, but her soul has not perished. She lives in the hope that the time will come for the resurrection of the Polish Nation and its fraternal union with all Russia. The Russian Armies bring you the glad tidings of this union. May the frontiers which have divided the Polish people be broken down. May it once more be united under the scepter of the Russian Emperor. Under this scepter Poland will come together, free in faith, in language and in self-government. One thing Russia expects of you: an equal consideration for the rights of nations with which history has linked you. With open heart, with hand fraternally outstretched, great Russia comes to you. She believes that the sword has not rusted which overthrew the foe at Tannenberg. From the shores of the Pacific Ocean to the Polar Sea the Russian war hosts are in motion. The morning star of a new life is rising for Poland. May there shine resplendent in the dawn the Sign of the Cross, the symbol of the Passion and Resurrection of nations."

I can best describe the impression the proclamation produced on the Poles by repeating what one of my Polish friends told me the morning it had appeared in the papers of the capital: "I read it with tears of emotion, but I do not believe a single word of it." Another Polish gentleman was reported to have said that he had taken it at first for an apocryphal production concocted by some Russian revolutionists! Moreover, it was said—and I have every reason to believe the story to be true—that simultaneously with the issue of the proclamations from headquarters of the armies the Russian governors of the Polish provinces had been confidentially warned by the Minister of the Interior that it was merely an act of political strategy!

(Concluded on Page 88)



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The "Standard" Quicko Double Faucet with swinging spout is a worth-while fixture. The spout swings in a radius of 12 inches, delivering hot and cold water through one opening.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Standard" KITCHEN SINKS

In addition to the displays of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures shown by Wholesale Dealers and Contracting Plumbers, there are permanent "Standard" exhibits in the following cities:

NEW YORK	35 W 31ST	*EAST ST LOUIS	16 N. MAIN	*ERIE	130 W TWELFTH	*FORT WORTH	620 MONROE
NEW YORK (EXPORT DEPARTMENT)	50 BROAD ST.	*CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID	*ALTOONA	913 11TH	KANSAS CITY	201 RIDGE ARCADE
BOSTON	186 DEVONSHIRE	CINCINNATI	635 WALNUT	MILWAUKEE	688 BROADWAY	SAN FRANCISCO	149-55 BLUXOME
PHILADELPHIA	1215 WALNUT	*TOLEDO	211 ERIE	*MILWAUKEE	211 FIFTH ST.	*LOS ANGELES	216-224 S. CENTRAL
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG	*COLUMBUS	755 S. THIRD	*LOUISVILLE	323 W. MAIN	ATLANTA OFFICE	502 HEALY BLDG
*PITTSBURGH	445 WATER	*CANTON	1106 SECOND ST N. E.	*NASHVILLE	315 TENTH AVE S.	DETROIT OFFICE	414 HAMMOND BLDG.
PITTSBURGH	106 SIXTH	*YOUNGSTOWN	600 W. FEDERAL	*NEW ORLEANS	846 BARONNE	CHICAGO OFFICE	1010 STANDARD OIL BLDG
*CHICAGO	14 N. PEORIA	*WHEELING	2120 JACOB	*HOUSTON	COR. PRESTON AVE. AND SMITH	SEATTLE OFFICE	1226 L. C. SMITH BLDG
*ST LOUIS	510 N. SECOND	*HUNTINGTON	2ND AVE. AND 10TH ST	*DALLAS	1200 JACKSON	*TORONTO, CAN	59 E. RICHMOND
				*SAN ANTONIO	212 LOSOYA	*HAMILTON, CAN	20 W. JACKSON

Service at "Standard" Branches In the cities marked (*) are carried complete lines of Plumbing and Heating Supplies; Farm Lighting and Water Supply Systems; Tools and Supplies for Mills, Mines and Factories, also for the Water, Gas, Steam and Oil industries. Write or call on nearest branch. If interested in plumbing fixtures for factories, write for book, "Factory Sanitation."

(Concluded from Page 86)

On the other hand it was, to say the least, inopportune if not imprudent to intimate to the Russian people that their centuries-old feud with the Poles was to be settled at last by their shedding their blood for the creation of a greater Poland, not to mention the imprudence of the implied promise of the conquest of provinces in the possession of still unconquered enemies.

Incidentally I would observe that, according to rumor, army headquarters had not had anything to do with the production of this amazing document, whose inspiration was said to have been due to the political insight of a statesman, and its empty but grandiloquent verbiage to the gifted pen of some one of his subordinates.

And yet how clearly indicated was the obvious course that should have been adopted: The restoration, under the Constitution of 1815, of the autonomous Kingdom of Poland, united to Russia solely in the person of the Sovereign—a solution of the Polish problem which was entirely within the power of Russia, could have been effected immediately, would have dealt a most serious moral blow to both Prussia and Austria, and would have given to the Polish nation a real satisfaction instead of shadowy promises whose realization was entirely dependent on the fortune of arms. I have no doubt that had the Emperor Nicholas, as soon as war broke out, immediately gone to Warsaw to have himself crowned as constitutional King of Poland, dismissed the whole Russian administration and appointed a Polish ministry, he would have evoked an unbounded enthusiasm and would have won the most loyal devotion of the Polish people.

Second only to Poland in strategic importance, as a glance at the map will show, was the Grand Duchy of Finland, where, no less than in Poland, a complete reversal of the policy theretofore pursued by the imperial government was not only sorely needed but imperatively demanded, since this outlying dominion, whose border was no farther removed from the capital of the empire than some twenty miles, would be manifestly exposed to the imminent danger of an invasion by the enemy.

I have already had occasion in these pages, as well as in a speech delivered in the Council of the Empire in May, 1913, to treat the subject of the highly undesirable situation created in Finland by the imperial government's systematic attempts at nullifying, as far as was in its power, the Finnish constitution. Nothing but the law-abiding spirit and the cooler temperament of a northern race could have prevented the intense bitterness of the feeling of hostility toward the government thereby provoked from finding vent in open revolt. To the merest tyro in statecraft it must have been plain that the pursuit of such a policy, insane enough in time of peace, could bear only the bitterest fruit in time of war, when it was of the highest importance to be able to rely implicitly on the loyalty and devotion of the population of a borderland which would in time of war have to undergo all the unavoidable hardships of a military occupation necessary for the defense of the empire.

Two measures should have been taken at once: The immediate repeal of the laws passed by the imperial legislature in violation of the Finnish constitution; and the removal of the extremely unpopular governor-general, a certain General Seyn, who enjoyed no social prestige whatever and seemed to be entirely unfit for the part of representative of the Sovereign in a constitutionally governed country. He should have been replaced by a man of unassailable social position and very high military rank. The latter qualification would have been of the greatest importance, because the requirements of the defense of the empire necessitated the occupation of Finland by comparatively very large forces, military as well as naval, and therefore the establishment of some kind of arbitrary military rule which it would have been of supreme importance to confine within the bounds of reason—a task that only a governor-general of very high rank and in high favor at court could have hoped to accomplish successfully.

Nothing of the kind, however, was done; or seems to have been even thought of. On the contrary, the generally execrated rule of Governor-general Seyn was simply reenforced by the presence of military commanders inclined to treat Finland in almost as arbitrary and high-handed a way as they would have treated a conquered country. The effect on the feelings and disposition of the population may be imagined.

Nor was Russia herself treated by her ruling powers with any more statesmanlike wisdom. At a time when the most extensive and the most cruel sacrifices were being demanded of the peasantry, who had to furnish some eighty per cent or more of the required cannon fodder in a cause of which they could not have the faintest understanding, let alone enthusiastic sympathy—whatever war propaganda may have believed or have succeeded in inducing the gullible public to believe—the peasantry, who ever since the Japanese War had been belabored by a well-organized ubiquitous propaganda of the Social Revolutionaries, the same "dastardly" terrorists who later, masquerading as loyal Russian war patriots, were to become "the main hope of the Allies"—I am quoting these words from Russia's Ruin, by E. H. Wilcox, Page 159—at a time when it was of supreme importance to prevent the bourgeois parties from joining hands with those who were working for the overthrow of the government, as they ultimately did, nothing whatever was done to satisfy their at first very moderate and quite reasonable demands. On the contrary, obscurantist reaction was becoming ever more blatantly arrogant, and at the same time the whole overgrown bureaucratic apparatus, which by inherent force of inertia had been functioning fairly well in time of peace, began to show symptoms of incipient disorganization under the strain of the demands made upon it by the conduct of a war on such an unheard-of scale. Also the supremacy of the military element, more or less unavoidable in time of war, was being exercised with ever growing arbitrariness and recklessness, helping to throw the government machinery out of gear and by cultivating a sort of mild anarchy on top was paving the way for the advent of anarchy from below.

To those few—and, alas, they were but too few—capable of looking under the surface and of reasoning out the probable course of events from given premises, the outlook did not seem to be a cheerful one: far from it, indeed. But events seemed at first to belie the worst of their apprehensions. Our successful invasion of East Prussia was considered by those who were dreaming of a victorious march on Berlin to be heralding a speedy and glorious termination of the war, though the success was mainly due to the fact that our invading army had encountered only feeble resistance by inferior German troops and insufficient in number; a fact which, by the way, contradicts flatly one of the arguments said to have been used by General Soukhomlinoff in urging the Emperor to order a general mobilization—namely, that the Germans had in readiness on our frontier great masses of troops prepared to forestall our mobilization by an instant invasion of our territory the moment war had been declared. It ended, however, in the most disastrous defeat of our troops at Tannenberg, the same place where in 1410 the Poles had gained their great victory over the Teutonic Knights to which the Grand Duke Nicholas' proclamation had referred in such pompous terms.

Nevertheless our at first victorious invasion of East Prussia had served its purpose in having compelled the Germans to withdraw sufficient troops from their western Front so that the French were able to gain their victory on the Marne, which practically decided the issue of the war by demonstrating the impossibility of France being overwhelmed by a lightning blow, as originally planned by the German General Staff.

Furthermore, our defeat at Tannenberg was compensated by the brilliant victory which crowned our arms in Galicia. In September the occupation of Lemberg, the Galician capital, took place and was followed by the fall of the fortress of Przemysl. Finally in October the Germans were completely repulsed from Warsaw.

In spite of the more or less favorable aspect of the military situation on both fronts I never wavered for a moment in my profound conviction that the war, unless arrested before it should be too late, was bound to end in the downfall and ruin of Russia, and I therefore began to revolve in my mind various plans how the lull in military operations coincident with the winter season, as well as the comparatively satisfactory military situation, could be taken advantage of for the initiation of negotiations looking to the conclusion of a general peace. Having given the subject much thought and having incidentally ascertained the views of the very able and experienced representative of one of the most important neutral Powers, whose views I found to be concurrent with mine, I was anxious to lay them before the American public, because I was convinced from the beginning that this war could be brought to an end only by the intervention of, and under the auspices of, the United States.

The occasion to do so presented itself at the end of the year, when I received a letter from an old and influential friend in New York, who suggested that I should write an article on the situation for one of the leading magazines. I replied that I felt some diffidence about following up his suggestion, having never tried my hand at writing for the press, but that I would be glad to give an interview to the representative of the Associated Press. This interview took place on January 1, 1915, and the following is the text which I dictated to him and which he sent by telegraph to the London office:

"As current events develop one realizes, if one goes to the bottom of things, that the true significance of the present general war between the European Powers lies not only in the determined resistance to the German aim of establishing an overlordship of the world through force of arms, but also in the revolt of mankind against the idea that might goes before right. This is why the sympathy of the world seems to be on the side of the Allies.

"No one dreams of begrudging the German people the 'place in the sun' that is theirs by birthright among the great nations on a footing of equality; but the world will never submit to the hegemony of the 'mailed fist.' German militarism has shown its true colors in a way and by deeds which have aroused, the world over, feelings against the German people that it will take them long years to live down.

"That the cause of right, of the sacredness of treaties and of the integrity and independence of the smaller Powers, for which we are fighting, must and will prevail in the end, I consider to be a moral certainty.

"At the present moment the rulers of Germany must already fully realize from the march of events that their original plan of first crushing France and then dealing a death blow to Russia has totally and irretrievably failed, and that their dream of establishing by this means a German overlordship of the world has come to naught.

"I believe that the day will come when the German people will realize that, instead of fighting, as they have been deluded into believing, for the safety and very existence of their country, which nobody thought of attacking, they are shedding the blood of their sons, ruining their prosperity and wasting their substance for nothing but a wild dream of unbridled ambition and megalomania, that can never become a reality. That day the German people will make a day of reckoning with the militarism which has inflicted on them the misery of this terrible war. But that day may still be far in the future.

"No one doubts the patriotism of the Germans or their determination to fight as long as their resources will last. Still the amount of suffering which this war entails, not only on the belligerents but also on the rest of the civilized world, is bound to grow from month to month as the war continues. Therefore it would seem to be to the interest of all concerned, and most of all perhaps of the German people themselves, to bring the war to a conclusion as soon as possible. The surest way of reaching such a result would be to bring about a general coalition such as crushed the power of the first Napoleon, still leaving France intact and an honored member of the family of nations. Failing this, however, a league of neutrals, especially if headed by the United States, might bring to bear upon Germany moral pressure sufficient to make her realize the futility of continuing a struggle that could certainly never lead to a realization of her ambitions.

"The attitude of Germany toward treaties such as the treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium, which her foremost statesman in his last interview with the British Ambassador characterized as merely 'a scrap of paper,' her systematically inhuman and ruthless manner of conducting the war, constitute a standing menace to small Powers, like The Netherlands, Switzerland and Denmark, to whom the cruel fate of heroic Belgium affords a warning of what they may expect should Germany at any time consider it to her interest to invade any of them. They would, therefore, probably be among the first to join such a league in an attempt, if not to bring about the termination of the war, at least to mitigate its accompanying horrors.

"A formal ground for the intervention of neutrals could be easily found in the well-established fact of the breach by Germany of most of the stipulations of The Hague Convention in regard to the conduct of war, to which she was herself a party. The right of all or any of the signatory Powers to protest against such breach of the said stipulations could certainly not be questioned.

"The portentous and calamitous events we are witnessing should, it seems, impress civilized mankind with the necessity of organizing the life of the community of nations upon a different basis, designed so as to preclude the possibility of any one Power automatically involving almost all the others in a catastrophe such as Germany's overweening ambition has brought upon the civilized world. It can hardly be denied that the much vaunted equilibrium based on the grouping of the Great Powers of Europe in two irreconcilably hostile camps has lamentably failed to do so. Instead of being, as was claimed for it, the surest safeguard of the peace of Europe, it has proved the cause of constant emulation between the two opposing groups of Powers in ever-growing formidable armaments and has finally led to one of the Powers concerned resorting to the criminal folly of a preventive war.

"To devise a plan of safeguarding the civilized world against the recurrence of a catastrophe such as the present one will, after the conclusion of peace, become the task and should not prove to be beyond the limits of the competence of true statesmanship."

Remembering the leading part Colonel Roosevelt as President of the United States had taken by his timely and generous offer of mediation in bringing about peace between Russia and Japan, and thinking that this interview might perhaps interest him, I took the liberty of inclosing a copy of it in a letter to him, to which he replied by letter, from which I have been very kindly permitted to extract the following for publication in this chapter of my reminiscences:

"Your letter has just come and your interview. I am in hearty accord with all that you say. I wish to Heaven I were President at this moment. That won't strike you, I know, as an expression of personal ambition. I would be quite willing to accept the Presidency now with a guaranty of being removed from it the very instant I had succeeded in doing what I started to accomplish; and the first thing I would like to do, aside from the subordinate incident of aiding civilization and decency in Mexico, would be to interfere in the World War on the side of justice and honesty by exactly such a league as you mention.

"I do not believe in neutrality between right and wrong. I believe in justice. . . . Meanwhile, whatever I can do by tongue and pen will be done along exactly the lines indicated in your letter and your interview.

"With all good wishes, Faithfully yours,

"(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-third of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

A Through Ticket to Starting and Lighting Satisfaction

WHEN you receive a Railroad Ticket, or a Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery, you become the virtual possessor of a *contract* for the performance of a definite *Service*.

The *one* is a strip of paper entitling you to all the comfort and luxury of modern travel, assured that you will reach your destination safeguarded by thousands of men and millions of dollars' worth of equipment.

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It is backed by the mammoth organization of skilled engineers and highly trained specialists who *make* the Prest-O-Lite Battery and whose business is to *see* that you get brighter lights, surer starts and longer battery life.

Avail yourself of these privileges and your Prest-O-Lite Battery will deliver its fullest measure of service.

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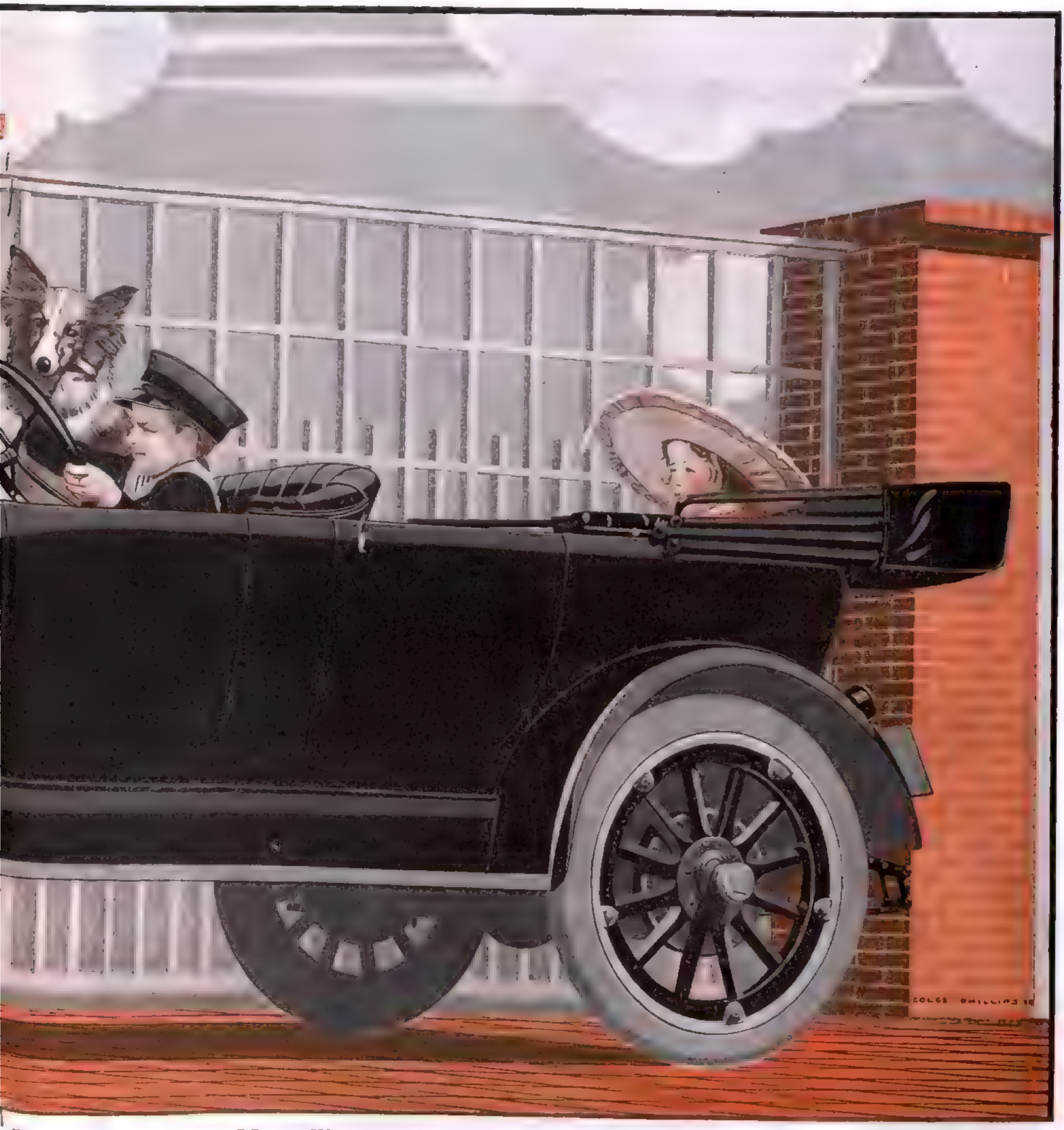
MAXWELL

More miles per gallon *More miles on tires*

Just as superfluous weight handicaps the heart and mind of a man, so does superfluous weight handicap the action of a motor car. Such weight kills tires, "eats up gas," kills "pep" in an engine, slows down car speed, makes repairs costly and too frequent. Maxwell has no useless weight. Special steels have been used in its construction.



They are made to Maxwell's own formulae.

That is why a Maxwell is responsive, develops a high average road speed, is not tiring to drive, has a quick and sure brake action, has long "gas" and tire mileage, and why it is a stranger to the repairman. Such high efficiency wins many friendships.

Figures like these speak eloquently: 5,000 a year six years ago; 100,000 a year today; now over 400,000 in service the world over.

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The Final Test of Merit

THE physical fitness of your boy or girl comes first. Sound, healthy feet are a foundation for health. The final test of merit in shoes for growing boys and girls depends upon their keeping the feet sound, healthy and shapely. The Brown Shaping Lasts have been perfected to give to the inside of Buster Brown Shoes the correct form and shape to insure sound, healthy, shapely feet.

For Girls For Boys of 2 to 16

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

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Good stores everywhere sell Buster Brown Shoes at $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and up, according to style and size—in the latest models and most fashionable leathers.

The proper care of the feet is fully explained in "Training the Growing Feet"—a book of vital importance to parents that will be mailed you free on request.

BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of White House Shoes for Men, Maxine Shoes for Women, Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and Girls, and Blue Ribbon Service Shoes.

Style F24

SELLING THE ARMY TO THE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 15)

in the various occupational specialties in the most effective way. Tests have been prepared for illiteracy and educational advancement, and vocational guidance is employed in order to place the men so far as is possible in work suited to their abilities. Current types of elementary schooling which are designed for children cannot be used without change for these older men whose school experience varies from nothing at all to an occasional high-school graduate.

"It has been peculiarly difficult to secure the services of competent men to carry on this development and constructive work, because the men needed all had to be men of ability, and with the shortage of teachers that exists this year it has been difficult to secure them. All of them are for this year on leave of absence from some institution which has sacrificed itself for the sake of rendering this national service for the Army.

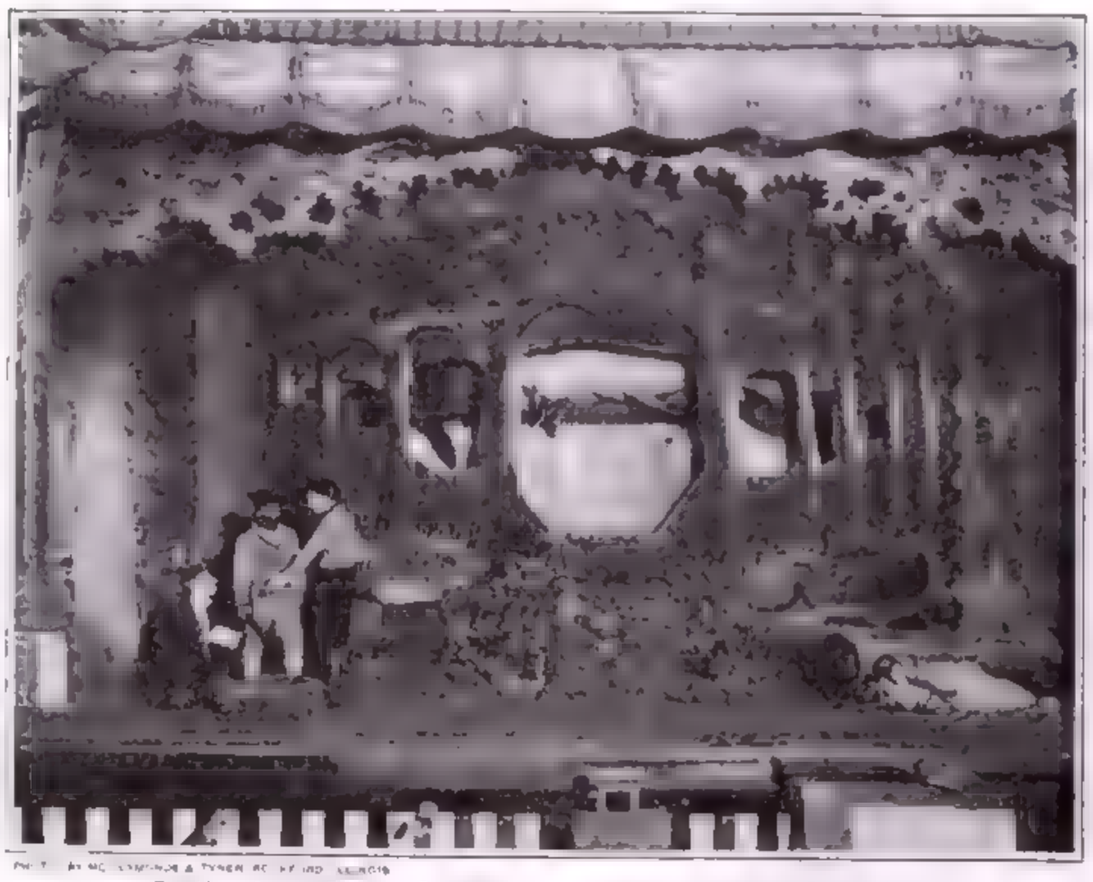
"There are at present four thousand four hundred and seventy-nine teachers giving instruction to soldiers in courses conducted by the Education and Recreation Branch. Of these teachers one thousand seven hundred and forty-five are in the military establishment, either officers or enlisted men, and two thousand seven hundred and thirty-four are civilians. It thus appears that the ratio of soldier instructors to civilian teachers at present is about two to three. Many of these civilian teachers are employed on part time, and teach only a couple of hours in the afternoon, after their regular duties in the neighboring schools have been completed.

"All of the army educational work is extremely practical. It is based on the principle of learn to do by doing. It seeks to realize in practice the ideals which have been expressed in Federal legislation in the Morrill Act of 1862 and all succeeding acts, in the Smith-Lever Act and in the Smith-Hughes Act. This ideal has not yet been achieved with striking success in civilian schools, but was developed with great speed by the Army in its intensive emergency training. Its marvelous efficiency was thus demonstrated in that it was found possible to train an unskilled man to be a reasonably skillful mechanic in from two to six months."

Again, he thinks it "possible for the education in the Army to become a source of great economy in maintaining the Army. Already in Camp Funston the animal industry courses are producing eggs, milk and butter for camp consumption. In like manner crops for food and for animal subsistence, and meats, can be supplied from the operations of the vocational schools. The machine shop, the woodworking shop, the textile shop and other shops can contribute to the upkeep of the camp as a byproduct of the instructional work, thereby making important savings for the Government. It is the purpose of the educational authorities in the Army to develop this productive work as far as is practicable without exploiting the soldiers and without opposing in any way national policies in this matter as determined by statutes."

The Illiterates

At this writing the experiment is in its infancy. Indeed, though the educational work is moving along rapidly in all the camps, the vocational training exists largely on paper at some of them. To be sure, they have classes going and are turning out men with certificates in various trades. But only a start has been made, for it is vastly easier to teach aliens something of the American language, and instruct illiterates in the A B C's and how to write, than to give them on short notice a mechanical training. The latter requires elaborately equipped plants and large staffs of practical instructors, the securing of which takes time. In these days of pressing demand for expert workers and foremen in industry it is difficult to secure the type of instructor in the trades which the Army needs. However, at several of the camps they have made an encouraging start, even in vocational training.



Another Scene From a Production by Soldier Players at Camp Grant

Tremendous difficulties are involved in the Army's attempt to make useful citizens and soldiers out of illiterates and aliens ignorant of our language—two classes formerly barred from the service. Until recently a man could not be enlisted who did not have at least a glimmering of English or who could not read and write. An old law on the statute books, passed in 1894, provided that in time of peace no person, except an Indian, who could not speak, read and write the English language could enlist.

This was not operative during the war and now Congress has repealed it, so the Army is authorized to take them in. This power to recruit illiterate aliens and native-born citizens promises to go a long way toward solving the recruiting problem.

One of the reactions of war service was to make soldiering decidedly unpopular. Men who had been through the mill swore that they never wanted to see khaki again as long as they lived, and the general public surged just as far in their indifference to things military as they had surged in their enthusiasm for them during the fighting. That is human nature; it is especially typical of the American brand.

Moreover the scarcity of labor in our industries, the high prices attendant upon shortage of everything, and the era of profiteering shot wages up to a point where it became too sacrificial for the average man to enlist in the Army, considered from the standpoint of dollars and cents. When farmers and householders found it impossible to bid against the competition of industries in which men with a very small degree of skill could command pay that a bookkeeper or a college professor would envy, how could the Army hope to go into the open market and induce men to sacrifice six, eight and ten dollars a day for a dollar a day and everything found?

Some other inducement than dollars and cents had to be found, and appeals to patriotism fell on deaf ears, as the average youth could not be persuaded that service in the Army in peacetimes was a duty he owed to the country. To his way of thinking, the country stood in no danger and in no special need of him as a soldier, whereas its industrial plight cried out for his best effort; he felt that he would be wasting the formative years of his life without profit to himself or anyone else.

But when the Army was able to say to a man: "Look here, if you join up we can give you an education and train you for a trade at the same time we are making a soldier out of you. You will not only receive the immense physical benefit of a soldier's training, but you will be drawing pay all the while, and will be comfortably housed and well fed while learning to hold a good job in civil life. You can't afford to get an education as you are now, because you've got to live. We will take care of that, and at the same time turn you out at the end of your enlistment equipped to make a good living in any trade you choose. What other field or agency offers the same chance? Sign here."

When the Army was able to talk in this fashion young men listened. My information is that more than eighty-five per cent of recruits in the past twelve months have been secured by the prospects open to them through the educational and vocational plan. An official report says: "During last year there have been nearly four times as many voluntary enlistments as during any average year before the war."

Working for the Future

Even so, the recruiting parties have met with considerable distrust and much bitter opposition. In some parts of the Middle West, especially where a dearth of farm labor has been felt acutely, the hostility to army recruiting has been so fierce that steps had to be taken to placate the obstructionists. In one state the governor interfered, and everywhere farmers' organizations rose up against the enlisting campaign. However, when the merits of the scheme were explained to them they showed a laudable desire to meet the Army halfway and to cooperate so far as they could.

The same attitude was encountered by recruiting parties in industrial centers.

Many large manufacturers had their own recruiting agencies at work in the rural districts drumming up labor, and their roars reverberated to the sky on discovering that the United States Army also needed men and was in the field to get them.

However, it was much easier to persuade these employers to coöperate than to convince the farmers that it would be to their ultimate good not to fight recruiting.

They were quick to see that an agency which promised to take ignorant and unskilled men whose present value to industry was negligible and make skilled workmen out of them would prove of incalculable value: and in practically every case where employers and employers' organizations started out by combating the efforts of the recruiting parties they ended by giving them whole-hearted support.

"Besides we take chiefly the class of men who are of no real value to you in their present condition anyway," was an argument that always struck home. It was no more than the truth: the bulk of recruits which the Army is getting are unfitted for anything but rough labor. Until they shall have mastered our language, can read and write

Secretary Baker and General March Watching a Drill

"At least two-thirds of the cars are wasting gasoline"

Too rich a mixture a chief cause of sluggishness
How to save "gas" and get more power

LOW mileage, a lack of pep, running in "second"—these are warnings that your carburetor is feeding too rich a mixture—that your motor is being choked into sluggishness.

A rich mixture fouls spark plugs, explodes through the muffler, pits exhaust valves and is a chief cause of excessive carbon deposit.

How to get a 13 to 1 carburetor adjustment

To save "gas" and get a better running motor, adjust your carburetor to a mixture of 13 parts air to one of gasoline.

With the engine well warmed up and idling *and the cut-out open*, turn down the carburetor adjustment *until you hear the engine begin to slow down.* Then turn up the gasoline adjustment *slowly* until you again hear the maximum speed. Stop there—do not turn up any farther.

With the G-Piel Cut-Out on your car, the exact effect of each slight turn of the adjusting screw can easily be heard.

You need the G-Piel Cut-Out also to tell you when your muffler is sooted up, and to protect the muffler when blowing out your motor with kerosene, wood alcohol or other "carbon removers."

The open G-Piel Cut-Out gives that extra "ounce" of power on a hard pull or short "sprint," and it helps cool a hot engine.

The satisfaction of hearing your motor

Every enthusiastic motorist enjoys the sharp, clear bark of a powerful, sweet-running motor. A hot spark in every cylinder! Valves opening wide and seating tight! Just the right mixture from carburetor! Exhaust gases scavenging freely through the G-Piel Cut-Out!

Select the right size cut-out for your car from the G-Piel chart at your dealer's. *It will save its cost many times in a single season.*

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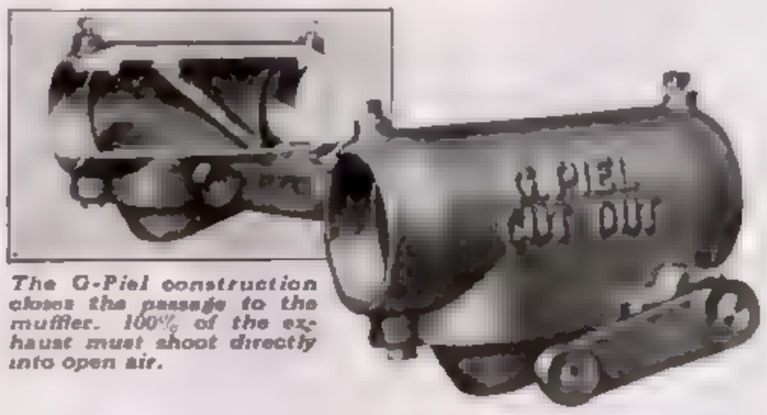
The G-Piel Pedal is absolutely positive in action. It never sticks. Makes operating any cut-out easy.



The G-Piel construction closes the passage to the muffler. 100% of the exhaust must shoot directly into open air.

G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out

Tells the motor's secrets

and have been trained to a trade their value to industry would be small.

The first recruit educational center was established at Camp Upton for the eastern part of the United States, and into this human reservoir has come almost every nationality under the sun. When I visited the school they had round seventeen hundred enrolled, and forty-five racial groups were represented. In those classes of prospective Americans were Armenians, Brazilians, Austrians, Arabians, Belgians, Bulgarians, Czechoslovakians, Chilians, Cubans, Danes, Egyptians, Finnish, French, Greeks, Germans, Hondurans, Hungarians, Icemen—or whatever the inhabitants of Iceland are called—Italians, Lithuanians, Macedonians, Mexicans, Spaniards, Swedes, Turks, Rumanians, Nicaraguans, Norwegians, Portuguese, Peruvians, Persians, Porto Ricans, Poles, Moroccans, Russians, Syrians and Serbians. That isn't all by any means; those are only some of them. But when I went through those classes and saw the varieties of nationalities and domes and colors the American nation must absorb I realized as never before the colossal task ahead of our famous melting pot. If the process succeeds there we should be encouraged to the point of Americanizing New York some day—and even teaching it English.

A distressing feature of these classes of illiterates at Upton is that almost one-half of them are American-born. The great majority of these come from below the Mason and Dixon line, from backward, backwoods districts where feuds and moonshine have been partners for generations. The lower intelligence of the American illiterate compared with the alien is a sad commentary on the state of civilization in portions of our country. As a rule the alien recruits are merely illiterate in our language, and show no lack of intelligence, whereas the native-born illiterate is that way from either congenital disability or deadening environment. He simply has nothing between the ears. It is heartening to note that the farther west you go the lower is the percentage of native-born illiterates. At Camp Funston it is only ten per cent.

Well, immediately after the illiterate recruits are enlisted they are sent to an educational center, where they go into a reservoir for test and classification. It is not a very difficult proceeding to establish each one's measure of intelligence. The tests are simple, but generally effective, for if you shoot a number of questions at a man you can usually gauge with fair accuracy just how quick or slow he is on the uptake.

Catch Questions

Of course the tests are not nearly so difficult or searching as the psychiatric tests which tried the soul and occasionally the brains of candidates for commissions during the war. Which brings to mind a captain of the Medical Corps who accosted me at Gondrecourt, in France, with a wild gleam in his eye.

"Say," he demanded, "how many legs has a Kafir got?"

This was a query requiring thought.

"He ought to have two," I ventured.

"Oh, all right," he said resignedly. "That cooks my goose then. I just gave him four—to play safe."

The recruits go up against questions like this: What is the name of the ocean west of the United States? If nine cakes cost one dollar and eight cents, how much will three cakes cost?

You would be surprised how many able-bodied citizens fall down on that one.

Occasionally the examiner grows foxy and puts a poser like this: If ice is harder than snow, write the name of the day that comes before Friday.

Can you beat that for guile?

Another literacy test was to have a man read silently The Village Blacksmith, then rewrite it in his own words. A recruit at Funston achieved the following: "The smith a mighty man is he with large and sinewy hands. I know he is always happy for he owes not any man, but I expect a lot owed him."

One day a colonel was addressing the illiterate class at a camp on the value of coöperation. Desiring to impress upon them that they should help one another by studying together, thereby increasing their knowledge, he used as an illustration a snowball rolling down hill.

"Now, what does a snowball do when it rolls down hill, men?" he demanded.

"It melts, sir."

The classification of the men is on the basis of their literacy as to grade, but within the grade they are assigned to sections in accordance with the intelligence they show. For example, there is a very bright section, a very dull section and two other sections in the first grade.

The advantage of this method is obvious. It gives the mentally alert a chance to forge ahead, and an entire class is not held back by the dullness or stupidity of one or two pupils, as so often happens in our schools.

Of course the plan seems to ignore the difference between the English-speaking and the non-English-speaking men. Segregation on lingual lines had some advantages for teaching purposes, but it tended to defeat the very object for which the educational center stands—Americanization. The gap between the two groups being exaggerated by segregation, there rose mutual antagonism. Under the new method only native capacity and effort are taken into account, and the men of every language are impressed with the idea that this is the leading aim of the American Republic.

Why Civilians are Preferred

After the illiterates have been classified they are put in the grades they have earned in the test. And then the work of teaching them English and giving them the rudiments of an education begins. Civilian instructors have been secured for these classes at Upton. My guess is that two reasons are back of the policy of employing civilians. In the first place an army officer or a noncom has too many military duties to permit his teaching school; and second, it is doubtful whether the men would enter into the work as zestfully under officers as under civilians. No matter how hard this new Army of ours strives to establish closer relations between officers and men, the fact remains that as soon as a man dons a uniform an officer looks a mile high to him and forty miles away. In fact the average professional soldier is so much in awe of officers that it would be impossible for him to employ his faculties with the freedom essential to earnest work in the classroom. Though strict discipline is necessary—and the civilian instructors appear to have no difficulty in obtaining it—it is imperative that the pupil should feel entirely at ease and free from military restraints or barriers if his best effort is to be brought out and his interest stimulated; there must be a certain amount of give and take between instructors and grown men who are stumbling through lessons usually given to a child. As this give and take in the classroom might easily lessen an officer's authority in his military capacity, the employment of civilians seems to be a wise policy. Some of the camps have reported excellent results in the use of teachers drawn from the ranks of commissioned officers in the past, but where the right type of civilians has been available, and the requisite money was forthcoming, the Army has shown a tendency to employ them.

The civilian teachers are from every part of the country. Some have taught in the public schools; some in colleges. A large number hold degrees from leading universities. Both men and women are employed, and it was my observation that the women handled their classes of husky roughnecks with every bit as much efficiency and authority as their male associates.

As Captain Bernard Lentz would say, they try to be guided by the lesson of the little boy who was sent home from school one day with a note from the teacher to his mother.

The note read: "Your boy John smells. He needs a bath."

And mother replied by letter next day: "Dear teacher: My boy ain't a rose. Don't smell him; learn him."

The day is divided equally between military instruction and classroom work, three hours being devoted to each. The normal course in English is four months, but bright men finish in less time. On the other hand, they have recruits who may take as long as half a year—and some of them will never learn.

Among the subjects taught in the educational course are English, spelling, United States history—emphasis is put upon the task of imbuing new citizens with American ideals and pride in American achievement—penmanship, arithmetic, geography, civics,

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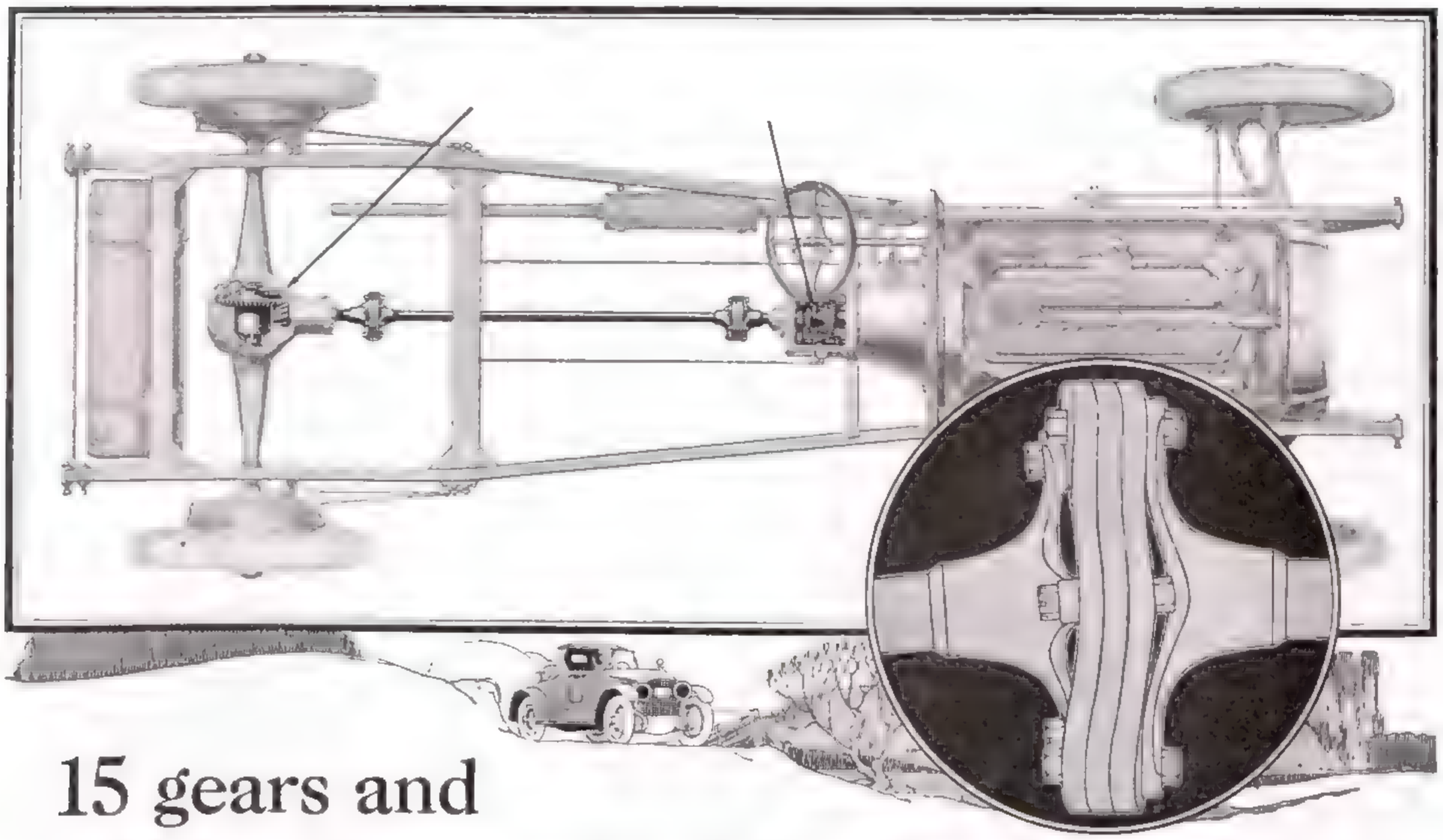

15 gears and 12 bearings racked by shocks

Why metal universal joints are a constant source of trouble

SEVEN gears and 6 bearings in the transmission, 8 gears and 6 bearings on the rear axle—in the average car every one is subject to the constant damaging shocks caused by metal universal joints.

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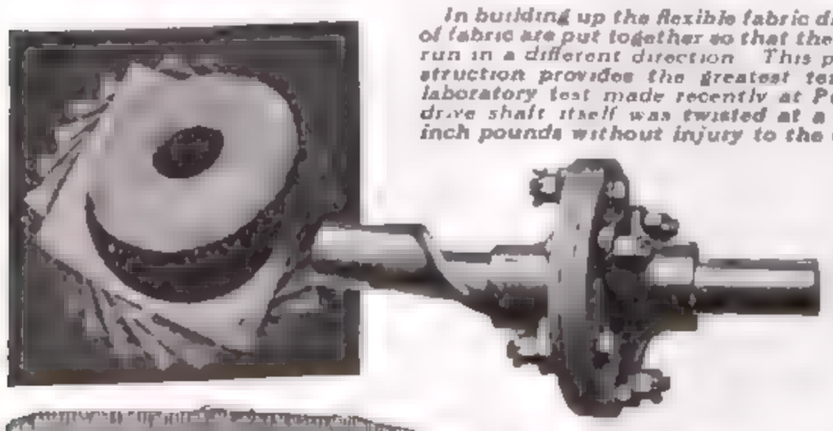

THERMOID-HARDY UNIVERSAL JOINT

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(Concluded from Page 94)

higher mathematics, modern languages, elementary science, general history and economics. I visited one class devoted to teaching aliens who could read and write English the meaning of the words they read and write. That sounds extraordinary, but it is true. Reflect a moment; possibly you can read Latin or French, but do you understand what you read?

This class chanced upon a sentence containing the word "refuse."

"Now, men, can anybody tell me what refuse means?" asked the instructor. "You, Bielinsky, what does refuse mean?"

"Vell," replied Bielinsky with a grin, "if I say to you, 'Lend me some money, vill you?' you vould not refuse me."

When a man is able to write a letter, and read one, he is no longer an illiterate in the strict sense of the word, and this is one of the mediums employed to stimulate interest and encourage the recruit to hard work. He is given every opportunity in the classes to write to his home and his friends, and he surely takes advantage of it. After three weeks in the school the average illiterate is usually able to indite some kind of a letter. The rapidity with which many of them pick up penmanship is astonishing. Spelling is a tougher proposition, and puts definite limits to the expression of their ideas, but grammar presents no difficulties—they simply ignore it.

Here are some specimen letters written from one of the camps:

Dear mother: i am gonning to write to use. i am gonning to a show to night. i am also gonning to meat sweethearts a walking about.

My dear mother: This is the first letter to you in which letter I tell you that I am the Army.

My dear sweet heart: How are you to day. well i hope well Dear I am havin a very good time but if i was with you i could have a better time.

Dear henry: Its a preatty long time cinse I did heard from you, so I decided to write to you again, because you are two slow for me, I can write letter every day that dont gives me any trouble, I can write enough to tell you I am well.

Dear father: I am sorry that I did not go to school at home. I did not think I could learn, but I sure now that I can learn. I can write letters to my Nellie and I can read her letters to me.

I hope you are well. I feel fine. When I came to the Army I was not strong enough.

My dear little friend: I will drop juts few lines that I am wall I hope you are de same. I am going to tell you that you want to coming here. I would sent of you tell him to hell if you loved me like my sister I could trus you so I dont know you wall. You or very easy to get mad, if I send for you and you do I tell you you be my garl. Do you.

That is somewhat involved, but the next is clear and concise:

Friday night was the night that Pedro liked best. That night he would go into the gymnasium, play basket ball and hand ball. After this he would go into the swimming pool, where he would swim and race with the other fellows.

Vocational Training

As soon as a man expresses a desire for vocational training he is examined in order to ascertain the trade he wishes to learn and for which he is best suited. Vocational training is not obligatory in the Army—no man has to attend the classes who doesn't wish to, but once he has enrolled, regular attendance is required of him. Of course there are men in the service who join the classes with the sole purpose of escaping from work or duty which they think may fall to them, but in the main those who enroll really wish to learn a trade and are thoroughly in earnest. The others are gradually weeded out.

One of the first precautions that had to be taken was to prevent an undue number of recruits embracing any one trade. For example, had a majority of them expressed a desire to learn plumbing the plumbing trade might easily become congested in a few years, with consequent depreciation of wages and loss to other trades. Consequently all possible information is procured as to the demand for labor in each trade, its prospects, and its present and probable scales of pay. When this information is given to the recruit he is in a position to determine which trade offers him the best opening.

Here again the Army encountered a staggering difficulty—there were no industrial statistics available to show the condition and needs of each trade and industry in the United States. In war or any national emergency such a census would be invaluable, but of course we didn't have it. The census got out by the Government furnishes the population of cities and towns and a mass of highly interesting information to the idly curious. But when it comes to specific information which would be of real help in an industrial survey the census falls short.

Camp Specialties

The majority of our educators who talk and write on industrial subjects and advance theories of employment and training are likewise hopelessly vague in their information. At a recent convention devoted to vocational training dozens of speakers stood up and captivated the ear with chastely worded discourses on trades and the need of turning out skilled men for them.

They glittered in generalities and fine theories, yet when a practical-minded man stood up and asked for definite figures and information about certain trades under discussion they were unable to accommodate him. He became mighty unpopular in that assemblage.

The vocational training covers a wide variety of trades. In the schools a man can fit himself to become an automobile mechanic, an electrician, a carpenter, a painter, a stone or brick mason, a blacksmith, a sheet-metal worker, a plumber, a printer, a photographer, a moving-picture operator, a radio specialist, a telegraph or a telephone operator, a canvas worker, a tailor, a butcher, a farmer, a typist, a bookkeeper or a clerk.

These do not constitute all the vocations taught, but they will furnish an idea of the wide scope of the courses.

Some camps specialize along certain lines, being especially well located and equipped for those. For instance, agriculture is played up at Camps Lee and Funston. Another camp goes in strong for an automotive course. At Funston they have a model farm consisting of six hundred acres, and all of the crops common to the locality are grown. There the course is subdivided into animal husbandry, agronomy—study of the soil, its formation and care, and preparation of seed beds, harvesting and marketing of farm crops; also horticulture, which includes truck gardening and the growing and marketing of fruit.

More Theory Than Practice

It happens that Camp Dix is well equipped to teach trades, and their vocational classes were an eye-opener to me, taking into account the short time they have had to get into stride. The pupils were building houses, installing complete heating plants and plumbing fixtures; they were taking down and reassembling automobile engines; they had an excellent class of men engaged in wireless telegraphy, and ordinary telegraphy by the Morse code; they were rapidly turning out men qualified to be train dispatchers; and the class for moving-picture operators was well filled. The last-named occupation seems to make a special appeal, possibly because of the demand and the nature of the work. At Camp Dix, too, they had an exceptionally fine music department, where about every known instrument was being taught. It takes years to turn out a professional musician, and a real soloist is born, not made; but a man with average talent can be trained sufficiently to horn into a military band in a comparatively short period. At one camp they developed the division band from a poor organization of sixteen men to one of forty-seven, most of whom knew nothing about music when they joined.

To what extent are the men responding to these opportunities? The enrollment in the schools runs from thirty to sixty per cent of the entire command, which is a very creditable showing.

It would be unfair to criticize the Army's plan until it has had more time to prove its worth.

Up to now the work has been experimental; they have necessarily had to feel their way. In an undertaking of such magnitude years and the acquisition of much equipment will be required before results can be gauged.

However, it might be helpful to point out some of the reactions of the men to the work. They are almost unanimous in their praise of the educational courses. That was to be expected, since the courses approximated what is being done in our civilian schools, and no special physical equipment was needed. The boys like these classes.

But I found their verdict on the vocational training was qualified. Often it was openly condemnatory. They contend in some of the camps that the plan is a magnificent one in theory, but does not work out in practice. As a soldier said to me: "I've got a certificate showing that I am a qualified automotive mechanic. Sure, I know the theory of it and have got all the technical patter at the end of my tongue. The instructors had that much, too. But turn me loose in an automobile factory and I could not hold a job. An experienced foreman would find me out in a minute. I might be able to get by in an ordinary garage, but I am not the skilled workman I am supposed to be.

"That is because we did not have the models and equipment for practical work. It had to be given us in lectures and by demonstration, instead of each man working on a job himself. At our camp this applies to almost every vocational course, except possibly typewriting.

"They haven't been able to get the right sort of instructors either. Now a man who goes into the Army to get an education and learn a trade wants to come out of the Army qualified to hold a job. It is a great scheme the Army has gone into, but they have a long way to go yet if they are to succeed."

The Army's Opportunity

Just how the labor unions would regard the Army's incursion into the field of technical training was a matter which interested me. So far the union leaders have given the vocational program hearty support. Some of them visited various camps for inspection purposes, and are now prepared to issue union cards to holders of vocational certificates of various trades. For example, any graduate from the plumbing course at Camp Dix can get a plumber's union card.

But how the unions will regard the educational features and the whole scheme depends on the fashion in which the Army carries out its undertaking. Unionism will naturally be suspicious of certain kinds of teaching. For that matter, public support will hinge on the same factor.

Should certain brands of propaganda be pumped into the recruits the Army will lose ground. The possibility of this is the only objection that can be urged against the undertaking.

It is the finest opportunity the Army has ever had. If it succeeds it will go a long way toward solving some of our industrial problems.

It is estimated that when recruited up to strength the service should turn out on an average of fifty thousand trained men each year—there will be no need of universal service and the Army will win a place in our national life and a relation to the civilian population which will be of immense benefit to all concerned.

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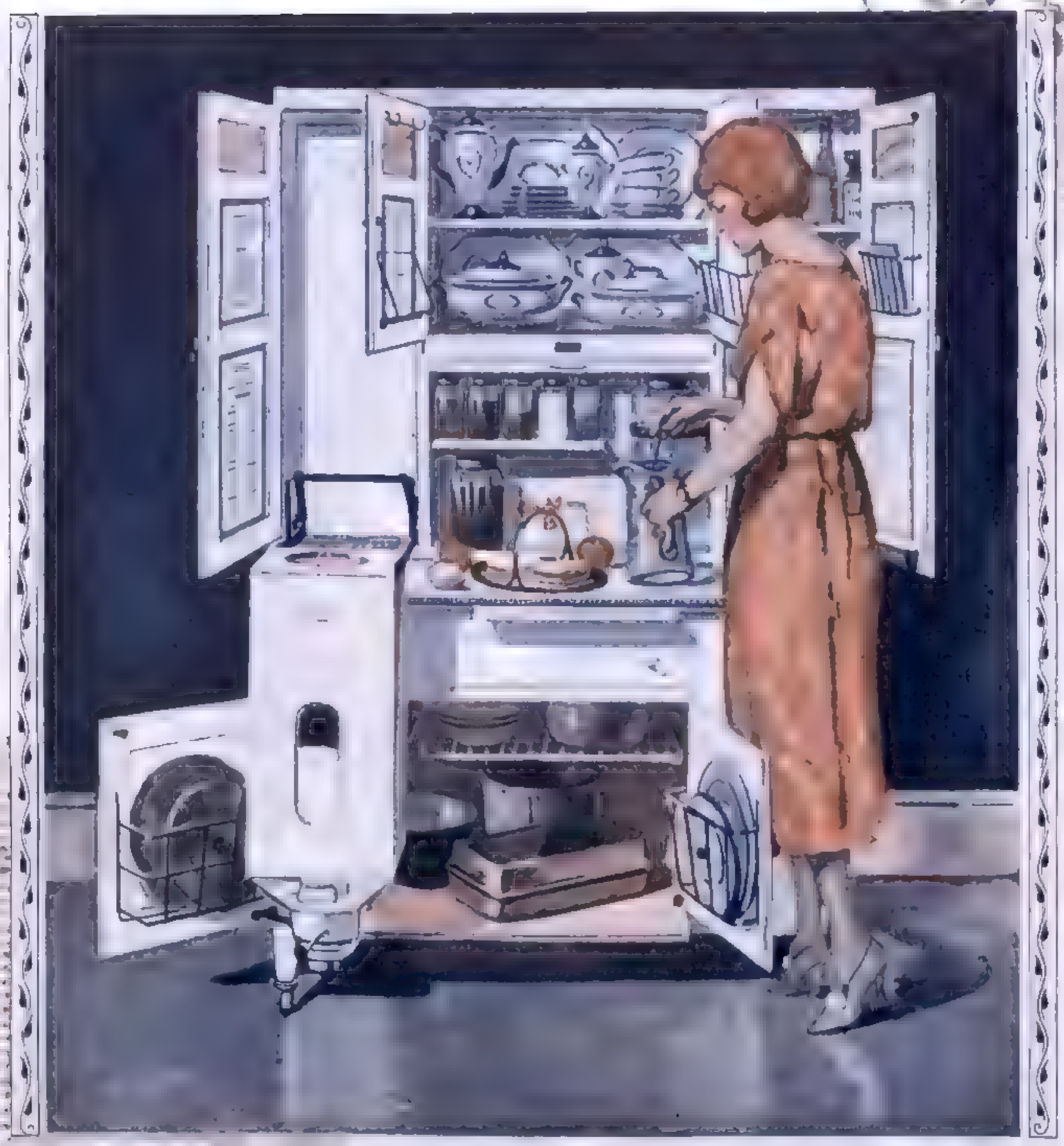

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CORD TIRES

THE ROSE DAWN

(Continued from Page 27)

his collection after a time, thrusting his head in at strange doors and shouting a cheery greeting to grave celestials with red-buttoned caps. He perched for minutes at a time on the edge of Gin Gwee's counter watching the laundry boys blowing fine sprays from their mouths. On all the length of Main Street was not one shop, laundry, bank or office—on the ground floor—with whose interior he was not more or less familiar.

The occupant of one office eluded him for long enough to rouse his interest. It was a very small office, hardly more than a cubby-hole, obviously boarded off from another and much larger establishment. Looking through the window, Boyd saw a cheap golden-oak roll-top desk, one very second-hand swivel chair, another chair that looked much as though its intended objective had been the kitchen. The other furnishings consisted of lithographed advertising calendars and one or two of those framed chromos of impossibly steady steamships cutting through tossing seas in which wallowed relatively minute rival craft. The gilded letters on the window conveyed the information that this was the business abode of Ephraim Spinner, who sold and rented real estate, wrote insurance of all types, did stenography and typewriting and held the office of notary public. Boyd for some time failed to catch a glimpse of Ephraim. The desk continued closed, the door locked, and on the knob hung a neatly lettered card that read, "Back in ten minutes." It did not state which ten minutes was meant.

In his idleness of mind Boyd used to peer in through the window as he passed and speculate on the personality and habits of Mr. Ephraim Spinner. He made a number of deductions. The place was always neat and picked up, which, of course, might argue that it was never used. But dust failed to accumulate and the swivel chair stood at several angles. Spinner, in the final analysis, Boyd decided, must be either a very young man or a rather old one, a very busy man or a very lazy one. There was no middle ground. He would not spoil this very languid interest by inquiring. So it was with rather a pleasurable quickening that at last he perceived the door standing open.

He entered the tiny office. A tall, spare, nervous individual sat at the desk. He was a young man, but his face was strongly carved. His very blond hair stuck straight up in an old-fashioned brush pompadour. His eyebrows and eyelashes were likewise very blond, and the skin on his face and hands a clear, transparent light brown that must have been equally fair before it had been much exposed to the sun. He wore what might be described as a smart business suit—a sort of bobtailed cutaway, the edges of which were bound with black braid. His manners were alert as he swung to face Boyd.

"You are Mr. Spinner?" asked the latter.

"The same," jerked back the young man. "What can I do for you?"

The air was electric, charged with energy. Spinner apparently had not a moment to waste. Nevertheless, Boyd seated himself comfortably in the kitchen chair.

"Have a cigar?" he proffered. "You are very little in your office, Mr. Spinner. I suppose I have been by here a dozen times, and this is the first I have found you in."

"My business is largely outside," snapped back Spinner with an air that seemed to add, "and you're keeping me from going back to it."

"My name is Boyd—Patrick Boyd," he introduced himself. "I'm staying at the Frémont. It is in my mind to stay out here for a little while, and if so I do not want to stay at a hotel."

At Boyd's name the eyes of the young man flickered for an instant, but his manner did not change.

"Buy or rent?" he demanded.

"That depends on what I can get."

"How big? How many in family?"

"Myself and my son—grown," answered Boyd, amused.

"Would you build?"

"I might."

Spinner whirled his chair back to the desk, snatched open a drawer, flipped over a pack of green cards, another of pink cards and a third of white cards; selected a half dozen or so of each, slammed shut the roll-top desk and rose.

"Come on," he said.

"Where?"

"To look at houses, of course," rejoined Spinner impatiently.

In meekness, admiration and considerable amusement Boyd trailed his guide round the corner to where stood a horse and buggy. Spinner ran over his cards and climbed in.

"We'll look at rent places first," he announced.

"Would you mind my looking at those cards?" asked Boyd.

"Not at all. Help yourself."

In the year eighteen hundred and eighty-odd, card-filing systems were so rare as to be practically unknown.

Boyd looked upon Spinner's crude beginning with respect.

"Very ingenious," he commented, "and very handy."

"Saves time," said Spinner.

As they drove about from one place to another Spinner kept up a rattling staccato commentary on Arguello, its resources, its climate, its future.

And as this man talked a new and different Arguello took the place of the old. The bare and vacant foothills twinkled whitely with villas looking across Italian-wise to the sea, the rutted streets smoothed under pavements echoing to horses' hoofs, the rolling reaches of the cattle country became snug with irrigated farms, fountains spouted in the barren square of the city park, a boulevard skirted the sea.

"It's a comer," he repeated, "a comer! All we need is a little enterprise to grasp the chance. It will come. These people here are asleep—they're dead. It needs a new lot, people who appreciate opportunities and have the bustle and get up and git."

"You can't very well kill the inhabitants off," laughed Boyd.

"Won't need to. They'll be submerged—lost. This town will grow so fast you won't be able to find an old hardshell with a search warrant."

"Perhaps they can be waked up," suggested Boyd.

"They're dead," repeated Spinner. "You can't wake the dead. At least I can't. They've got no ambition. I never saw such a crowd. I've done my best, and I can't make a dent in them."

"Well, we may be able to do something," said Boyd vaguely. He did not say so, but he could well conceive that the efforts of Patrick Boyd might get a reception that the efforts of Ephraim Spinner might lack.

In the course of an investigation which lasted over many days they narrowed down to a quarter block lying just beyond Mrs. Stanley's place. It possessed two live-oak trees; it was far enough out from the foothills to allow a view of the mountains; it caught a distant gleam of the sea; and—what Boyd foresaw would be most important—was within a few blocks of the Frémont. While the negotiations for its purchase were under way Spinner had another suggestion.

"I've had a chance thrown my way," he said. "You're going to settle down here; you want to take an interest in the place, make a few investments, get an influence. Nothing like bank stock for that. And in a place like this bank stock is held mighty close—formed by a few men and stock kept in the family. Now just at present I can get my hands on a good block of the First National. It's on the market, but quietly. I don't know for sure whether I'm the only agent. But it was put in my hands. It's a good buy as an investment, but it's a better buy because it's just what you need if you're going into affairs here. It's a chance you won't get every day."

"Give me the figures," said Boyd.

Thus it came about that he acquired the whole of Colonel Peyton's stock in the First National Bank, a very substantial interest that at once gave him a considerable influence in the management, should he choose to exert it.

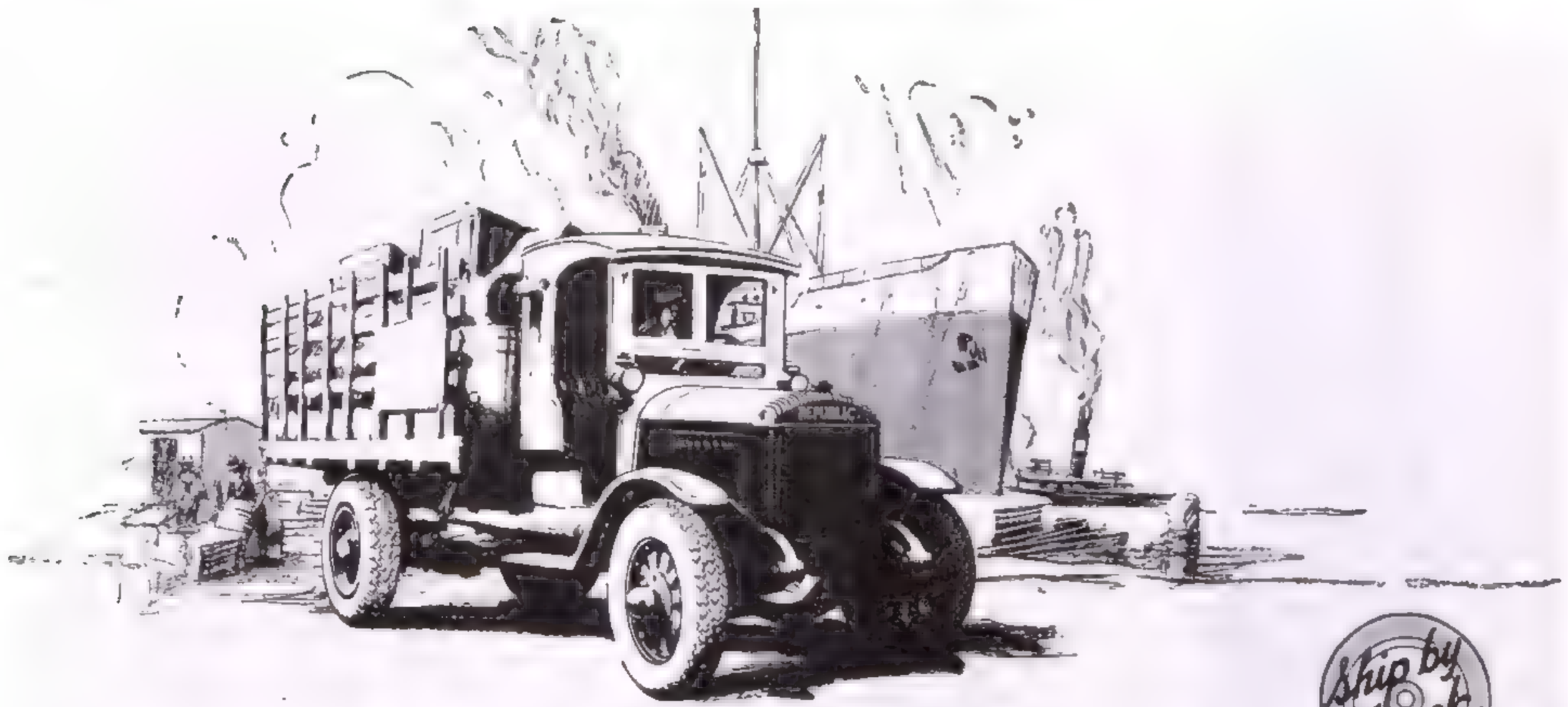
At the End of the Dance Corbell Led the Secretly Chagrined Myra Directly Back to Mrs. Stanley

XII

NOR did Kenneth in his way make less of an initial impression than his forceful father. His handsome, laughing face and curly hair attracted attention at once, and his rather imperious manner did him no great harm. He was just past twenty, having graduated young from college; but as is often the case with New York raised youth, gave an appearance of being older. The young life of the place absorbed him. He was good at sports, and this was essentially an out-of-door existence. His riding-school instruction stood him in good stead, though he had a great deal to relearn. At first he was inclined to be scornful of stock saddles and long, straight stirrups immediately under the body, of spade bits and the loose-swinging rein, simply because he had been taught on an English saddle and with curb-and-snaffle rigging. But after he had ridden a few trails, and especially after his first hard, all-day expedition, he began to discover that these things had a logic back of them. As they were also exotic and picturesque, Kenneth naturally swung to the other extreme and became intensely partisan of all Western gear. He also swam well and played a decent game of tennis. But his chief asset was his eager, ready zest for everything.

A party of young people rode every morning, and gathered at the Frémont as a rendezvous. Kenneth had already met them at the barbecue. It was a small group, this, and kept itself to itself. There were always a few newcomers hanging about its fringes, but they rarely lasted long enough to gain an intimacy. These youngsters had been brought up on horseback, and they were little inclined to tolerate any lack of skill or determination. Indeed, one of the first things they ordinarily did to a stranger was to take him at once up a peculiarly atrocious slide rock on the Arroyo Pinto trail named Slippery Sal. If he took that smiling they came

(Continued on Page 102)



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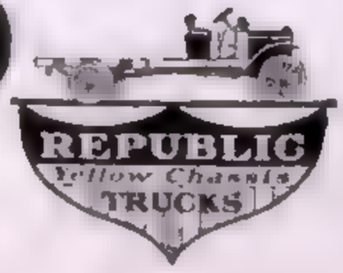

(Continued from Page 100)

home down the narrow way on the full trot, plunging down the almost perpendicular mountain side in short cuts across the angles or lacets of the trail.

There were in this group three boys and four girls, about of an age. The boys naturally seemed much younger, were hobbledehoys, with the amusing admixture of boyish diffidences or crudenesses and a pseudo-manly ease. It was very evident that they were considered as mere children, useful at times, by the young ladies, their sisters, who at eighteen were in their own opinions quite grown up and important. Kenneth agreed with them and found them charming. There were Dora Stanley, Myra Welch and Isabelle Carson, with brothers Martin Stanley and Winchester Carson, all of whom Kenneth had met at Colonel Peyton's barbecue. Add also a small, mischievous, dark girl of sixteen, named Stella Maynard, and a good deal of a nuisance in a gadfly fashion, and her brother, John. Kenneth liked and patronized the kids, as he looked on these fingerlings of the male sex. They made him feel old, important, a man of the world. He admired heartily the young ladies, their sisters, with their vigorous knowledge of out-of-door matters, their cool nerve, their sedate maturity flavored with an occasional dash of tomboy.

As was only human nature, especially at this age, he had his sentimental preference, or would have had could he have decided between two. Stella Maynard and Isabelle Carson were out of the running from the start. The former was a little brown thing with a sharp tongue and an unhappy faculty of making you feel that she was not taking you seriously at all points. The latter was too soft and slow and lazy. But between Dora Stanley and Myra Welch it was exceedingly difficult to choose. They were of quite opposite types, so their appeals could not be compared. Dora was quick, vivid in personality, exceedingly active physically, a blonde, deep breasted, with a bright, high color. She could hop on and off her side saddle without assistance from anybody, and she opened gates, as she came to them, without masculine assistance. You could not stump her at anything.

Once Kenneth, by way of a particularly ridiculous joke, said: "I bet you don't dare ride down that rock slide."

Without a moment's hesitation she turned her horse's head toward the long, nearly perpendicular sweep of water-smoothed granite that dropped from the edge of the trail some fifty or sixty feet to the bowlder-strewn creek bed. The animal hesitated, as well he might. Dora set her teeth and raised the short, heavy quirt. There seemed no doubt that she intended to force Brownie to make the plunge. But Kenneth, his face pale as paper, crowded forward past Winchester, who sat in apparent paralysis, and laid his hand on her bridle reins.

"Hold on!" he cried. "I was only fooling! Don't you know better than to try that? You'll kill yourself!"

"I won't take a dare from anybody!" she answered, looking at him defiantly.

"Shucks," confided her brother Martin to his chum, Winchester, a little later, "I'm onto her! She'd have done it all right if nobody had stopped her. But she knew darned well somebody would stop her," which was fairly astute even for a younger brother, in which tribe no illusions dwell.

Myra Welch was just the opposite. She was slender and very dark, with a clear, colorless complexion and slumbrous eyes veiled by indecently long lashes. Sometimes she raised them and looked appealing or helpless. She never thought of trying to climb into her side saddle without assistance. Her foot was small and arched. She placed it in the hollow of Kenneth's joined hands, and at a signal sprang lightly into the saddle. The brief momentary impact of her weight, the touch of her hand on his shoulder, the swirl of her habit as she hung her knee over the horn, the fumbling of her left foot for the stirrup—in which Kenneth must assist—all these possessed a strange and fascinating thrill. Twice or thrice he caught a glimpse of her silk stocking above her short boot, perhaps an inch or so lower than the hem of a modern skirt, but this was eighteen-eighty-odd and probably Myra got her effect. Then she would thank him demurely enough, but a fraction of a second before he would turn away she would raise her long, demure lashes and gaze straight at him. Nor did she open gates, but waited. She had no brothers, but did not thereby escape brotherly criticism. The three boys had grown up with her.

"Myra makes me sick!" said Win bitterly. "I bet she gets his frat pin away from him in a month."

But for this sporting proposition he had no takers. Myra would certainly have had the fraternity emblem—that acknowledgedly symbolic scalp of the college ages—long before the month had it not been that Kenneth was considerably intrigued by Dora's bold, vivid spirit. It was something he had not encountered in the East. Myra's type was not uncommon, though it must be confessed that she was Class A in her type.

Kenneth soon found that even the best horse he could hire at the big stables failed to do him sufficient honor. They were enduring enough. No amount of hard work could make more than a slight impression on wiry Western-bred animals, and these were certainly called upon to do their full share of the day's work. But livery horses get to be philosophers. They are ridden by so many different people that their pride of family descends to practically nil. They have no particular enthusiasm for scampers on the beach—who can tell how soon or for how far they will be called on again? Kenneth called his father's attention to the desirability of a private mount. Boyd saw the point.

At that time a first-class California-bred horse, good in configuration, speedy, sure-footed, could be had for twenty-five dollars. It was characteristic of Boyd that from his intricate acquaintanceship on Main Street he should know of a Kentucky mare, a chestnut, eight years old, a beautiful, fine-bred animal that, nevertheless, had been raised in the back country and was as sure-footed as any of the native stock. For her he paid a hundred and twenty-five dollars, an extravagant price as horseflesh went. It was equally characteristic that he should refuse to finance Kenneth's ideas as to fancy saddle and equipment.

"I'll buy you a good serviceable outfit," he proffered, "or I'll furnish half the money for any other outfit that you may want. But you will have to furnish the other half yourself."

"Where will I get the money?" returned Kenneth doubtfully.

"You have an allowance." Kenneth looked still more doubtful. "I know it is small, but it is sufficient if you want to deprive yourself of other things. Or you can go to work. I will find you something to do—probably in a bank. You will have no expenses and can save all your salary for whatever you want."

Kenneth looked out of the window toward the mountains.

"I want to work, of course," he returned soberly, "and I suppose since I graduated in midyear I ought not to wait over the summer vacation, as I should if I graduated in June. But I would like to start in the fall rather than now."

"I think myself that it would be better. I want you to have the benefit of this summer out-of-doors. It was only a suggestion."

Kenneth made arrangements for the rental of a livery outfit pending his ability to buy what he desired. He was still very much of a small boy in some respects. Jim Paige's harness shop inspired in him exactly the same longing as fills the breast of an urchin, nose pressed against the window, gazing in at an air gun or a Flobert rifle he knows to be beyond his reach. Kenneth loafed round Jim Paige's aromatic shop a great deal of the time. He half pretended he liked to talk with Jim, whom he found to be a character, but in reality he came to gloat and yearn over certain articles he had singled out as to be his own in some impossibly remote future. It is not necessary to attempt an analysis of this feeling, or to explain how in some mysterious manner these articles invested themselves with a compelling influence no mere physical objects ever could have. It is unnecessary, because every mortal soul has experienced it.

There was, to begin with, the saddle. It was not a mere saddle, nor had it been picked out for its looks. By the time Kenneth had fully made up his mind to it he knew a lot about saddles, because there had been a great many decisions to make. The trees on which they were constructed were of different shapes—the Cheyenne, the Laramie and others differing in the spread, the arch of the bow and the height of the cantle. Each type had its claimed advantages and its disadvantages. Each type also had its violent partisans in the persons of the cowboys who occasionally dropped across from the other side of the Sur and who roosted about Jim Paige's shop picturesquely, to the worshipful awe of the Eastern boy. His choice was decided by hearing an individual more dogmatic than the rest.

"The reason I holds with the Cheyenne is 'count of the bow," he said. "You take a center-fire saddle and that bow and you tie to any steer on four hoofs and your outfit's going to hold."

On the strength of this Kenneth not only decided on the Cheyenne tree, but also the single cinch, or center fire. Should he have the horn leather-covered or bare? Should the skirts have square corners or be cut away on a curve? Should the stirrups be of the ox bow or California type? How about *tapaderas*, or stirrup covers? If it was decided to have them, should they be of the closed-box type or the sort with long-pointed flappers?

"When you're drivin' cattle in the brush and you've got taps with flappers on them you can just shake a foot and scare your stock out," stated the dogmatic cowboy.

So Kenneth decided on taps, just as he had decided on the Cheyenne tree, as though his chief requirement was a machine for handling heavy cattle.

The latigos must be of belt leather and without buckles—effeminate devices for saving time. What if just as you had roped a steer the buckle should tear out? For the same important reason the stirrup leathers must be quadruple, three inches wide, of thick stock, and must be laced with thongs. To change the length was a half hour's job, whereas a buckle will permit of their being raised or lowered in a jiffy—but consider again that enraged and ensnared steer! He picked out a *cincha* that was eight inches wide, woven of horsehair in a white-and-black pattern, with a tassel, or tuft, sticking down in the center of it.

"That's what I call a real cinch," the cowboy cried. "That'd hold anything."

This new friend surveyed Kenneth's completed specifications attentively.

"That'd make you a saddle you wouldn't need to suspicion nohow," he pronounced.

Kenneth had already picked from the dozen beautiful made-up saddles in the shop the carved design that pleased him most. Of course this supersaddle must be carved. And that did not mean any of your cheap stamped stuff, but deep, rich hand carving with simple tools—almost a lost art to-day. He offered his results to Paige and demanded a price.

"I got pretty near what you want already," said Jim, leading the way to a saddle in the window.

But the saddle in the window differed slightly, and Kenneth had so intently brooded over every detail that difference was fatal. Jim Paige promised to figure on it, and then, of course, laid the paper to one side. Jim was always a very busy man. He could work and talk at the same time, but he could not work and figure at the same time. Every afternoon for nearly a week Kenneth demanded the figures of the estimate, and every afternoon Jim Paige confessed that he just sort of hadn't got round to it yet.

"Look here, young fellow," he said at last. "You sure stick to it like death to a dead nigger. Do you realize that this is getting on to harvest time? I've got my harness work to do. I couldn't make you a saddle before next month anyways."

So Kenneth mooned on into the question of bridles. There were flat leather, round leather, braided rawhide and flat-braided horsehair. They could be made up as split ear or regulation; they could be ornamental, with silver studs or silver *conchas*, or they could be left plain; the reins could be made California style with a lash, or *morale*, or they could be made Arizona fashion, separately, so that all you had to do was to drop them and your horse was tied to the ground. Of course he coveted a silver-mounted bit, one with wide side bars in which the silver was inlaid in blued steel and the whole heavily carved. That much was certain, but how about the bit itself—spade, cruces type, broncho type? It was all most fascinating, and there seemed to be a reason for each of these variations.

Of course there were also other items that had to do more with personal taste. Everybody wore big, blunt iron spurs held on by broad straps. The rowels were an inch and more in diameter. There was a wide choice; anything could be had, from plain iron ones for a dollar to wonderful silver-inlaid beauties with clappers that rang against the rowels and *conchas* as big as a dollar on the carved straps. Of course one had to decide whether the shank should be straight, or should turn up or down. Reasons having to do with hanging on by the cinch when your horse bucked, or catching the cantle when you left the saddle to pick things off the ground, were advanced for choosing one or the other. And there were rawhide or grass-rope reatas, and long hair ropes—one hopelessly expensive, incredibly soft one of actual human hair—and *cantinas* to fit over the horn. Kenneth already possessed a broad hat, of course, with a carved-leather band.

So assiduous became his devotion to the harness shop for the first ten days after the purchase of Pronto that Boyd felt called upon to ask Jim if the young man was not a nuisance.

"Like to see him," returned Jim, carefully cutting a scoop out of a piece of leather.

"Well, you go ahead and make up that saddle he wants," said Boyd. "Don't say who it's for. I'll give it to him later for his birthday or Christmas or something. You sure he isn't a nuisance?"

"Not a bit," disclaimed Jim. "Besides, I don't believe you could keep him out with a fly screen."

XIII

THE first Saturday of the month Kenneth was standing on the side veranda of the Frémont waiting the arrival of Pronto when with disconcerting suddenness a wild cavalcade dashed round the bend in the drive and pulled up before the hitching rail. They brought with them a swirl of dust and noise and rapid motion. There were five of them on horseback, and these only immediately preceded a four-horse drag that took the turn in a grand sweep. Kenneth glanced at the driver with admiration of his skill and saw a rigid, small, immaculate, dark man in a wide hat, a carefully tied white stock, a checked cutaway coat, and riding breeches ending in high-heeled cowboy boots. He wore brown gloves. He had glittering black eyes, glittering white teeth and a small mustache waxed to long, stiff needle points. His handling of his four was beyond praise. He tooled them skillfully alongside the veranda and to a halt with no more than a slight raising of his gloved hands. Then he handed the reins to a Mexican who sat beside him but at a lower elevation and descended from his perch.

The horsemen flung themselves from the saddle, and with fine disregard for rules and regulations as to hitching animals in the hotel grounds dropped their reins over their horses' heads and left them. Then they tramped boisterously across the veranda, laughing loudly, shouting to each other, clanking the rowels of their spurs against the floor, elaborately unconscious of the spectators, and disappeared in the barroom door. The irruption and disappearance took place so quickly that Kenneth got no more than a confused impression. One had a long white beard and a rubicund face; one seemed to be a very large man.

Near the hitching rail the abandoned saddle horses were tossing their heads, rolling their eyes, shifting softly to and fro. They were a wild, half-broken-looking lot, curly and shiny with sweat. The leather of the equipment was dark and shiny with use, and Kenneth thrilled to observe that the necks of the horns were deeply grooved where they had taken the strain of the rope. The four harnessed horses were also restless, stamping their feet, shifting their positions, but standing, for they were evidently well trained. The vehicle to which they were attached was a wonderful creation. It consisted of two front wheels with a seat on a superstructure about eight feet immediately above it and two rather distant hind wheels attached to the rest of it by one solid beam.

"If that ain't the darn-foolest contraption for four horses to drag!" observed a bitter voice next Kenneth's ear. He turned to meet old Patterson's bilious eye. The riding master with his tame animals was waiting the gathering of his supertame class. "And look at them saddle hosses—one mess of sweat! Makes me sick!"

"Who are they?" asked Kenneth.

"Passel of darn fools that live on ranches over the mountains. They come in about once a month and raise hell. I don't see why people stand for them. If I was marshal I bet I'd put a stop to 'em. I'd have them up for disturbin' the peace and cruelty to animals and—there, look at that mess! Serves 'em right!"

(Continued on Page 105)

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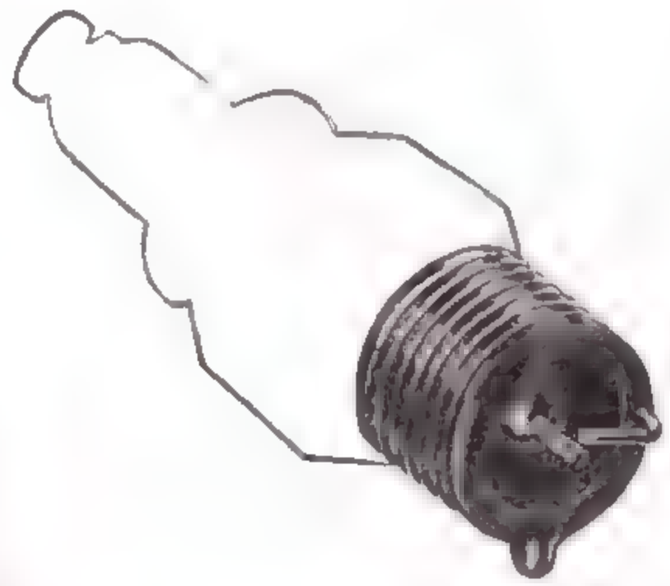

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INLAND

ONE-PIECE PISTON RING

(Continued from Page 102)

The saddle horses during this colloquy had begun to quarrel and bite. The Mexican descending from the drag attempted to quiet them, whereupon the supposedly well-trained four abandoned the path of virtue and started to wheel off. They turned away from the Mexican so that in another second they would have got going, and then there would have ensued a really spectacular runaway, had not Kenneth darted out and seized the leaders' bits. The Mexican's shout evidently reached the noisy party in the bar, for they piled out as rapidly as they had piled in. The little dark man with the waxed mustache strolled to the edge of the veranda. He shot a volley of Spanish at the Mexican, under which the latter curled up.

"Now, darling little ones," he addressed his companions caressingly, "since the first lovely exuberance of your spirits has spent itself, suppose you hitch that awful collection to something, as you should have done in the first place." His voice was slow and soft, but carried a sarcastic edge, which it lost as his next words were addressed to Kenneth. "I have to thank you, sir, for your prompt action. My name is Herbert Corbell. You will join us, I trust."

Kenneth found himself in the dark, high, cool, aromatic interior of the Frémont bar, with the twinkling glasses and mirrors, and white-clad Barney eying him across the counter. There were a number of round tables. Some perched on these, some dangled their legs from the bar itself. Kenneth had a confused impression of a roomful of people, which was not the reality. Corbell held him firmly by the upper arm and halted him in the middle of the room.

"Brother members of the Ancient Sociedad de los Años," he said pleasantly, and at once the tumult died to absolute silence and all faces were turned toward him, "this young man says his name is Boyd, which I do not vouch for of course. All I know is that he was sent to-day by Providence to take our part. He is therefore nominated Benefactor, and will be respected as such for this session only." He turned to Kenneth and gravely extended his hand. "Sir, I congratulate you," he said ceremoniously, "on your election to the worshipful position of Benefactor."

Kenneth, much confused, blushed and shifted uneasily and wondered what he was supposed to do or say. But Corbell went smoothly on:

"Allow me to introduce in turn the members of the equally worshipful society. The shrinking violet on the end of the bar is Bill Hunter. He is native born, free up to date, though unjustly; fairly white, though inclined toward the brick red. The best he does is to swell. Hop down and swell for the Benefactor, Bill."

Bill was a compact, powerfully built, thick man, dressed in black-and-white checks that emphasized his size, with a blond sweeping mustache and a childlike blue eye. As Corbell's smooth voice ceased he obediently dropped from the end of the bar. Holding his arms half crooked from his sides he proceeded to expand his chest and contract all his mighty muscles. The stout cloth was instantly strained smooth round his mighty proportions.

"That's why we call him Big Bill. You should see him do it stripped," continued Corbell blandly. "He is better at that than at headwork. Our Bill is none too bright, I am sorry to say. He has little sense of humor. That will be all, Bill."

Hunter, without appearing to mind all this in the least, grinned and heaved himself back on the end of the bar.

"The youngster over there with the long white lambrequin is Johnny Anderson. He is supposed to have died about ten years ago, but he's too contrary to obey orders. He is one of those pests known as old-timers—drove stage over the gol-dingedest mountains and all that sort of thing. If you don't watch him very closely he'll take you one side and tell you stories of the good old days. He's a hardened old sinner who ought to know better than go round with us. The thing he does best is to drink whisky toddies, but we will not ask him to exhibit his skill. The long, lank personage near Big Bill ought of course to be called Shorty, but he's not. His name is Frank Moore, and he's chiefly noted for being the human goat. Feed a glass, Barney."

The barkeeper set out a thin-edged champagne glass, empty.

"Not in that condition," objected Frank firmly.

"Obey your potentate, who watches that the lamb be not fleeced or that the thirsty thirst. All will be made up unto you in due time," replied Corbell cryptically.

"Oh, very well, I rely on your good faith," grumbled Moore.

He picked up the empty champagne glass, bit a chunk out of it, chewed up the glass and appeared to swallow it.

"The next exhibit," proceeded Corbell without pause, and indicating a little hard-muscled young Englishman in tweeds, well worn riding breeches and old boots, "is William Maude St. Clair Ravenscroft. He claims to be British and of very high rank, but we suspect him, because every one of these names is spelled just the way I pronounced it. The only mitigating circumstance is that he has named his ranch Bletherington Towers and pronounces it Chumley Briars. So he may be all right after all. Now there are various others," he said, looking severely round the room, "but I weary. All present, with one exception, are members in good standing."

His glance rested on one after the other appraisingly, and they all stood grinning, waiting to see if he intended to continue his monologue. Kenneth's eyes followed his. To his surprise he recognized Jim Paige. The harness maker was never away from his bench. He saw also a round-faced, good-humored-looking young chap in cowboy rig.

Old George Scott was there, too. A vapid-looking individual in tweeds and a fore-and-aft cap, wearing a monocle and a flaxen mustache—one of that very rare species, the typical stage Englishman—was looking on with an air of bewilderment, illy concealed under an attempt to appear knowing. Kenneth guessed him the one exception mentioned by Corbell. In fact, he proved to be a visitor addressed as Sir Edgar. He was collecting material for a book on the country, and these young men had taken him up for the pleasure of seeing that he got it. Ravenscroft was the only member who did not look pleased whenever Sir Edgar came to the front.

"Worthy potentate," spoke up the glass eater at length, "when does the Benefactor benefact?"

"He has partly benefacted," explained Corbell, "in stopping my team. It is meet that he now complete the function of his being."

All eyes were turned on Kenneth. An expectant pause ensued. He was in an agony of embarrassment, for he had not the slightest idea what to do. He caught Barney's good-humored Irish eye. Barney made him the slightest gesture as though drinking.

"Will you gentlemen join me?" invited Kenneth instantly.

They joined him, and after the confusion of ordering, crowding about and getting the drinks had settled Kenneth found himself not neglected or ignored, but simply relegated to a position of second importance. He had not money enough in his pocket to pay for the treat, but a word with Barney fixed that all right. Kenneth had a better chance to look about him and enjoy what he saw.

The principal business of the society seemed to be providing Sir Edgar with material for his book. All the worn old California stories were being trotted out for his benefit. Some of these were so steep that Kenneth could not imagine anyone taking them seriously, but the nearest the Englishman came to incredulity was an anxious inquiry or so:

"I say, you're not spoofing me now?"

Kenneth watched him narrowly, in suspicion that his innocence might be only apparent.

"I'm English myself," said Ravenscroft at his elbow disgustedly, "but this is really too much of a silly ass."

"If they believe his book in England," observed Kenneth, "the score will be more than even."

"By Jove, I believe you're right," said Ravenscroft, brightening and looking at Kenneth with a new interest. "And I'll buy an edition and distribute it."

From that moment he took more interest in the stuffing of Sir Edgar. Frank Moore was explaining that the size of California products was due to the alleged fact that a galvanic current running from the North Pole to the South Pole—hence the compass in California for the first time ran across the land.

"Unfortunately the rest of its course is beneath the sea," said Frank didactically. "You have no doubt noticed, Sir Edgar, the enormous proportions of our agricultural products. It is all due to the influence on the soil of this galvanic current."

"Jolly big strawberries for breakfast," murmured Sir Edgar, "big as tomatoes, 'pon my word."

"Not as big as our tomato, pardon me," breathed Moore with exquisite courtesy. "But strawberries are hardly fair, for they are to a large extent nonconductors."

"Nonconductors?" echoed Sir Edgar.

"Of galvanic current. Some things are better conductors of the current than others, and naturally they get more influence from it and attain to a larger size. Take our pumpkins, for example."

"Pumpkins?"

"A sort of squash. You know the ordinary size of squashes. Well, these pumpkins grow to such a size that it is quite customary to place a small pig, or shote, inside. As he eats he grows, until he has attained his full size inside the pumpkin."

"I say, you are spoofing!"

"Not at all! In proper localities, of course, you must understand me. The growth is necessarily very rapid. On rough ground it is sometimes necessary to place wheels or rollers beneath the pumpkins."

"What is that for?"

"To prevent their being worn out. You see the vines grow so fast that they drag the pumpkins about."

Even Sir Edgar's vacuous countenance took on an expression of derisive incredulity.

"You'll have to show me that, you know," said he.

"It is unfortunately the wrong time of year for pumpkins," replied Moore.

"Haw, haw!" cackled Sir Edgar triumphantly.

"Darn fool," muttered Corbell, in reference to Frank Moore; "if he doesn't watch his step he'll spoil the whole game!"

He tried to catch Frank's eye, but that saturnine individual knew his way about.

"Well," he drawled argumentatively, "there's our asparagus. You know what asparagus is like ordinarily. Out here, in localities where the current is strong, it grows to quite extraordinary size—quite extraordinary, I assure you. It has to be cut down with an ax and trucked to the railroad, and must be transported on flat cars."

"You'll have to show me that, you know," retorted Sir Edgar.

This seemed to have been an effective bit of repartee before.

"Certainly," agreed Frank unexpectedly. "Come along."

He slouched out to the veranda, followed curiously by all the Society and its Benefactor. Alongside the garden walk, where it had been stowed waiting transportation to the dump heap, lay a stalk of the century plant. As most people now know, this central stalk, before it branches into flower, shoots up to a height of ten to twenty feet, and almost exactly resembles a stalk of fat asparagus. But very few people knew it then. Sir Edgar gazed on this monstrosity with open mouth.

"Bah Jove, I'd never have believed it!" he gasped. "I should like to obtain a photograph."

"If you will promise to publish it in your book," suggested Frank, "I will get you a photograph of a bunch of it tied for market."

"Will you really?"

"Oh, rawther!" breathed the enraptured Society.

Frank evidently thought he had earned a drink by this masterly turning to account of what his quick eyes had noticed on coming in. His pumpkin story was also thereby rehabilitated. But suddenly Corbell put his foot down. It was obvious that he was the leader of these wild spirits, evidently from sheer force of personality.

"We're not here to get drunk," he pronounced—"at least not this early in the day. Program! To the beach!" He turned politely to Kenneth with no trace of the mock buffoonery. "Have you a horse? Yes? Suppose you ride with the others and I will take Jim Paige with me."

It was assumed that Kenneth would remain with the party, and he was very glad to do so.

Corbell, the Mexican and Jim Paige managed to squeeze themselves into the airy little seat. The others leaped into their saddles, and with shattering suddenness they burst into violent motion down the drive. Round the corner into Main Street the ponies scampered headlong. Kenneth over his shoulder saw the drag careening drunkenly after. Then he gave his attention to his riding, for good horseman that he was he had not yet attained that utter abandon and recklessness that comes to those brought up in pursuit of wild mountain cattle. He had rather a confused impression of people dodging out of the way, of his mare skipping nimbly over or round chuck holes or obstructions, of a whirl of dust, of more people drawing hastily aside, of considerable shouting—and he found himself at the beach. The drag stopped broadside on. The horsemen nimbly dismounted and began to strip the saddles from their mounts.

"Come over here by me," Corbell summoned him. "You don't know this game, and it is against the rules for Benefactors to take part."

They mounted bareback and at once proceeded to pull each other from their seats. It was a nice display of horsemanship and judgment. The ponies wheeled and darted, their riders clinging like Indians. They snatched at each other, attempting surprise or tactical advantage. Occasionally they came to grips and wrestled. Then it was only a question of a moment or so before one—or both—hit the sand with a thump. It was a wild, fascinating, rough, rather dangerous game. The two star performers were Bill Hunter, by reason of his enormous strength, and the Englishman, Ravenscroft, because of his hard, wiry agility.

So interested was Kenneth that he did not observe the approach of a grave, middle-aged, bearded man beautifully mounted on a dapple gray. He wore a long black coat and a wide black hat. But Corbell saw him.

"Pinched again," he said disgustedly; "the sheriff!"

His eye fell on Sir Edgar and lit with hope. With remarkable agility he scrambled down from his lofty perch and walked to meet the officer. For some time a whispered colloquy went on, Corbell's hand on the mane of the gray and the sheriff bending gravely forward to listen. Several times his eyes rested on Sir Edgar. At length his bearded lips parted in a reluctant smile.

"All right," he said, raising his voice so that the attentive participants in the suspended game might hear him. "This once—for the last time!"

He swung the gray's forefeet lightly and gracefully off the ground in a half circle and trotted away.

"He has no sense of humor," observed Corbell, looking sadly after him. "But we've got to behave going back. The infuriated populace is laying for us with shotguns."

They rode back to the Frémont two by two, at a walk, their heads bowed, holding their hats in their right hands clasped against their breasts.

At the hotel Kenneth lost sight of them for a while, as they started off somewhere on another expedition to which they did not think to invite him. He was too shy to call himself to their attention. They reappeared for dinner at a special table in the corner. There was wine in ice buckets, and considerable noise. The rest of the decorous dining room looked indignant, amused or scandalized. Still they were perfectly respectable, except for the noise. Sir Edgar was in evening dress, trying very hard to enter into the spirit of the occasion. He drank considerably more wine than anybody else, to which course he was indefatigably urged by an increasingly polite and solicitous Frank Moore. Ravenscroft's lean, weathered face showed a slight uneasiness. This was the night of the weekly hop, and many of the women had on light toilets for the occasion. Some of the townspeople were dining there. Corbell caught sight of Kenneth and waved his hand, to the latter's secret delight.

"Friend of yours?" commented his father. "Who are they? I see Jim Paige and George Scott lapping it up with the best of them, but I don't recognize the others."

"They are ranchmen from over the mountains," answered Kenneth, "and they are loads of fun."

That, on reflection, was all he knew about them.

After dinner the Sociedad adjourned directly to the bar, whence came wild sounds. Kenneth would much have liked to go see what fun or deviltry was up, but was not yet sufficiently out of his boyhood openly and boldly to enter a barroom.

The hotel hop began shortly after eight o'clock, which hour then seemed entirely

(Continued on Page 108)

What Records Did Essex

Here Are a Few Records That Set a New Standard for Economy, Endurance and Reliability

All Made in One Week

ECONOMY

Connecticut — With 12 cars over Mohawk Trail and Hoosick Mountains and 12 over a coast route—many owner driven—216 miles average distance per car, 18.7 miles per gallon were shown. One car with 35,000 miles service averaged 21.2 miles per gallon.

Nebraska — A Hastings, Neb., woman drove her Essex from Lincoln to Hastings, 109 miles, averaging 28 miles per gallon.

California — Four women drove from Los Angeles to San Francisco and return averaging 22.3 miles per gallon. A San Francisco Essex made the round trip, 846 miles, in 33 hours with 23 miles per gallon. Hood and radiator sealed.

San Antonio, Tex. — In a 166 mile run to Austin and return, Essex averaged 25.5 miles per gallon.

Sacramento, Calif. — Defeated 19 entries and took Tallac Cup for highest gasoline, oil and water mileage in Sacramento Dealers' reliability run.

Baltimore, Md. — Essex sedan, on original tires with 15,000 miles service, traveled 221 miles over Maryland hills, averaging 23 miles per gallon.

Florida — On a measured gallon an Essex covered 23 miles and without change or adjustment of any kind showed speed of 68 miles per hour.

49 Cars Average 18.9 Miles Per Gallon — Records cover every kind of test at a speed of from 5 to 72 miles per hour.

RELIABILITY

Columbus, Ohio — An Essex which had seen 16,000 miles service was driven by owner to Washington, D. C., 403 miles, in 11 hours, 40 minutes. The crack Penn. R. R. train requires 15 hours, 34 minutes.

Boston, Mass. — Four round trips to Fort Kent, Canadian Border, 4052 miles in one week. Same car had established record between these two points last winter when thermometer was 40 below zero and had since been used in daily service.

Pittsburg, Pa. — Over mountain roads 692 miles through Cumberland, Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia and return, in 17 hours, 42 min., averaging 39.3 miles per hour.

Stockton, Calif. — 432.8 miles through blinding snow storm, over grade 6 to 37% and through several miles hub-deep mud, towed another car. Crossed Ebbitts and Tioga Pass at altitude of 9941 feet.

Toledo, Ohio — 3722.5 miles 168 hours non-stop motor, attaining speed 68 miles per hour.

Los Angeles, Calif. — To San Francisco over 828 mile route of steep grades and frequently far from water supplies Essex which had previously gone 28,000 miles and under U. S. Marine observation made trip sealed in high gear with sealed hood and sealed radiator. Average 22.8 miles per gallon gasoline.

SPEED

Athens, Ga. — 34 road miles in 31 minutes, 25 seconds, averaging 64.74 miles per hour.

Buffalo, N. Y. — To Rochester, 80 miles in 88 minutes, distance 12 miles further than by rail. Time 4 minutes longer than fastest train.

California — Ontario to Pomona, 4.2 miles, 3 minutes, 35 seconds. Speed at 70 miles per hour.

Salina, Kansas — Over country roads, 471 miles, 10 hours, 36 minutes.

Ogden, Utah — To Logan, 50.7 miles through tortuous canyons, climbs 17,000 feet in 17 miles, 1 hour, 26 minutes. Essex used had seen 10,000 miles service.

Springfield, Ill. — From Decatur, 42.3 miles, 49 minutes, 3 seconds.

St. Louis, Mo. — To Kansas City, 303 miles, 10 hours, 17 minutes. Old record 12 hours, 52 minutes.

SPEED (continued)

Yakima, Wash. — To Seattle, 180.1 miles over Cascade Mountains, 4 hours, 56 minutes. Lowers time North Coast Ltd, famous crack train by 1 hour, 44 minutes.

Detroit, Mich. — From Grand Rapids, 164 miles, 4 hours, 11 minutes. Best train time, 4 hours, 15 minutes.

Milwaukee, Wis. — To Madison, 90 miles, by privately owned and driven car which had gone 38,000 miles—time 2 hours, 4 minutes.

Louisville, Ky. — To Eastwood, Ky., 15 miles in 13 minutes, 40 seconds. Essex roadster windshield off, 1 mile in 47 3-5 seconds.

HILL CLIMBS

California — Rim o' the World, climbed nearly 5000 ft. over difficult 8.8 miles of mountain road 17 minutes, 23 seconds, beating all previous records.

Helena, Mont. — First car ever to cross Continental Divide on high at Priest Pass, 5984 ft. altitude.

Pittsburg, Pa. — Topped Englerts Hill one mile long, 4 blind turns, 14% grade in 90 seconds.

Washington, D. C. — 35th Street Hill, an Essex the first to climb it on high. Tilden Street Hill, 51 miles per hour over top. Same car tows 6-ton truck with load 16 blocks up hill.

Knoxville, Tenn. — Only car ever to make Main Street Hill from Central Avenue to Gray Street in high.

San Antonio, Tex. — Record for Belknap Hill going over the top at 40 miles per hour from standing start in 17.2 seconds.

Bridgeport, Conn. — 4 Essex cars broke record on Sport Hill going over top from standing start at 52, 56, 57 and 60 miles per hour respectively.

Atlanta, Ga. — Stone Mountain 1700 ft. high, over foot path 40 degrees in places.

NON-STOP MOTORS

At many points non-stop motor performances were made in which car for greater part of time was used in city and inter-city running. No attempt was made at speed but in no case was motor stopped for period shown.

Amarillo, Tex. — 1297.8 miles in 36 non-stop motor hours by car which had previously traveled 28,000 miles.

Detroit, Mich. — 2028 miles averaging 17½ miles per gallon, motor running constantly 6 days and nights.

Macon, Ga. — The motor in an Essex roadster was operated constantly for two weeks—336 hours—the car being in use most of the time.

Philadelphia, Pa. — Two cars each with motor running constantly 168 hours, combined mileage 3301.

Phoenix, Ariz. — 3199 miles in 168 hours non-stop motor run through Arizona desert, temperature at 112. Covered worst roads in state.

EASY RIDING

Denver, Colo. — In an Essex which had previously traveled 22,000 miles, 288 crated eggs were strapped on the rear seat. It was driven 3828 miles over mountain roads in a 6-day non-stop motor performance. Only 40 eggs were broken.

ACCELERATION

Louisville, Ky. — From standing start to 30 miles per hour in 12⅝ seconds; 5 to 45 miles per hour in 15⅝ seconds; 40 miles per hour in 9⅛ seconds; 50 miles per hour in 12⅝ seconds; 60 miles per hour in 21⅛ seconds.

Eastwood, Ky. — ½ mile in 22⅛ seconds. This was made by Essex roadster with top and windshield off. On concrete road it coasted 2169 ft. in 1 minute 54⅝ seconds, starting at speed of 30 miles per hour, and from a speed of 40 miles per hour coasted 2665 ft. 2 minutes, 2⅝ seconds.

Established 24 Hour Dirt Track Mark

Made by an Essex at Dallas, Texas, that had previously gone 12,000 miles. It traveled 1261 miles in 24 hours

Six cars taken as they came out of production were driven at top speed from Detroit to Chicago, 303 miles. Fastest time was 8 hrs. 8 mins. Time for the last car to arrive 11 hrs. 3 mins., it averaging 27 miles per hour. Compare these new car performances for uniform quality with cars above that show excess 20,000 miles service.

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Break in Your Locality?

Add to Them the Hundreds Made in Its Nation-Wide Tests—They Give Leadership to Essex Everywhere

In a nation-wide week of contest Essex challenged and took hundreds of records for economy, performance, hill-climb, speed and reliability.

You know what marks fell before it in your community.

Now consider the multiplied proofs as established in every part of the country.

Those listed on the opposite page are but a few. It would require several pages in this publication to print all. They recount victories until victories become monotonous.

Yet does not their very mass compel conviction? Do they not answer every automobile question?

It Shows What Every Essex Can Do

Hundreds of Essex cars engaged. Hundreds of towns and cities watched. Hundreds of thousands took personal interest in what the Essex did. Many were owner cars familiar to the community that witnessed their triumphs. Men saw their neighbors' cars, summoned from ordinary duties, break records that were called unbeatable.

Some already had 20,000 to 30,000 miles service to their credit. Some entered on tires that had already traveled from 15,000 to 23,000 miles. Many were piloted by owners. Women owner drivers in long distance and economy performances revealed the uniform reliability of Essex.

And these are the cars that took world marks as well as hundreds of coveted local records in all parts of the country. They bespeak similar qualities for nearly 45,000 Essex cars as their owners know them.

Note Its Gasoline and Oil Mileage

Records were kept on 49 cars used in every kind of test from the distance covered on a measured gallon of gasoline to the 6-day non-stop performances. It included hill climbs of the most sensational character and intercity runs in all parts of the country, over all kinds of roads, in all kinds of weather and at speeds from 5 to 72 miles per hour. Some were brand new cars. One had already traveled 34,000 miles. The average gasoline consumption was 18.9 miles to the gallon. The average oil consumption was one quart for 250 miles.

Hills that no other car ever climbed on high gear were topped by Essex. New acceleration marks were made. Many inter-city records for automobiles and for crack trains were lowered. And an Essex which had been driven 19,000 miles in rental service on its original fabric tires set a hill-climb record in El Paso.

Economy was again shown by another Essex which had gone 15,000 miles on its original tires by covering 221 miles of Maryland hills with an average of 23 miles to the gallon.

Men are interested in the economy shown with the average driver and the sort of economy that might be expected from any car of its kind. These facts establish what every Essex owner knows.

Now Is There Anything Left for Essex to Prove?

Every locality now knows Essex for the accomplishment of some great feat. It knows it as the speediest car; as an economical car; because of its hill-climbing ability; because of its acceleration, beauty and reliability, and because of the way its owners praise it.

In a thousand ways it has proved its supremacy in every imaginable test.

Was greater proof ever submitted? Here in one week every kind of performance ability has been established by Essex. None of its close to 45,000 Essex owners required such proof. They take pride in the knowledge of what their cars will do and what these tests have shown. That was shown by the number of Essex owners who took part in the tests.

Men were long ago forced to recognize Essex performance. Its speed and acceleration are common remark. In the face of these performances, its uniform stability is established beyond question.

Can Essex be second choice to any who want the economy which comes with light weight and the beauty, performance and luxury which come with the costlier cars? The Essex is a moderate priced car.

No wonder its sales have also set a world record.

WATCH the ESSEX

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(Continued from Page 105)

pleasant and appropriate. It took place in the long hotel parlor, which had been canvased for the purpose and the heavier furniture of which had been moved into a back hall. A Spanish orchestra, consisting of a piano, a violin, two mandolins and three guitars, tinkled at one end. The guests sat in chairs lined in a row against the walls. All the social life of the place, old and young, was there; and if to our eyes the banged hair, the tight sleeves, the hour-glass figures, and the bustle and flounces would seem ridiculous, nevertheless none of these things could disguise the fresh, sweet, vivacious youth, the high color and spirits and the feminine daintiness whose alchemy can—temporarily—transfer the worst vagaries of fashion into charm. They danced a hopping waltz that went round and round, and the schottish and polka, and a number of square dances.

Occasionally the even tenor of merriment would be broken by one or the other of the members of the Sociedad de los Años appearing in the doorway. They were always perfectly quiet and respectable, though it must be admitted a trifle flushed, and they contented themselves with standing in the doorway for a few moments looking on. Nevertheless, this brief appearance always caused a flutter of uneasiness. Suppose one of them should leave the doorway and cross the floor directly at one and ask one to dance! Horrors! What would one say and what would mamma say afterward? The idea was shivery, exciting, perhaps not wholly unpleasant.

It was not until nearly ten o'clock, however, that Herbert Corbell appeared. His dark face was not in the least flushed, and his bright, quick eye was thoroughly in command. Quite coolly he ran it over the room. Then he fulfilled the secret fear-hope of the fluttered. He proceeded in the most leisurely fashion across the room straight toward the spot where sat Myra Welch. Myra, from the ambush of her long, sleepy lashes, saw him coming, but pretended not to, and began suddenly to lavish the most unusual attention on her awkward companion. For by chance Myra was doing a duty dance with John Maynard, whose callow attempts bored her extremely. Therefore, when the music stopped she had steered him over next Mrs. Stanley, who was chaperoning both Dora and herself.

Mrs. Stanley saw the approach of Corbell with a rising of the hackles. The uncompromising old lady disapproved of Corbell in every way. She did not like his waxed mustache, which she considered vaguely villainous and certainly affected; she did not like the direct, faintly quizzical, concealed amusement of his glance; she did not like his silly, superior accent or his broad "a's"; she did not like his clothes, which she thought of as dudish; she thoroughly disapproved of all his actions and expected the worst. Instantly she visualized his dancing with Myra and then walking out on the veranda or into the grounds with her and not bringing her back until all hours and that soft fool, Myra, not knowing any better than to permit it—flirtatious, soft little fool and she responsible to Mrs. Welch. No use trying to drop a hint to the young people of these days; they had no idea whatever of propriety or obedience. What they needed was a good spanking. All these thoughts, and others similar, went through Mrs. Stanley's head as Corbell picked his way across the floor. They had the effect of making her look even stiffer and more formidable than ever. Mrs. Stanley had bedecked her tall, spare frame with all the war harness of the ballroom, and yet one saw her still in tweeds as her best wear.

Corbell, undismayed, was bowing before her with what she mentally designated as dancing monkey manners. He made some pleasant remark, to which, after glaring at him a moment, she returned a monosyllabic reply. Then he and Myra waltzed away.

Many eyes were turned on them. Against the united suspicion of the room they did not cease dancing until the music fell; against all prediction Corbell did not suggest that they go out and look at the moon. At the end of the dance Corbell led the secretly chagrined Myra directly back to Mrs. Stanley. For several moments he stood gallantly over the two, engaging them in lofty converse. Then he bowed low in courtly fashion and left the room with the utmost dignity. Once in the big, empty hall outside the ballroom, however, he dissolved into whoops of delighted laughter, bending nearly double and slapping his leg.

"Fooled the old crab!" he cried to Kenneth, who happened to be passing. "Oh, didn't I fool her!"

He seized Kenneth by the arm and propelled him to the bar.

"This is too rich. Come and we'll tell the boys."

The room was full. The members of the celebrated Sociedad held the center of the floor, but the fringes and the side tables were occupied by secretly delighted old boys who sipped their drinks silently and watched the fun. Kenneth had to drink with them. Sir Edgar was still the center of attention, and, it must be conceded, Sir Edgar was pretty far along. To the most outrageous sayings or doings he merely smiled vacuously and murmured protestingly: "I say—oh, I say!"

Some of them, especially Frank Moore, were piling it on pretty thick. They were trying to get Sir Edgar to perform various difficult physical tricks, such as placing his feet thirty inches from the wall and then picking a pin out of the wall with his teeth. There were numbers of these—all familiar to you from childhood—and Frank Moore was remembering them all. Sir Edgar was game, though it was doubtful if his evening clothes would weather the storm. Every little while Corbell pounded vigorously on the bar for silence, and then made each man repeat rapidly the words "United States twin-screw steel cruiser," on penalty of no more drinks for failure. Every little while also he detailed one or more to go make an appearance in the ballroom.

"We must prove individually and collectively our complete sobriety," he pronounced. "Sir Edgar is excused. His reputation is established."

After a time Colonel Peyton came in, courteous, old-fashioned, smiling. The room immediately fell silent, and those who were sitting or perching jumped to their feet.

"Good evening, boys, good evening," said the colonel. "Having a good time? That's right! That's right! Pretty noisy. Don't object to that, but ——"

Corbell turned and held up his hand.

"United States twin-screw steel cruisers!" a chorus answered him.

"Perfectly satisfactory, gentlemen," said the colonel. "Your honor and the honor of the house appear to be safe as usual. Now will you honor me by drinking a little toast to the pleasure of the evening, and permit me to tell you how glad I am that you are here?"

The colonel, as beseemed a Kentucky gentleman raised in California, took a finger of Bourbon in a little glass. They all insisted on clinking their glasses against his. The little ceremony consumed several minutes. Then they drank bottoms up in silence.

"I will wish you good evening, gentlemen," then said the colonel. "I am very glad that you are here again."

"The darned old cuss really means it," sniffled Shot Sheridan, the erstwhile silent member, suddenly becoming tearful and sentimental.

"Shot, you're drunk!" Corbell accused him severely. "Go and sit at that table. Do it! Bill!" he said, as Sheridan showed signs of rebellion.

Bill Hunter placed his huge hand on Shot's shoulders and propelled him like a child to the designated table. There was no resisting that mighty force.

"Now," continued Corbell, turning to Sir Edgar, "what are we going to do about this thing? I am glad to see you boys had sense enough to crowd round and hide him. I should have been mortified to have the colonel see him in this state. It was a narrow squeak. Though he is not a member, still we are responsible for him. Disgracefully pickled!"

"Oh, I say!" protested Sir Edgar feebly.

But Kenneth could stay no longer to see the outcome. He had been for some time shifting from one foot to the other in an agony of indecision, and Kenneth had a horrible fear that the number of dances he was bolting could never be explained. He returned to the ballroom. When an hour later he looked into the bar it was empty—save for Sir Edgar. That peer's swallow coat tails had been nailed to the wall. Sir Edgar was struggling feebly to get away.

"Chuck it, old chap, chuck it!" Kenneth understood him to say.

XIV

HOWEVER hard these joyous spirits might play, they worked equally hard. Only—as is always the case with such men—the work was done far away and out of sight, where it did no good to their reputations. On Monday morning they had disappeared, and Kenneth learned from Barney that they would probably not reappear until the following month. They left behind them the clew to one gorgeous story that kept the town chuckling for a week, once its fragments had been pieced together. The clew was an inquiry by Sir Edgar, proffered so many times that at length its repetition roused the curiosity of the old boys round the Frémont veranda.

"Do you know Frank Moore?" he would ask, screwing in his monocle. "Rum sort of chap, now isn't he?"

"Why does he pick out Frank Moore especially from that gang of young hoodlums?" speculated Saxon.

"I'll ask Jim Paige," said Boyd.

It seemed that about halfway up one of the cañons of the Sur there was a copious sulphur hot spring. To it led a rough mountain road that ended in a small hotel and facilities for bathing. All California was full of these resorts, some of them quite pretentious and all of them much scroll sawed and white painted and fancy paneled, as beseemed the boss-carpenter age of decoration and architecture. Most of these structures have fallen into complete or partial decay, as men's faith in mineral springs has waned and—it must be confessed—as other roadhouse facilities have increased.

Frank Moore had invited Sir Edgar to sup with him that Sunday evening at the Hot Springs Hotel. Sir Edgar had ridden his horse toilsomely up the steep mountain road just at dusk, and had been led by his host to a table perfectly appointed for two. When the meal had been served it had proved to consist entirely and solely of raw eggs and champagne. Moore, conversing affably, with entire lack of self-consciousness, sucked the eggs, ate the shells, drank the champagne and ate the glasses. Then the two gentlemen adjourned for a short smoke to the veranda overlooking the valley two thousand feet below, after which they rode down the mountain together. Sir Edgar had not emerged from his customary stolidity during the interesting performance, nor did he ever utter any comment beyond the one above quoted.

The old life recommenced, with its riding, bathing and buzzing about. Winchester Carson's prediction that Myra would get Kenneth's fraternity pin was not fulfilled. The reason was a damsel named Pearl Schultz. She worked in a combined bakery and candy shop halfway down Main Street, and Kenneth, by an irony of fate, first encountered her when purchasing caramels for Myra herself. Pearl was undoubtedly good-looking, with fresh blond coloring, flaxen hair, large blue eyes and a voluptuously redundant figure. She was very demure and ladylike, almost prim in her manners, carried herself with a little self-conscious stiffness, and answered Kenneth's easy young-man-of-the-world advances with admirable and polite brevity. Nevertheless, even in that first interview some subtle attraction, some fascination, drew his interest. She was exceedingly good to look at after her fashion, was starchily clean in her pink wash dress, and piqued his curiosity as to what lay behind her demure and conventional replies to his remarks. He got into the habit of dropping in at the Kandy Kitchen daily on one excuse or another, purchasing candy—or even buns when his funds were low—that he hardly knew what to do with. There swiftly grew in his spirit one of those strange, purposeless, absorbing fascinations peculiar to extreme youth. It was in no sense the pursuit of a more sophisticated man. Kenneth had no clear idea of what he wanted of Pearl. He liked her looks; he felt the lure of the unexplored in her novelty. He had a rough, general knowledge of how girls like Dora Stanley would look upon most things, and—within broad limits—how they would act. Pearl belonged to a different genus. What lay beneath the prim stiffness of her exceedingly proper manner? What signified the side looks she gave him with her big, staring eyes?

It took Kenneth nearly a week of brief purchasing visits and the employment of his most killing facetiousness to break through this first reserve.

At his jokes Pearl in the beginning stared coolly, but after she had learned his name and had become accustomed to his personality she would giggle and exclaim: "Lord, Mr. Boyd, but ain't you too ridiculous!"

Then she began to answer him back, and after the delivery of her repartee she had a trick of catching her lower lip with an even row of little white teeth and looking at him wide-eyed to see how he would take it. Kenneth found this delightful.

Nevertheless, the Kandy Kitchen became a most unhandy meeting ground. People were always coming in to get waited upon in the most annoying fashion, and took the most useless time fussing over their silly purchases, serenely oblivious of a glaring young man in the background. And then, too, the counter with its glass cases was always between them. Somehow it cut off confidences—was a sort of barrier against really getting together and talking. Kenneth had as yet no idea or thought of manhandling Pearl, but it would be rather pleasant not to have that old counter between them.

"What time do you get out of this hole, anyhow?" he asked her.

"We don't close until six o'clock," she told him.

That was an awkward hour for Kenneth. His absence or tardiness at the early hotel dinner would not be objected to, of course, but it would be commented upon and would require some sort of explanation, however light.

"Can't I see you then?" he asked, nevertheless.

"Oh, I've got to go right straight home to dinner and then to help mamma with the dishes."

Kenneth had a bright idea.

"Well, you don't stay open on Sunday," he pointed out. "Will you go for a walk with me on Sunday?"

She considered a moment, looking down, the wild rose of her fair cheek deepening.

"I should be very pleased to," she decided primly.

"Where do you live?" asked Kenneth.

But for some reason she did not want to tell him that.

"I will meet you at the beach near the wharf at three o'clock," she told him, nor would she consider any other arrangement.

Kenneth was on the beach fifteen minutes before the hour. A little past three she joined him. She had on a little shell-shaped hat thrust forward low over her bang, a voluminous, plaited cloth skirt with bustle and a thin knit jersey—then a new fashion—that defined frankly the upper lines of her figure. She was walking very demurely, her hands crossed in front, the muscles of her shoulders held rigid.

To Kenneth's boyish hail she replied: "I am very pleased to see you to-day, Mr. Boyd."

They turned up the hard beach and fell into step. Kenneth realized with a little start of surprise that she was a much smaller girl than he had thought. Indeed, the top of her quaint, forward-tilting hat was not much above his shoulder. The Kandy-Kitchen surroundings had invested her with a fictitious height.

The tide was low. A hard, wide, dark-brown beach offered itself as a boulevard, shining and with occasional puddles in depressions as though it had just been raining. A single line of surf close to shore heaved itself wearily to the height of a foot or so, and fell as though letting go all holds after the performance of a duty. The wash crept stealthily up its required distance and retired with a faint rattling of little stones. Gulls wheeled on motionless wing. Every log mooring buoy of the fishing boats accommodated a row of black cormorants. Surf ducks rode just outside the lazy breakers or sprawled on the beach, whence they hitched themselves awkwardly and painfully at the approach of Pearl and Kenneth. Long strings of kelp were flung in graceful festoons across the sands.

"I think the beach is elegant," said Pearl. "I just adore this salt smell."

"Salt smell!" jeered Kenneth. "Rotten kelp and dead fish and things—that's what makes your salt sea air!"

"I think you're just horrid!" she cried, giving him a little push.

Kenneth was full of spirits and gamboled about like a colt. He shied pebbles at the surf ducks to see them dive; he selected flat stones and sent them skipping across the water; he found an admirable kelp skipping rope and used it with all the half-forgotten steps of his childhood. Pearl walked demurely straight ahead, duly admiring or exclaiming, but abating in no jot her air of perfect and painful propriety. It was a pose that in her became a provocative quaintness. Kenneth was intrigued

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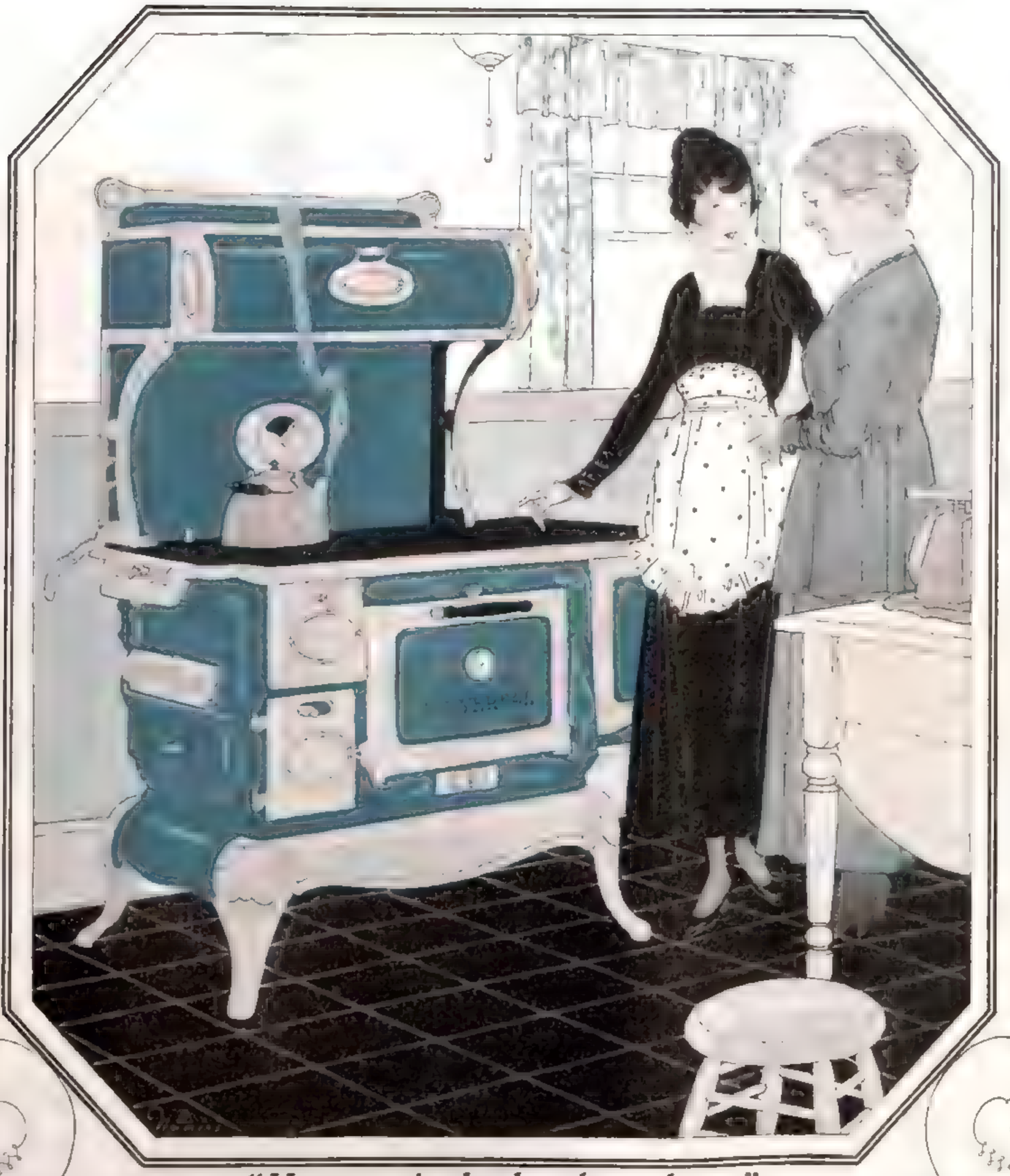

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by it; it was outside his experience of girls. He did not know exactly what it meant. One thing, it certainly did not stand for awkwardness or embarrassment, for Pearl gave an impression of complete self-possession. Gradually a desire came to him to break through, to penetrate to the reality beneath it, whatever that might be. He began to tease her, to dash in, push her, and dash out again in avoidance of her retributive slap. He made a lasso out of kelp and roped her—after many attempts. He caught sand crabs and tried to scare her with them. With all this he managed to fluster her, succeeded in deepening the wild-rose color of her cheeks, even mussed up a bit her Sunday correctness of raiment. But though she protested in pretended anger, though she slapped at him when he pranced within reach, not once did she lose her air of quaint, prim sedateness.

After a mile the beach was closed where the cliffs began. A picturesque pile called Gull Rock acted as the barrier. At high tide the surf, roused slightly from its low-tide laziness, dashed over this barrier in clouds of spray. At low tide, however, there were left exposed about its fringes little inlets of bare sand, ledges streaming with the long green hair of the sea, clear pools beneath the surface of which lay tidy gardens like wax under glass; and the wash sucked back and forth perfunctorily as though tired. It was a famous clambering place, for it was full of cavelets and foot and hand holds and unexpected nooks where one might sit and look seaward. A bold horseman, taking instant advantage of the waves, might dash round the foot of Gull Rock and so find himself below the cliffs on the other side. Kenneth had never done this, for the simple reason that in the other direction the beach extended unbroken for nearly twenty miles.

Pearl seemed to know well the possibilities of Gull Rock. Following her lead, Kenneth found himself on a tiny ledge with just room comfortably for two to sit. It had a back hollowed to fit, and a place for the feet, and it looked straight out to sea, with a suck of waters immediately below. But the best feature of it was that it could be reached only by the one route they had taken, which involved a scramble that would be plainly audible before the intruder could come into sight.

"Isn't this a wonder?" cried Kenneth. "Made to order! How did you happen to know of it?"

But Pearl discreetly did not answer this question. She disposed herself with great deliberation, spread her skirts with care and leaned back against the rocky wall.

"I always like it here," she commented. "It seems so sort of private."

She was staring fixedly out to sea. The angle of vision of the human eyes being whatever it is, she could not—theoretically—see what Kenneth was doing. As a matter of fact, Kenneth was looking her over, and she was perfectly aware of it. He was thinking that she was better looking than he thought, with her fair skin, her faint coloring, her gleaming hair, her saucy little hat pushed down over her brow, her wide, dreaming eyes. The pose she had taken, with her hands clasped back of her head, threw into relief all the fine lines of her full but firm figure, and the tight-fitting jersey gave them all their value. Kenneth, in his attitude toward any he considered nice girls, was as free from actual sex impulse as any young man of his age, and Pearl was most certainly a nice girl. Nevertheless, he experienced a warm, breath-taking, generalized sort of attraction toward her that he would have repudiated indignantly as sex attraction, yet which was indubitably due neither to his esthetic sense nor his appreciation of her sparkling conversation.

Indeed, after a dozen sentences the conversation rather lagged. They stared out to sea, lulled by the ebb and flow of the water and the slow wheeling of gulls. Kenneth dropped his hand to his side and unexpectedly found it in contact with Pearl's. Her hand was a good one, soft and pink, unroughened by coarse work. Kenneth experienced a sudden pleasurable, tingling shock; Pearl appeared to be quite unconscious of this contact. She did not withdraw her hand for some moments, during which Kenneth sat almost breathless. Then she raised it quite naturally to adjust her hair, and when that operation was finished she dropped it in her lap. Had she noticed, and was she offended? Kenneth did not know.

The affair ran its usual course. Kenneth had been through such things before with summer girls in the East. But what differentiated this from all the others was the girl's puzzling personality. She was so very prim and stiff and precise in her movements, the choice of her phrases; had such strange inhibitions and conventions which she insisted on, and such a disregard of other conventions which Kenneth had heretofore looked upon as essentials. Her very reticence added flavor to her concessions. It was like a scarlet lining to a nun's robe. Kenneth soon found that she did not particularly object to his holding her hand; in fact, would as soon hold his hand in public except that it might make people laugh. She made more fuss about his arm about her waist, but after due and decent struggle permitted him to sit so. But she became truly indignant when he tried to kiss her, and meant it.

"I'd like to know what kind of a girl you think I am?" she cried indignantly to the bewildered young man, whose simple creed saw absolutely no difference in kind between the one caress and the other. If a girl let you put your arm round her, surely she'd let you kiss her! "You must have a very low opinion of me! The idea!" And it took some time to smooth her down.

But these bewildering inconsistencies certainly added zest to the chase. Kenneth spent more and more of his time dangling about the Kandy-Kitchen girl. He developed many of the symptoms of love, being uneasy when he was away from her, uneasy in a different way when he was with her. He had the going-going-gone feeling at the diaphragm when the appointed hour neared, and he developed extraordinary small jealousies as to the wearing of pins, rings and knickknacks. Pearl had his fraternity pin.

"You'll have to take off that other junk if you wear my frat pin," said Kenneth in reference to various bangles, clasps and similar gewgaws bestowed on her by other young men. Though Kenneth, by virtue of his awesome social class, had the inside track, he was not the only one in the running.

"They were given to me by my gentleman friends," Pearl rubbed it in, "and I certainly shall wear them. I don't know that I care for your pin."

"It isn't that I mind who gave them to you," argued Kenneth from a high plane. "It doesn't make any difference to me. But you don't realize that my fraternity is a very old institution. It's been founded since 1826 and it's got more famous men as brothers than any other frat in the world. And you won't find chapters in every little jay college either. We only have eighteen chapters all told, but whenever you see a Kappa Omega Pi chapter you'll know that it is the best frat in that college. It isn't just only a silly club. It has high ideals. I can't tell you about it, because all that is secret, but if you knew about it you'd realize that it has the highest kind of aims and ideals. A girl ought really not to wear our frat pin at all. There used to be a rule against it, but that was modified at the Cleveland convention. Now they're permitted to wear it, but they can't wear any other frat pin at the same time. Wearing it makes you a Kap sister, you see."

"But these others aren't frat pins," objected Pearl.

"They're practically the same thing. There isn't any college here, and these fellows haven't been to college or there would be frat pins," returned Kenneth with convincing logic.

The upshot was that the miscellaneous hardware disappeared and was replaced by Kenneth's shining emblem.

"If you're a real Kap sister," said Kenneth, "you ought to wear it night and day. It ought never to leave you."

"I'll pin it on my nightgown," said Pearl, impressed.

Kenneth fastened the jeweled emblem with hands that trembled slightly, for he was about to make a very daring proposition.

"Of course you know," he said, trying in vain to steady his voice, "that when you become a Kap sister I ought to teach you the secret grip."

He leaned forward suddenly and kissed her.

"You—you—what do you mean by that?" she demanded in a choking voice, her face scarlet.

"It's the grip—the sisters' grip," Kenneth hastened to explain. "If you're a Kap sister that's the secret grip."

"Secret grip!" she repeated scornfully.

"Yes, it is, truly. Listen here," and Kenneth hummed to the tune of The Last Cigar those gay and disarming verselets written in a moment of inspiration by some questing college Lothario.

And when they seek to join us
The way we do is this:
We put our arms around their waists
And give their lips a kiss.
And if they dare to murmur
Or ask the reason why,
We tell them 'tis the secret grip
Of Kap' Omega Pi.

Pearl pretended to be convinced.

Of course they plucked petals to the tune of loves-me, loves-me-not, and crossed the similar letters from their names to some sort of amatory count.

Their meetings gained a certain fictitious element of the clandestine due to the fact that Pearl would never allow him to discover her home. She met him always either at the beach or the park. Pearl's father and mother were decidedly plain folk, who sat about in shirt sleeves and dressing sack respectively, and though Pearl told herself that she was not ashamed of them, still there was no sense in bringing their surface drawbacks to the attention of this aristocratic young man—at least not just at the first. The element of the clandestine instilled into Kenneth's candid spirit a certain discomfort, an uneasiness, that was not shared in the slightest degree by his self-possessed companion. They sat for long hours in a rather sickly sentimental haze, leaning against each other, occasionally exchanging a kiss. It was delicious, but the situation would hardly have been understood, Kenneth felt, by Dora Stanley, for example—or even his father, for that matter.

XV

CALIFORNIA has always been hospitable. Had Patrick Boyd and his son so wished, they might have dined any and every evening in one or another of the roomy wooden dwellings that housed the first families of the town. As a matter of practice they did drive to such places two or three times a week, hitching their horse with the others to the commodious rails provided, dusting their shoes with the feather duster that hung by every door pull and nodding cheerfully to the white-robed Chinaman who let them in. Only on rare occasions did these people give dinner parties. Most of the entertainments I am describing included the whole family, from oldest to youngest, and also the entire families of the guests. They were clan affairs, and though they were not particularly lively for the younger people, the latter did not mind that, for they did their real playing with each other during the day time and at the Frémont hops.

One small group, however, broke with this tradition. They gave dinners with selected guests and a certain formality of dress and procedure. This was due to the initiative of Mrs. Gordon Carlson.

Mrs. Gordon Carlson was a willowy, bendy, uncorseted woman in her thirties, affecting very large hats, an intense manner, long earrings of jade and a clinging, individual style in dress. She was up in all intellectual movements. Her husband was a poet and one with a very genuine voice. He was also a hard rider, a tremendous climber of mountains, a redoubtable poker player, an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman and a conscientious punisher of booze. His poems were exquisite, but he concealed the side of him that produced them as though it were a vice. The fact that he was large, burly and red-faced helped him in this. Gordon Carlson would have resented being called a poet as he would have resented an epithet. He was sick and tired of poets, and he did everything he could think of in the way of rude, rough, coarse things to prove that he did not belong to that breed. In the long run it spoiled his hand and greatly limited his output, which was a tremendous pity.

Kenneth fell under Mrs. Carlson's eye at one of the Frémont hops, and made an impression.

"The young Keats!" she murmured to Mrs. Iredell, her right bower. "We must have him with us."

So Kenneth received his invitation, and in due time presented himself correctly attired at the Carlson door. He began to be awed at once. The whole place was dim. You could hardly see anything. There were queer paintings and very dark, carved woodwork and vases on wabbly pillars and a faint, aromatic smell as of incense. Mrs. Carlson swayed to meet him. Her black hair was parted smoothly in the middle and the braids wound round her head crownwise—a sufficient departure from the universal choice between a square bang and a friz; the earrings of jade almost touched her shoulders; her gown was of black and fitted closely in defiance of the fashion. To display a plat-white skin it was cut very low, and yet the impression of Mrs. Carlson's figure was such that one felt it could have gone even lower without much damage. She addressed Kenneth in a low, deep, rich voice several tones below a contralto.

"I am so glad that you could come," she told him. She turned at once to the dim shadows. "I want you to meet the members of our little group. And to you, dear friends, I have brought the embodiment of the spirit of youth, the hyacinthine boy. Mrs. Iredell, may I present Mr. Boyd?"

Kenneth, very awkward, much embarrassed, bowed toward the fussy, fat, severe-looking little woman.

"And Mr. Oliver Iredell." She turned to Kenneth in an audible aside. "You are, of course, familiar with his Cynthia of Samothrace."

The person designated materialized momentarily from the dimness as a tall, slim, gray man crowned by a mop of back-thrust hair and wearing eyeglasses with wide black ribbons. He looked as though everybody should know all about him and Cynthia of Samothrace, and as Kenneth had never heard of either he felt uncomfortable about it.

In like manner he met Snowden Delmore, also tall and slim, but bald as a bowlder, with a white, ascetic face and long white hands; and Burton Hallowell, who looked like a pink cherub with a Vandyke beard.

"I'm so sorry that Gordon cannot be with us to-night," Mrs. Carlson went on smoothly. "He was almost heartbroken. Some tiresome business came up."

She conveyed skillfully the impression that normally Carlson would be doing the honors at the head of his board. As a fact the poet was at that moment exactly where he always was when his wife gave one of her "damn intellectual parties"—in the room back of the Frémont bar trying to make a skeptical Jim Paige believe he held at least four kings.

One other slipped in at the last moment, just as they were about to move in to dinner, a girl about Kenneth's age wearing a straight smock with a border of Greek design and squarely bobbed hair. Her skin was very white, her lips very red, her eyes were a turquoise-green and held an expression of utter and somewhat disdainful weariness. Kenneth found himself beside her as they moved toward the dining room. She, as well as Mrs. Carlson, proved to possess a deep, rich, mahogany voice, the only difference being that Mrs. Carlson's was so naturally, while Miss Wills had arrived at her depths by careful cultivation.

"You are new here," she stated to Kenneth. "You will love it. In this simple out-of-doors we meet again, after all these centuries, the spirit of shepherd Greece. Do you walk?"

"A little. I ride more."

"But you must walk. It is so much more intimate. To-day I met such a sympathetic tree."

"Huh?" ejaculated Kenneth, startled out of his politeness.

She favored him with a long, slow stare.

"Oh, I beg pardon," she said, dropping her voice a tone or so in richness. "I thought you belonged." And she turned to him a white shoulder.

At table Kenneth, to his relief, found himself separated from this formidable young person and placed between Mrs. Iredell and his hostess. At first the conversation was general. It had to do with poetry as an art. A bitter controversy rose between Oliver Iredell and Snowden Delmore. Delmore maintained that poetry should be the natural medium of expression; that unspoiled men would normally express themselves in poetry of one form or another; that primitive man did in essence so express himself; and in support he quoted from primitive folklore and literature at astonishing length. Iredell on the other hand stood stoutly for the sacredness of poetry. His thesis seemed to maintain that the art was so very holy that it was a profanation for anyone below the rank of Shakspere or Dante to touch it at all. He did not quote, but he extemporized a wonderful and eloquent argument. The sentiment of the table appeared to be with him.

(Continued on Page 114)

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1120—In the Land of Evangeline
1135—Hawaiian Breezes
1156—Moonlight in Mandalay
1149—Ask the Rose
1161—You're the Only Girl That Made Me Cry
1030—American Legion March
1129—Hilo March
1073—Left All Alone Again Blues
1006—Drowsy Baby
1137—Louisiana I Can Hear Your Message to Me
967—Hold Me

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Miss Wills flamed into eagerness, leaning forward across the table to hurl her grenades almost breathlessly.

"Yes, yes! And remember what Matthew Arnold says." She could quote extensively too.

Kenneth had nothing to contribute. It was beyond him. He could not remember a single quotation on any subject, let alone the one before the house. The Night Before Christmas was the only visitor to his distracted brain, and he could not see how to work that in and he had grave doubts of its reception in any case. So he looked intelligent until he ached behind the ears, and was agonizedly embarrassed because he had no word to say. He need not have been self-conscious about that. These people needed listeners more than they needed reënforcements.

The discussion died down slowly into a victory for Iredell. Poetry, it was agreed, was a sacred art and nobody below the rank of Shakspere or Dante should fool with it. There ensued a short silence, while everybody ate soup.

"Have you been doing anything lately, Oliver?" Mrs. Carlson then asked in her deep voice.

"Nothing very much lately. It has been a barren time," confessed Iredell wearily. "The ideas hover, but they are vague, formless; they will not take the classical shape. Since I saw you last, dear lady, I have done only one little sonnet."

"I should so love to hear it!" breathed Mrs. Carlson. "Didn't you bring it with you? You know I will never forgive you if you did not!"

Mr. Iredell admitted that he just happened to have a copy with him, and on further urging he pulled it from his pocket. A wild, wayward thought swooped across Kenneth's mind, causing him to choke in his soup. According to Iredell's own argument, poetry was too sacred for anybody but Shakspere and Dante. Here was Iredell himself preparing to read an original poem—ergo? He glanced about for sympathy in this thought, but met only surprise and question. It was a silly thought.

He listened to Iredell's sonnet and was tremendously impressed. Indeed he thought it quite one of the best things he had ever heard, and his opinion of Iredell grew to a vast respect and admiration. Kenneth was not one of those to whom writing of any kind comes easy, though he read much. He was young. Iredell's poem was a good journeyman poem built according to specifications that never fail to bring results. Its scansion and rimes were conventionally perfect, and Iredell could read with effect. Its base was a commonplace platitude of morality in Greek dress, and it contained a number of polysyllabic, unusual and exceedingly melodious words.

The effect on Kenneth was of a great piece of work.

Delmore, who had listened attentively, his head on one side, pounced upon a detail of quantities of a transposed Greek word, offering a substitute. Everybody agreed that the meanings were sufficiently alike, but the connotations ——! Kenneth, beyond his depth, caught at an understandable straw. He remembered that Longfellow had used that same word somewhere, and said so. This remark produced a flat silence.

"Still, Longfellow has done some good lines," said Mrs. Carlson after a moment.

They settled the point only by abandoning it to pursue a subject on which they seemed to be in agreement. This was the work of Giovanni Asperoni. Kenneth gathered that this must be a poet. He had flourished in the sixteenth century and apparently had been completely forgotten by the world until Peter Younger, the publisher, had brought him out in hand-made paper, deckle-edged, with three-inch margins and Stowcroft binding. The edition had been limited to one hundred and twenty-one copies, after which the plates had been destroyed. The present company was enthusiastically in agreement as to Asperoni. Not only in form, thought, imagery and sheer inspiration was he the superior of all modern writers, but the best of modern poetry was modeled directly upon him. Kenneth felt himself cast into outer intellectual darkness because he had never heard of the Italian. At this point unexpectedly up spoke Hallowell, who had contributed little but sapient strokings of his Vandyke beard. He advanced and defended the hypothesis that the Greeks had done all æsthetic things perfectly; that it is useless to attempt to improve upon perfection; therefore we should cease a vain attempt to produce art and should give all our time to a study and interpretation of Greek art. This was rather a bombshell. It was necessary to one's intellectual reputation to exalt the Greek, and yet as producers of one form of modern art ——

They compromised at length by excepting poetry from this sweeping relegation. Poetry was the only true art of interpretation, and it was necessary that each age interpret to itself the eternal truths that Greece had embodied as generalizations. This ingenious way out was suggested by Miss Wills. But Delmore, who was secretly still a little sulky over Iredell's having read a poem while he had not, interposed obstinately:

"I can see how for form in sculpture and architecture and politics and drama we can go back to the Greeks, but how about color, atmosphere—painting, in short?"

This plunged them into a tremendous argument. They talked pre-Raphaelite and Renaissance and Perugino and Fra Angelico and forty-eleven old masters, with theories of light, color, symbolism thrown in. Kenneth knew not even the common terms of painting. He took cover and stayed under, and when the party finally broke up he went back to the hotel in a curiously mixed state of mind. He felt ignorant and uncomfortable and uneducated and outclassed, and he was elated over the chance to mingle with such superior, intelligent and inspired people. His awe was shared by his usual companions.

"Good grief, dining at the Carlsons'!" cried Dora Stanley. "I'd no more dare go there than fly! They make me feel like a worm—a positive worm!"

Several times he came across one or the other of them and with them exchanged grave bows, but he was not again invited to dine with them; and he felt crushed and humble enough to withdraw the *Bhavaghad Gita*, a volume of Walter Pater, and a random-selected title of Matthew Arnold from the public library. He might for a brief period have become a recluse and a student had not the Sociedad de los Años come again to town on its monthly bust. They greeted Kenneth cordially enough, but made no move toward including him in their intimacy. Nevertheless, fascinated by the anticipation of the unexpected, he tagged modestly behind them into the bar, where he withdrew to a spectator's position at one of the round tables. Bill Hunter let out a howl that shook the gas chandeliers.

"Look who's here!" he yelled, bearing down on an individual leaning against the bar talking to Barney. This was a well-built man of medium height, with a wind-reddened face, a flaxen mustache and bright blue eyes. One would have taken him for a ranchman, or, better still, a deep-sea sailor. He began at once to speak distinctly but very rapidly:

"I warn you I go armed and I shall not hesitate to defend myself. Barney, give me that mallet. If you lay a finger on me I'll break it over your iron head, you big chunk of pig meat! Stand off, I tell you! I mean business!"

He flourished the beer mallet threateningly, his blue eyes flashing.

"Stand off!" commanded Corbell from the doorway. "He'll do it!"

"Of course I'll do it! Do you think I'm going to be manhandled by a bunch of mucker hoodlums just for a little thing like mayhem or murder? Not me! That's better! Now you can approach and greet me like little gentlemen."

He dropped his mallet and they gathered about him.

"Explain yourself," said Corbell. "Where were you last month?"

"East."

"East! Poor old devil! What did you do that for?"

"Couldn't do it by mail. But it paid. Have a drink."

"Wise man that came out of the East," chirped Shotwell Sheridan, and then looked surprised when they burst into mingled laughter and applause.

"'Out of the mouths of babes'—he actually doesn't know he did it," remarked the stranger dryly.

After a time out of the press Frank Moore emerged and sat on the edge of the table next Kenneth. He nodded in so kindly a fashion that Kenneth felt encouraged to question him.

"That?" answered Frank surprised. "Don't you know him? That's Gordon Carlson."

"Why," cried Kenneth, startled. "I thought he was a poet!"

Frank turned to him gravely, his usual air of dry raillery falling from him.

"He is a poet, son. Make no mistake in that. Have you never read any of his stuff? No? Well you're the only man here who hasn't. Get you a set of them. They're good he stuff—what a man can bite on. Lord, but he can do it! Hunt up one called The Dogie. That'll put hair on your chest. And if you like the pretties read The Meadow Lark."

Kenneth could not adjust so quickly. He looked absolutely bewildered. Moore chuckled.

"I know his wife. I dined at his house the other evening," Kenneth managed at last.

The dry, quizzical look returned to Moore's face. He questioned Kenneth further, and at last lifted up his voice above the din.

"Gordy!" he called. "Gordy, come here!"

The poet disentangled himself and sauntered over, grinning pleasantly.

"I want Mr. Boyd to meet you," said Moore. "Now look here, Gordy, this is a pretty good sort of young fellow. He ain't got any tenor voice nor such physical disabilities. He was our last month's Benefactor and we like him. But he's been to dinner with the pet poets, and he thinks they are great people. You've simply got to uncork a little professional jealousy."

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Boyd," said Carlson sincerely. "Are you by any chance a writer or an artist?"

"The best thing he draws is his breath, and the best thing he writes is a check," interposed Frank. "But he can ride a horse a little, and he's got a popgun he says will shoot—a sixteen-gauge Scott, Gordy. Think of that! Sixteen! I want to go out and see if a pea shooter that size will kill a quail. And he's got nice, healthy instincts; and he was being took care of good until lately. We taught him to buy a drink or two and I understand Pearl is giving him a little attention," continued this astonishing person calmly, "so you see his education is in good, experienced hands. No, he don't do none of these tricks. He's just cast for the hyacinthine boy—that's it, ain't it, son?"

Kenneth, overwhelmed by all this crash of preconceptions, could only stammer something incoherent.

"Now, Gordy," pursued Moore, "just answer me a few questions honestly to save this kid's immortal soul. What kind of a poet is Oliver Iredell?"

"Rotten!"

"Why?"

Carlson turned fully to Kenneth and addressed him solely, in the gentlest and kindliest tones:

"You see, he is not a poet at all. He is a skillful versifier with a good classical education. Have you seen his work?"

"I heard him read a sonnet the other evening."

"Exactly! It was probably an excellent schoolroom example of a sonnet, and it probably began 'As one who.' He takes any moral commonplaces, like 'be good and you'll be happy'—he transposes them to ancient Greece, clothes them in classic imagery and embodies them in a standard verse form. A poem that is truly a poem must have either originality of thought, inspiration of sentiment or sheer beauty of form. A great poem has all of them."

"Professional jealousy," interposed Moore. "Time presses. We will skip the other pets. Let's get down to cases. Puncture the highfalutin and then we'll get back to our drinks."

"I suppose he means the type of pseudo-intellectual conversation they indulge in—sacred art of poetry, the divine Greeks and all the rest of it. That stuff impress you?"

Kenneth turned red, but he answered valiantly:

"Yes, it did. I drew some books from the library and was trying to read up."

"Good for you!" cried Carlson with quickened interest, but it was evident his exclamation did not refer to the books. "Did you ever read one of these big, thick, scientific dog books? They have so much to say about ventilation and diet and water and shelter and Lord knows what that when you get through you wonder how you ever dared keep a dog at all. Same way with art in general. When I lived East I belonged to The Gramercy, a club of those connected with the arts. There was always a crowd of men in the leather chairs discussing very profoundly all the fine points of writing a book. They talked of balance and proportion and relation and about two hundred things of the kind, and they got in so deep that I couldn't follow them. After I had listened to them a while I realized that I knew nothing whatever about how to write a book. And then I began to inquire round. Not a single one of those easy-chair experts had ever written a book." He laughed amusedly. "I had at times written three without knowing how, and they seemed to get by with the critics at that."

"Puncture the dear old Greeks," urged Moore.

"No, I won't puncture the dear old Greeks," returned Carlson. "The dear old Greeks were all right, and I am for them. But they didn't do all there is to be done, because they didn't have either the materials or the experience to do it with."

"I suppose they embodied perfectly the great fundamental truths," suggested Kenneth, parroting the talk he had heard.

"These great fundamental truths, as you call them, are very few in number. Their combinations and reactions vary infinitely according to the conditions of the particular time in which they are examined. Do I make myself clear?"

"I think I see what you mean."

"Well, this is no place for a discussion. Think it over. Who's the particular poet just now? They generally have some nonentity they quote as the greatest ever."

"Oh, yes! Giovanni Asperoni."

"Giovanni Asperoni!" repeated Carlson with a shout. "Never heard of him!"

"Oh, haven't you?" cried Kenneth, delighted. "I'm glad. Neither had I."

"I got me a poet once and sprung him on them," said Frank gravely. "He went fine."

"Tell Mr. Boyd about him," urged Carlson.

"I went with the pet poets once," grinned Moore. "It was some time ago. I wasn't no hyacinthine boy, you understand, but I was a wild, free soul, I think it was. Well, they snowed me under so far I didn't even have no breath hole. That Iredell woman started in on me with the soup. Says she, 'Mr. Moore, what in your opinion was the influence of the early Egyptian mysteries on the Rosicrucians?'"

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her it wasn't a marker on the influence of the Brazilian Aztecs on modern occultism. But they had a Dago poet then, too, and they shot me so full of holes with him that if I'd fell down in the gutter any peddler would have picked me up for a colander. That Wills girl would spring one of those as-one-who lines on me and say, 'Of course you remember how the rest goes,' and when I said No, ma'am, I didn't, she gave me one of those lo-the-poor-insect looks, and I'd peek up at her from under the edge of my plate. She got me hostile after a while, and when I left the pen all raw and bleeding I said to myself, 'I'll get you, young woman,' so I did."

"How?" begged Kenneth.

"I got me a little private Dago poet of my own and sprung him on them."

"I wouldn't know where to look one up."

"Hell, I didn't look him up! I made him up!" explained Frank. "He sure was good! I picked him a good name of three Dago fishermen down at Largo's, and I wrote him a bunch of these as-one-who first lines. You know," confided Frank, "it's plumb easy to write first lines to sonnets. It's the rest of 'em that stumps you. All you have to do is to get 'em sort of solemn, like, 'as one who died without his trousers on.' Then next time I got invited—they invited me twice—I waited until the right time and then I pulled my Dago. 'Miss Wills,' says I—you bet I can do the flossy when I want to, can't I, Gordy?—'that is indeed a beautiful thing. But I don't need to ask you if you remember the lines by John Smith—or whatever I called him—beginning, 'As one who died et cetery?' And by gosh, she walked right in! 'I can't just quote them,' says she, 'but I remember them perfectly, of course.'"

Before he went to bed that night Kenneth had borrowed a copy of The Ranges and had thrilled over The Dogie, his eyes had filled over The Meadow Lark, and he had chuckled aloud at The Ballad of Boot Bad Men. Gordon Carlson had won him completely, and his soul was forever freed from the smothering danger of the near culture. He saw the humor of it, and turned his light out, chuckling. Then a swift, unexpected thought struck him. What was that about Pearl?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE GREAT MAN

(Concluded from Page 17)

Doctor Ogden opened the door, and Bella pushed past him to fling her little white person against the adored knees, panting her hilarious love. Cynthia, conscious of her heart's answering warmth, was troubled and ashamed. She captured her husband's hand and laid her cheek against it.

"Tommy, it's spring; let's go away in the car for a week," she urged.

He smiled down kindly, absently.

"I might go over Sunday." He was dubious even of that until a bright idea came to him. "We could take Ada with us. Then she and I could get in a little work every morning."

His hand was gently released. For a moment his wife felt a perfectly ridiculous irritation. Then she laughed—at herself, at Tom, at the little Brill.

"You are growing too dependent on coffee, old fellow," she said, rising.

The attack surprised him. "I take only two cups—just as I always have," he was explaining as she left the room.

The doctor was always up early and breakfasted alone, meditating the morning's work. At nine o'clock he was happily ready to begin. Never once had his secretary failed him or been so much as five minutes late. The next morning Cynthia also was up early, surreptitiously rushing through her household tasks. When her husband came in search of her he found her in a fresh white frock filling bowls with pansies and forget-me-nots and mignonette.

"What can have happened to Ada?" he demanded. He looked unhappy and disheveled, and the flowers only called out a frown.

Mrs. Ogden made a conscientious effort to find a truthful wording for her answer. "She undoubtedly has a headache to-day," she brought it out, and exchanged a subtle look with a mischievous yellow pansy.

"I must see that she has a telephone," he upbraided the universe. "Here I am all ready to go to work ——"

"Well, you have a perfectly good secretary here in the house," she interrupted.

He did not welcome the suggestion. He could not switch back and forth in the middle of a chapter; she was out of practice; that dog would be bursting in.

Mrs. Ogden wiped her fingers and putting them through his arm led him back to the study. A faint wailing from the direction of the garage might have told him that Bella was already provided for.

"I want to do it again," she said, taking her old place behind the machine. "If you don't try me I shall be hurt."

So he tried, of course, pacing up and down his beaten track, but pausing every few minutes by the window or going to the front door to look and listen. Once, at a quick step outside, all his frowning lines were smoothed out by a smile of blessed relief. There was no concealment about him. His listening look toward his wife expected her to be as glad for him as he was for himself.

"It is a delivery boy." She spoke incisively, for she had felt again a surge of that absurd irritation. "She isn't coming, Tom. Now let us see what we can accomplish "

Her tone was severe; the atmosphere of the room, yesterday so full of sparkle, was dead to its uttermost corners. The doctor labored hopelessly against it. He never under any circumstances was cross to her, but his patient effort grew more and more melancholy until at last his voice died altogether in a long sigh.

"It is only that I have grown so used to Ada," he explained with his unfailing kindness.

Mrs. Ogden rose from the machine with the dropping arms of failure.

"Oh, well, I will go and—see her," she said.

He brightened all over. "Of course, if the poor girl is ill ——" he began.

"She will undoubtedly be able to come to-morrow."

Cynthia spoke coldly, and was miserably aware as she went out that she had left him looking depressed, disciplined. That was not the way his secretary left him. The end of her morning always saw him richly elate, a great man recognized. And he was a big man, her Tom.

"I don't know what to do," she confessed, going on dragging feet through the beauty of the morning.

She came back unexpectedly soon, her step a suppressed run, her eyes gleaming with wicked laughter, though this was decently extinguished at the study threshold.

"Oh, Tom—Miss Brill has a bad bilious attack," she announced. "I met her sister. She says that Ada may not be up for several days. I didn't send her any message," she added conscientiously, her eyes fixed on his to see how much he saw and what he felt.

The doctor saw nothing but the fact, and apparently felt only the dismay of interrupted work.

"That is a bother!" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Ogden's heart soared up like a skylark. It was foolish, the singing gladness that irradiated the world—for one had not been anything so silly as jealous.

"It's spring," she said as she had before. "Tommy, now we can go away in the car with a clear conscience. Let's run away!"

Within an hour bags were packed and the lunch box equipped, and Cynthia turned the car to the golden world. It wrung her to leave out Bella, who was a perfect motorist, happy to the point of idiocy so long as the car moved; but Miss Brill's charges had roused her sense of fair play and she would not allow herself her little adorer while she denied the doctor his.

The car skimmed and soared, swooped up the hills and floated down them, and neither enticing fern nor strange flower could halt it to-day—for such pauses bored the doctor. Cynthia's bursting spirits presently roused him to an almost forgotten boyishness. They sang funny old-fashioned songs together—Wait for the Wagon and Lorena and Do You Love Me, Molly Darling? And they put off their picnic until hunger was an inner yelp and its gratification fell like a benediction. That first day was all success.

The second day began on a lower key. The spring world outside their night's lodging was no less welcoming, but Doctor Ogden wondered about his mail and asked wistfully at the desk for possible telegrams, in spite of the fact that no one knew where they were. When the telephone rang he could not help thinking that it might be for him. And he really ought to be at work. He could be getting ready for Ada.

Cynthia hurried him out and off, desperately bent on recapturing yesterday's joy, and all Nature came to her aid; but, though the car was turned away from home, the doctor's spirit persistently flew the other way. He did not want to spoil the plan—he was always kind; but by noon he had fallen into melancholy silence and he spent their picnic hour looking up return routes. He found a shorter way that would bring them home by ten o'clock that night if they did not waste any time. Then he could go to work in the morning. He was certain that Ada was all right again. She was a strong little thing, fine and light, like a steel spring. He talked homesickly of her endurance.

"And yet I am good company," Cynthia told herself, stretched out on pine needles, her discouraged head on her arms. "We have interesting things to talk about, and we're man and wife." Anger flared up. "Can't he go two days without that little woodpecker?"

She told him that she was too tired for so long a run, but, outwardly pleasant, agreed to a shortened route that would bring them back the next morning; and his relieved cheer made her heart sick in her side. She was insulted and humiliated, and something worse dragged at her body and spirit until she could have groaned aloud with pain. She had forgotten about the humors of the eternal triangle. This was her Tom, straining to get back to another woman. She was not anything so ridiculous as jealous of the Brill—she was simply overwhelmingly disappointed in her husband.

"It is not fair to adore, and so make reasonable love seem thin and cold," she cried hotly to the other woman. "I love him more truly than you do because I care about his best good—I keep him up to his strength, you feed his weakness. To get a man that way is cheating—sneaking." Her taste warned her that she was growing vulgar, but a surge of passion swept her beyond the reach of taste. "I hate the little beast!" she muttered into the pine needles.

So they turned about, Cynthia playing her cheerful part, the doctor content to enjoy Nature once more now that they were headed the right way. The little hidden inn of Cynthia's plan had been given up for a popular place on a main highway. Charm no longer mattered. Leaving her husband to register and look up newspapers, Cynthia fled to their room.

A long hour passed before he followed, a merciful interval in the weary pretense. It was a relief to let her misery up to the surface, to abandon herself to the growing sickness of her heart. When at last she heard his step she let her arm drop across her face lest the orgy of pain had left it marked.

He came in jubilant, shaken with laughs, happy eyes so blinded with satisfaction that she could safely drop her arm as he stood over her.

"Well, I'm discovered," he announced.

"Discovered?" She could not take in what he meant.

"Did you notice a big car that came in just after us? Fine-looking man and three ladies. I was standing near when he registered and I heard him say: 'Hello! Is that the Thomas Ogden? Where's he from? By George, Mary, it must be!' And then she said: 'Oh, do look him up!'" The laughs spilled over; he was loving the adventure in every candid line. "Of course I had drifted away, but the clerk must have told him, for he came right over and introduced himself—he's Doctor Drummond, my dear. Yes—Fletcher Drummond. We had a famous time—they all gathered round. We are to dine together—you will like them, Cynthia. One of the ladies is a very able scientist—I've known of her work for years. They had all read my book and thought about it—keen brains turned on every page. They want us to go on with them to-morrow, take a two days' run through the Notch. I said I would see how you felt about it. I think it would be great."

He had only to look at her to see how she felt. Her smile was deepening every curve of her pleasant brown face, gleaming up at him through eyes that were bright with tears. Her hands closed tightly about his, drawing him down to a seat beside her. While he talked happily on, telling of all that had been said, her head rested against him in utter peace.

For he did not care about getting back to the woodpecker—only to someone who knew that he was Thomas Ogden. Alone with his wife and Nature, no one was saying, "This is the Doctor Ogden!" and so he was lost and lonely. But with that need supplied he was open to anything life offered.

"I want them to meet you," he confided, boyishly proud of his wife.

Their two days stretched out to four; they went round by the home of an aged naturalist who made much of the author of The National Consciousness; other inns brought fresh recognitions.

And the doctor's wife, looking on at his happiness, said in her relieved heart: "He shall have that all he wants, bless him!"

And so his soaring spirit was not once dropped to earth. He had not spoken of Ada for three days when the car turned in at the home gate.

Bella's agony of joy was suicidal, so they had to stop where they were until she had scrambled in and expressed her bursting love. The doctor went off to his mail, but before it was safe to start the car again he came back with the hurried step of bad news, an open newspaper, heavily marked, in his hand.

"What do you make of that?" he demanded.

It was the local paper and its personal column was headed by the announcement that Miss Ada Brill, who had acted as secretary for Dr. Thomas Ogden for the past year, had resigned her position to take an important opening in the city. She would be missed by a wide circle of friends.

"And not a line from her—just that. I can't believe it, Cynthia!" He was shocked, upset, angry. "If Ada could do a thing like that, then I have been mistaken in her. I am sorry I ever had anything to do with her," he added bitterly.

Mrs. Ogden knew a moment's awful temptation. But there was Bella, pressing her warm gift of love against the beloved side. What if anyone had let her think even for a day that Bella was untrue?

"It was my fault, Tom." Her color rose miserably. "I—I knew she was not coming back. I had—words with her."

His astonishment for the moment obliterated his loss. "You—words!"

"Yes. I thought that she was—was growing—a little too ——" It was so hard that she was suddenly exasperated. "The little goose hadn't any business to adore you like that!" she burst out.

The great man continued to stare at her, but over the immense gravity of his astonishment spread the slow dawn of a smile. It twitched at his powerful nose, it twinkled in his scholarly eyes—looking not merely toward his wife, but straight at her.

"Ah, Cynthia—you're fairly human," he observed, and at her flushed frown he laughed outright, a hand over hers.

"Come and help me with the letters," he suggested, and went in with a conquering step, his head high.

"He thinks I could be jealous of that little—tackhammer," she scolded, impatient of masculine crudity. "I was disappointed in him, but as for her ——" Then she relaxed, mellowed. "Oh, well, if it pleases the old fellow," she conceded. She had her own fine lurking smile when she followed him to the study.

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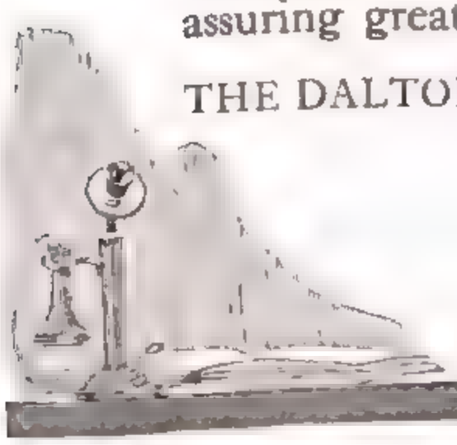

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Dalton

Adding-Calculating Machine

JULIE

(Continued from Page 21)

She swayed a little. He placed his hand upon her arm. Almost fiercely she shook him off.

"Let me alone," she panted. "Oh, don't touch me!"

He drew back, not understanding. He had never seen her so moved, so alive. But below her passion there was something almost animal-like. For a moment she gathered herself together as though about to spring. She made him think of some lithe forest creature. And, so, she was more beautiful than he had ever seen her. Her dark eyes, afire, fascinated and held him.

"I—I trusted you, and this is what you did," she broke out. "You—you took advantage of a schoolgirl."

"Julie!"

"Nothing less."

"In asking her to marry me?" he questioned.

She was so terribly in earnest that he began to doubt himself.

"It was like asking a child, and you know it. What does she understand of marriage—of the sacrifices and responsibilities and dangers? She hasn't been away from home but a few months. Life to her is just a playground, and men—just playmates. It wasn't right of you, Jim."

"And yet," said Jimmy Story, "I'd trust her to play the game like a woman."

"She'd stick it out—once she was in. Is that what you mean?"

"That means a lot," he answered.

"Most every woman will do that," she returned. "That's part of a woman. It's because of that every woman ought to understand clearly what it is she's got to stick out."

Jimmy Story thought a moment, thought hard. He had never considered this side of marriage any more than he particularly considered the menaces of any side of life. There were grave possibilities, God knew, in each day if a man cared to dwell upon them. And in the end there was death—sure and certain and inescapable. Every human being was sentenced the moment he was born. But that was no reason why he should not live hard while he lived. There was something paradoxical in her points of view; something unsound, almost unhealthful.

"Lordy," exclaimed Jimmy. "How can anyone know those things until afterward?"

"A woman can learn a lot to-day by watching other lives," she answered bitterly. "We aren't the sheltered, blinded things we used to be."

"Then you ——"

"I've lived three years in New York alone. I've seen men—downtown. I've studied them with all their romance rubbed off. I've listened to them off guard. I've watched them off guard. I've fought them and learned what their wives have to fight."

Jimmy stepped nearer. His lips were tight.

"You mean you don't trust me?"

She drew back a little at that. She met his clear blue eyes a moment. Then suddenly she grew unsteady again.

"You—you're better than most of them, Jim," she faltered. "But even you—while I was gone ——"

"I asked Edith to marry me," he finished for her. "Is there anything indecent in that? I didn't scheme for it. It just came about. The need of her grew until it overtopped everything else. I might have strangled that impulse, I suppose, had I seen any necessity for it. But I didn't and I don't. It would mean strangling a whole lot of big things, Julie—the biggest things a man can live and fight for."

"What of her?" demanded Julie desperately.

A Week Before the Marriage Julie Was Left Alone One Evening. She Locked Her Door and Brought Out the Trunk and Examined the Dainty Pieces One by One

"She's with me," answered Jimmy Story simply.

"As a child might take your hand and follow."

"I think you're wrong. There's a lot of the child in her—thank God for that. But there's a woman too—a big and brave woman."

"As a child is brave who knows nothing."

Jimmy Story squared his shoulders.

"Look here," he said, "if there is anything you know you think she ought to know—tell her. It's three years since I first met you and I've always been square with you, Julie. Always I mean to be—just as I mean to be with Dede."

She quivered as under a whiplash as he used that name.

"Let's clear the decks once for all," he ran on. "I'll leave you two together this evening and you can educate her if you think it ought to be done. Then to-morrow ——"

"It's too late," she broke in.

Once again she fumbled about over the back of the chair as though searching for a hand.

"Julie," he said almost tenderly, "three years count for something, don't they?"

"They—they count for too much," she said. "Where—where's Edith?"

VII

EDITH and Jimmy were married on the tenth of June; on the tenth of the fairest June, in their opinion—and their opinion was the only one that counted to them at this time—that God ever made. For weeks each had been watching separately a miracle, the eternal miracle of spring. They had seen a bare, soiled, rain-washed world suddenly turned into paradise, all in a few weeks, all without the help of human hands. And though each had witnessed this phenomenon—this magnificent feat of magic by the greatest of all prestidigitators—a number of times, never had they so completely sensed the marvel of it, because now it was at work within as well as without.

In their enthusiasm they tried to make Julie catch the spirit of it, but the result was not satisfactory.

Yet she did her best not to be a kill-joy. She helped Edith in her shopping for the pretty things that went to make up her trousseau, and was very generous with her money. In fact, Edith was not obliged to call upon the folks back home for anything, though her father, a sturdy New Englander who had toiled all his life on a modest upstate farm, sent her a hundred dollars. But Julie dipped into her savings again and again, for it was difficult to resist the girl's desire of dainty finery. She even took a certain pride in the matter herself; and something more. She felt that these were the happiest days the girl would ever know, and wanted her to get the utmost out of them. Her one desire now was to help Edith preserve the illusion of romance as long as possible. But this had its tragic side; it meant opening one of the very secret places of her own heart.

Beneath Julie's bed there was a steamer trunk about which there had always been a good deal of mystery. It was a new trunk, bought three years ago for a special purpose. It was kept locked and Julie always carried the key with her. Edith had noted it when she first came to live in the apartment, and with a younger sister's curiosity had demanded to see what it contained. But Julie shook her head.

"It's a secret," she answered.

"I'll bet it's full of money."

"Possibly."

But it wasn't—exactly. It was full of—well, all sorts of things. Chiefly, however, it was full of the last thing in the world some people might expect—of romance. And she began to fill it the day Jimmy Story sailed for France. It was the one concession to weakness that she had ever made. She had been ashamed enough of it after the first six months, but then it was too late to retrace her steps; the trunk was half full. To have emptied it would have done no good, for the trunk would have remained and the articles themselves would have remained. They were of far too choice and delicate a nature for everyday wear. She would have felt absurd in them. She would have felt almost ashamed in them. So they remained.

Not only did they remain, but up to a year ago they had increased. Every now and then she had her moods when some article she passed called out to her and she must buy it. It was silly enough of her, but it served as a sort of safety valve, and as long as no one knew no one could taunt her. So, little by little, the trunk had filled. And always she carried the key with her.

For every weakness, of however an innocent nature, we must pay in the end. Julie began to pay the moment Jimmy Story told her of his love for Edith. When she went to bed that night that trunk, which had been almost forgotten for the last few months, began to mock her—cruelly, mercilessly, unrelentingly, as only an inanimate object can. And there was nothing she could do about it—no reply for her to make. There was no way to silence it, and never would be. When finally she crawled beneath the sheets and hid her head she felt like a thief with concealed loot. Those things did not rightfully belong to her.

Eventually that point of view suggested a solution. A week before the marriage Julie was left alone one evening. She locked her door and brought out the trunk and examined the dainty pieces one by one. There was nothing here that would not do quite as well for Edith as for herself; nothing that now did not quite obviously belong to Edith. And so—and so, one by one, she carried them into Edith's room and placed them upon her bed, each a bit of romance, until she had nothing left; nothing whatever left. The trunk was empty, and silent. Her heart was empty, but not silent. It was inarticulate, but it ached and ached. Even when, late that night, Edith stole in and throwing tender arms about her neck explained that she was the very best sister that ever a sister had, and kissed her and told of how happy she was—how deliriously happy she was—Julie's heart ached on. That did not seem fair. Being empty it should have troubled her no more.

VIII

JIMMY plunged like a strong swimmer sure of himself. He had been confident enough before, but with this young girl by his side he was in fear of nothing either in the present or the future. Success was assured him now because he had a right to demand it—not for himself but for her. Through her he was in partnership with the universe. He was in touch with the

(Continued on Page 123)

Companions In Work and Play

MANY thousands of men, in all walks of life, have become so accustomed to having 3-in-One Oil always at hand on work days, that they would not think of starting on an outing without a Handy Oil Can or bottle of this wonderful light lubricant tucked away in kit or auto.

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On Ford Commutators and all magnetos, 3-in-One makes a fat, hot spark sure and certain.

At work or play, you will find hundreds of uses for 3-in-One, in lubricating all light mechanisms, cleaning and polishing and preventing rust.

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Beech-Nut Ginger Ale

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You're *Glad* You're Thirsty!

A frosty-cold glass of Beech-Nut Ginger Ale. With its fizzing, fragrant foam all but flowing over. You're *glad* you're thirsty now—"the thirstier the better!" say you.

And you're just "set" for enjoying the rich mellowness of it—the fragrant bouquet, the *piquant* refreshment of its flavor. A flavor that's *just gently gingery*—not "bitey."

Smooth and satisfying to every thirsty throat—the young and the not so young, man, woman or child. It's *Beech-Nut—that* name, as always, explains why it has so much flavor. Your grocer has it, in cases, at a moderate price. Each bottle generous size, enough for two glasses. Get a case today; and see to it that the bottles bear the red-oval Beech-Nut label.

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"Foods of Finest Flavor"

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OSCAR'S SAUCE
CIDER VINEGAR
PREPARED MUSTARD
JAMS, JELLIES, MARMALADES AND JELLIED FRUITS
MINTS
CHEWING GUM

(Continued from Page 120)

eternal. God could not afford to let him fail with the sacred trust He had turned over to him.

Rather vague stuff, that. Yet it had meaning to Jimmy. He did not stop very long to dwell upon it because he was too busy, but it gave him a sense of bigness he had never known before. Until now he had been no more than an individual and he had seen over there how little, as such, men count. At any time in the trenches he might have been killed without any great loss. But with a life like Dede's dependent upon him he was a whole lot more than Jimmy Story. He was justified in considering himself of some importance; justified in acting upon that assumption.

So one of the first things he did was to buy himself a house. Edith belonged in a house of her own. She was too big for a picayune little flat or apartment. She was entitled to a permanent home. He found in Tuckahoe just what he wanted, and though the price was considerably more than his present salary warranted he had a future without limit to draw upon. He paid down what he could and secured a mortgage to cover the balance.

Edith was delighted. She was not much of a business woman herself and was willing to trust implicitly in Jimmy's judgment. But more than that she trusted in his future. If he thought his own dreams were unbounded he should have shared hers for a day—the dreams within dreams that were so much rosier than even those she talked over with him. She knew that Jimmy did not half value himself, half appreciate his capabilities—any more than the firm of Dexter & Son did. They were going to wake up one of these days—perhaps when it was too late. If they did not it was only a question of time when he would start a firm of his own.

But this at present was not a very urgent matter. Her immediate business was to furnish the new house. In this Jimmy gave her a free hand.

"Go to it, old lady," he said. "It means getting into the hole a bit, but what of it? We've got time enough to pull out."

And of course Jimmy's income was not going to remain stationary. These few thousand dollars of debt he could wipe out some day without even missing the money. But to wait until they had actual cash in hand would mean wiping out two or three precious years—years that they never could recover.

Edith was in town a good deal that first month, and was eager to consult with Julie about her purchases. She used to get hold of her at the lunch hour and drag her round to see this new acquisition and that—each selected with good taste if not with good judgment. At first Julie tried to guide her into a more conservative mood by suggestions, but this did not accomplish much because she was never allowed to see any purchase until the bargain was completed. And every article was in Edith's mind detached—a separate transaction related to the artistic but not financial whole.

Taken in this way two hundred dollars down on a baby-grand piano did not seem like much; nor fifty dollars down on a decent selection of real rugs, and so on.

But as this went on Julie became really alarmed. It was distinctly none of her business and she resented having it thrust upon her as any affair of hers. She even tried to argue herself out of any responsibility, and had some very good arguments—absolutely sound arguments. Every precedent she had ever heard of warned her of the danger of interference in matters of this nature. Besides, that was her instinct and her preference. A homely country phrase expressed it: "They are making their own bed; they must lie in it." The pity was that Edith had ever consulted her at all.

As a plain business woman—not as a sister—she appreciated the mistake these two were making in shouldering themselves with any such debt at the beginning. Now was the time if ever that Jimmy should be accumulating capital. It was only by thrift and conservatism now that he would be able to lay aside the few thousands that some day would allow him to start in business for himself—that would help him loose himself from the shackles of a salary. He was compromising his whole future by such a course as this. It was silly of him to lose his head in such fashion. On his present salary he ought to save at least a thousand dollars a year—take it out in spite of every temptation, and fashion his mode of living to the balance. In five years this would give him five thousand surplus to work with, and he wouldn't then be thirty years old. With such a start as that the next ten years should find him safely on the road to independence with time enough after that in which to enjoy the luxuries of life. It was the course she had marked out for him in her own mind a year ago. A year ago—yes. But this was not a year ago. Conditions had changed since then. They had changed very materially. This was not her affair now; it was Edith's.

Properly that is where she should have allowed the matter to rest. Rightfully that is just where it should have rested. Only it wouldn't. She had told Jim that Edith was only a child, and Edith was now proving it. And that brought the blame for the situation straight back to Jim himself. He was bidding fair to ruin both himself and Edith. At this point she always went off at something of a tangent. His life was now no concern of hers, but he had no right to place any such responsibility on the girl. It was wrong of him. She was undeveloped—unfitted for any such task. She had not yet knowledge enough of the world to safeguard herself. She lacked foresight and judgment and experience, and yet he was placing a full-grown woman's burden on her shoulders. And in the end she would be the one to pay for trying to carry such a load before her time.

In the solitude of her apartment—how empty the rooms had become—Julie found herself clinging tenaciously to this point of view and growing more and more bitter toward Jim Story, and more and more sympathetic toward Edith. A fact that made the girl's position all the more pathetic was that she took her new duties so light-heartedly. At the end of the first two months of marriage, with a debt of several thousand dollars hanging over her head, Julie had never seen her more buoyant—more girlishly beautiful in body and spirit. She was like a bird in a nest—a singing bird in a very beautiful nest.

Reluctantly Julie went down there one Sunday to dinner after the house was fully furnished. She had been keeping away on one pretext and another in spite of pressing invitations from them both. She would have kept away longer had it been possible, but one day when Edith was leaving after a visit to town Julie saw the girl's lips tremble.

"It's kind of hard when your only sister won't come down and see your new home," Edith murmured.

"A business woman hasn't much time of her own, dear."

"She has her Sundays."

"I'm bringing home so much work I don't even have those," answered Julie. "And I get tired by Sunday."

"That's all the more reason you ought to come. Jimmy is beginning to think it very strange."

She made an answer that sounded petty to her afterward.

"I doubt if he worries very much about that."

"He does. And I do. We—we've fixed up a room for your very own. And you've never been in it."

"You dear child!" Julie broke out impulsively.

"It was Jim's idea."

"Oh."

"He always speaks of it as your room—'Julie's room.'"

"He'd much better call it the guest room," she returned uneasily. "But I promise I'll come down for dinner."

"And stay all night?"

"I couldn't do that, Edith. I must get back."

Edith kissed her affectionately.

"What an old maid you're getting to be," she smiled.

Julie kept her promise and went down the following Sunday. Jim met her at the station and was very cordial and unaffected, though she, in spite of herself, was ill at ease

This was the first time she had seen him alone since his marriage, and she was conscious of it. In his golf trousers and a becoming Norfolk jacket and cap he looked decidedly boyish. Even the little lines about the corners of his eyes which she had noticed first upon his return from France were disappearing, she thought. And his mouth had relaxed until it had lost almost entirely that fixed expression of intensity. All of which was more or less disconcerting because these externals swept her back some three years to those days when he really was very young; days which had gone forever in spite of such superficial reminders.

To add further to her embarrassment she found her face coloring as he took her hand. If he noticed it, that placed her in an unfair position.

"I'm glad to see you, Julie," he said sincerely. "Dede is busy with the dinner and didn't dare to leave it. Shall we walk? It's only about ten minutes."

"Very well," she answered.

The air was already beginning to freshen at the approach of fall, and here and there the more tender of the maple springs were showing traces of crimson. Jim chose a leisurely pace that forced her to check her own briskly nervous step.

"You haven't been down as often as I hoped you would," he said.

"I've been very busy."

"We've both missed you."

"Thanks"

"You don't believe it?"

"I don't think it's important."

"You still look upon me as a kidnaper?"

She was confused by his directness. Also she resented it. He had no right to force her into such a discussion.

"What's the use of reopening that subject?" she asked with a frown.

"Because it has never been settled."

"I should say it had been settled very definitely."

"Not when it leaves you as busy as you've been these last two months," he returned.

"That's purely my business."

"Even if Edith needs more of you?" he asked slowly.

There was a note in his voice that made her start. She searched his face in apprehension. This time it was he who colored. He looked away from her to the fringe of wooded hills which met the sky.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"That Edith needs more of you," he replied. "And from now on will need you still more."

Julie stopped short. His meaning was clear enough now.

"I shouldn't have told you," he ran on. "She's an odd little thing and seems to want to hug this close like some precious secret But I thought you ought to know because of the help you can be to her. Only don't let her know you know."

"She's so young," stammered Julie.

"In one way," nodded Jim. "But she's got with her all the pride and courage and glory of youth. She's proud as a queen already and probably won't be able to hold herself in after she sees you."

They walked on again—Jimmy with a smile on his face and his shoulders squared; Julie with her eyes on the ground and with the color faded from her cheeks. It was difficult for her to grasp the point of view either of Edith or of Jim. She was too confused by, as it seemed to her, the suddenness of it. From beginning to end the relationships between these two had been revealed to her in blunt, detached episodes without connection. They were like a series of unexpected blows in the dark. After each one she shut her eyes and crawled back into herself as into a hole. It was her way of protecting herself.

It was a poor way because it did not protect. She could not remain in the hole. She couldn't even get all of herself in. Whether she liked it or not a lot of herself was left outside in this little sister—even in this man by her side.

Even in this man by her side. She lifted her eyes swiftly, her lips compressed, swept by a sudden wave of passionate hate of him. It was he who from the first had been responsible for every complication in her life. He had pursued her like Nemesis. He was still pursuing her—still forcing her into participation, willy-nilly, of the very phases of life she most sought to avoid.

He turned and met her eyes.

"What is it, Julie?" he asked as though she had spoken.

"Jim Story," she said tensely, "you're the one man in the world I should never have met."

"Eh?" he exclaimed, more amused than hurt.

"You're making me bitter. You're making me hate."

"That's queer," he mused with a puzzled frown. "That's queer, because somehow I still bank on you. And Edith ——"

She shuddered.

"Take me to her," she said sharply. "I must see her—at once."

"But, Julie ——"

She started on ahead of him, almost breaking into a run.

■

THROUGHOUT that winter Julie Norton saw ever before her, written as though in fire, the word "April." It flashed itself upon her attention sometimes in the midst of her work at the office. It became, with all it connoted, part of her daily life. As with each passing month she tore off a new leaf from the calendar its significance increased.

It happened, too, that this was one of the busiest winters of her career. The real-estate market was boiling, and both details and responsibilities were increasing at a pace that called for more and more of her attention. Under ordinary circumstances her duties should have occupied fully her thoughts in the office but now the work called for even more. Competition was increasing and she found herself obliged to meet a new set of conditions. The business world in which she had made such rapid advances had been changing during the past year. New York had become overrun with an army—an army of young men. They were an eager, ambitious, merciless horde insistently demanding back their place in the business world. They were lean, most of them, as Jim Story had been when he first returned; and they had muscular unskirted legs and twenty-four hours a day.

There were two of them in her own office who kept envious eyes on the position she was filling—envious and eager eyes. These two—Scarborough and Burrowes—made her feel at times like a fox running before the hounds. They were on her trail not only during office hours but afterward—scooting all over the city after dark for business, and getting it too. She could not do that. There were a hundred other things they did which she could not do because of her sex. The downtown world which for a space had been neutral had become again male.

She felt it in other directions—in the crowds of men on the street whenever she went out, in the bold challenging eyes which met hers at the lunch hour; in the still bolder eyes which questioned her on her way back to her apartment at night; in the staring headlines which met her whenever she picked up a paper; in the conversation she overheard in the tube. They were a domineering, bullying crew, constantly forcing her to the defensive; ignoring her sex at one moment and in the next forcing her to recognize it.

As though this were not enough Jim Story must intrude himself further than any of them; mercilessly, brutally. She had checked him once and he had only turned and come up from behind. Now through Edith and April ——

Julie Norton used to talk to herself in the solitude of her apartment. She told herself very seriously that it would not do to work herself up into such intense moods of bitterness against this man. It was not good for her—not good for her business. It was getting on her nerves and she could not afford to waste this precious nerve energy in any such futile fashion. The thing to do was to shut him out of her thoughts altogether; to realize that he meant no more to her than did the horde of other males with whom she was forced into more or less intimate contact. She must keep them all impersonal, as one does the elements even when they sting.

That was all very well, but the elements had never come into her apartment and sat in a certain armchair many a long evening; the elements had never filled her apartment with cigarette smoke to such an extent that even now, months afterward, she sometimes smelled it; the elements had never conspired to empty that trunk that still remained under her bed. Lord, when she thought of such things—and then turned fiery crimson at the treachery of remembering them as things were now! Then after that, Edith and April ——

How she hated and feared and loved and hoped through those winter months. Edith seemed to want more and more of her. During January she went down for overnight as often as twice a week; during February three times a week. In March Edith ventured further.

"Julie, dear," she whispered one morning, "Julie, dear, if only you could close

(Continued on Page 127)

Why the Banker Uses Firestones

The banker sits in judgment on all types of business.

He knows investments. He knows good business practice. He knows economy. He is able to analyze physical assets, the real value of good will, the importance of a trade name.

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Transportation is no less vital. And the banker recognizes the vision that inaugurated and developed Ship by Truck, the greatest adjunct to our present transportation system.

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The powerful but economical motor will not lose its liveliness. The seat cushions remain soft and springy. The steadily advancing record of the speedometer is your only reminder that your car is any older than the day you bought it.

Four beautiful, comfortable styles—five passenger touring car; three passenger roadster; five passenger sedan; four passenger coupé. Illustrated catalog upon request.

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FOR EXPORT, INDUSTRIAL EXPORT COMPANY,
245 WEST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 123)

the apartment and be with me the rest of the nights."

"If I'm any comfort," she agreed reluctantly.

"You are, honey. I don't know why, but you are. It isn't that I'm afraid. You don't think it's that?"

"It would be no wonder if you were," answered Julie.

"I'd feel ashamed of myself," said Edith. "I—I'd feel unworthy of Jimmy. Besides, that would make him afraid. He's worried enough now."

"Worried?" said Julie.

"About me—and about money. He expected a raise in January and he didn't get it. And the bills—well, I'm afraid I was extravagant at the beginning."

"You mustn't think about that."

"There are so many installments, and they come so often!" said Edith. "You wouldn't believe that so little a month would count up to so much a month."

The amazing part of this to Julie was that though from the first this had been a matter of elementary arithmetic Edith appeared quite genuinely surprised at the inevitable result. It was only lately that she had begun to think about it at all. Even now she thought about it so sweetly and courageously that Julie—like Jim if she had only known it—just patted her back and kissed the whole problem away. It did seem trivial enough in contrast to April.

In March Julie packed the empty trunk under her bed with her everyday things—when she was through the trunk remained as empty as ever—and locked the door upon the only retreat she had, and moved down to Edith's—to the spare room they called "Julie's room."

But it was not her room. By no stretch of the imagination could she make it her room. For all its daintiness and freshness she did not fit into it. It was no part of her and when she went to sleep there at night it was with a great shivering sense of loneliness. She woke up often, staring into a darkness that seemed as empty as that which settles down over the frozen north.

Jimmy Story tried in a hundred little ways to show his appreciation. He fell into the habit of waiting and riding down with her, though she tried her best to avoid him by taking first one train and then another. And over and over again he said to her, "It's so darned good of you."

It was not good of her, and she knew it. He had forced her into a situation from which she could not escape, that was all. Just as he had forced Edith; just as men are always forcing women. She hated him for it and he was so dull he could not see it. Rather he seemed proud of the whole situation.

On that daily ride to and from town which was becoming a nightmare to her—the more tense and dreadful as April approached—he rambled on like a happy undergraduate. There were times when she wondered if really he could be over twenty. At home he was the same—laughing, noisy, sentimental and boisterous in turn, with Edith responding to his every mood. The house was like a big nursery for grown-ups, with Edith the baby and he the irrepressible older brother.

Every night before bedtime Edith would sit down to the piano—with so many pitiful little installments clinging to it like rags—and play to them with fingers grown tender and crooning. Jimmy always pulled up a chair to be close to her then and sat with his head in his hands looking off into space. He was very, very quiet then. Julie sitting far back in the room felt like an intruder. She would have left the room but they would not let her. So she sat and watched his unkempt sandy hair through which he ran his fingers, and the back of his man'neck that looked so rugged in comparison with the frail white outlines of Edith's. Then her throat used to tighten and her thoughts grow confused until the world turned chaotic—with a funny, heart-pulling tune running through like the voice of one singing in a tempest.

April! It approached with ruthless inevitableness. At her work in the office she heard her wrist watch ticking away the minutes until she found it difficult to think. Scarborough and Burrowes were not handicapped by any such distraction. They hustled in and out with greater energy than ever—with brutal energy. She looked up from her desk at times with her eyes contracted and her lips set. Burrowes saw her so once.

"You look peeved," he exclaimed jovially.

She had to overcome some primitive instinct that urged her to fly at him, catlike, and then go on with her work.

April. The first week passed, and then out there in the country the trees began to swell with sap and little yellow crocuses pushed up through the wet sod. Edith came in with one gathered on the front lawn.

"See," she said. "It's borned already."

When she went out to find a glass to put it in Jimmy Story turned to Julie.

"Lord," he choked. "Why isn't everything borned like that?"

She turned away.

"It would be so easy," she answered.

"Perhaps that is the reason," he went on. "It would be too easy. It wouldn't demand enough of us. To get we have to give—give—give! We don't know what the crocus seed gave!"

April! The whole world was a-borning. Julie had never noticed it before but she noticed it now. She was startled by it. She tried to thrust it out of her mind but could not. The consciousness of it dominated her in the office. It filled the air round her.

April! On the twenty-fourth she and Jimmy Story remained at home all day and strange people made their appearance and took possession of the house—the doctor and two crisp-skirted nurses. Toward noon the house became saturated with the pungent odor of chloroform. Julie was shut up in her room at the time but the stuff crept in under the door. Then shortly afterward she heard Jimmy Story come leaping up the stairs. He pounded at her door. She opened it.

"What the devil does it mean?" he demanded.

"I—I don't know," she trembled.

"The darned nurses won't tell me," he shouted.

He was disheveled—wide-eyed.

"All we can do is to wait," she said dully.

She came out.

"We'd better go downstairs," she suggested.

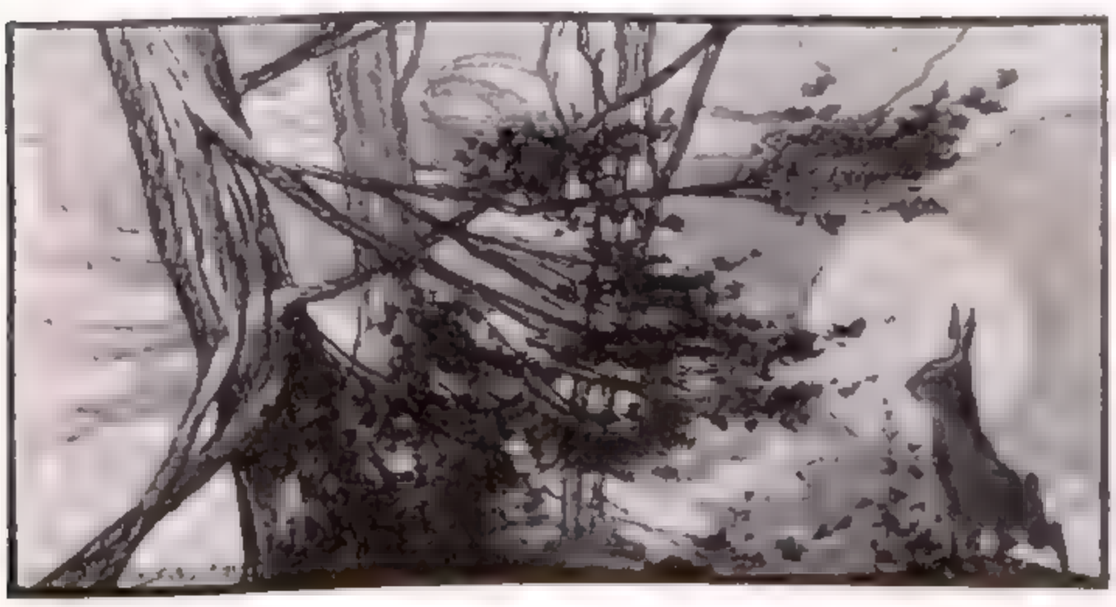
They were down there in the room with the silent piano at three o'clock. It was here the nurse found them.

"It's a boy, but the mother ——" she said.

Jimmy Story tightened.

"Oh, you'd better come up—right away," she said hurriedly.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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GUESTS FROM ITALY

(Continued from Page 11)

speaking, hustling and prosperous. In the past half century Northern Italy has made great strides in its educational system, in its factories, in wealth and in trade. There is very little illiteracy among the North Italians. They are healthier and larger physically than the South Italians. The immigrants who come to America from the north of Italy are largely skilled laborers, such as railway workers, stonecutters and masons.

The farther south one goes in Italy the shorter and stubbier the people become. Southern Italy is almost entirely agricultural, and it is wretchedly poor. Compared with Northern Italy the southern districts have made little progress, and a large percentage of the population is illiterate. It is from the south, however, that most of our Italian immigrants have come in the past and are coming at present. In 1914 the number of North Italians who emigrated to the United States was slightly more than 44,000, while the number of South Italians who came was in excess of 251,000. Only five and one-half per cent of the North Italians were illiterate, while 103,548 of the South Italians—more than forty-one per cent—could neither read nor write in any language. Most of the emigrants from the south of Italy were and are unskilled laborers.

An American who is thoroughly conversant with the emigration situation in Italy estimated for me that the year 1920 would see at least 100,000 emigrants leaving the port of Naples alone for America. It was the consensus of opinion in Italy that in spite of the restrictions which the United States has placed on immigrants since the outbreak of the war, 150,000 Italian emigrants would enter the United States from all Italy. It was also the consensus of opinion that the number would remain as low as 150,000 only because of the scarcity of ships. Given an unlimited number of ships and an absence of the so-called wartime immigration restrictions, the United States would probably know the interesting experience of having to absorb or of having to try to absorb about 500,000 Italian immigrants in one year's time.

The most absorbent of sponges might be pardoned if it viewed such a task with apprehension.

Under the new United States immigration requirements all roads lead to Rome so far as Italian emigrants are concerned. In the old days an Italian who wished to emigrate to America bought his ticket, proceeded to the nearest spot of embarkation, stowed himself snugly into a smelly steerage, and unstowed himself when he reached New York. To-day life is considerably more complicated for the Italian who wishes to emigrate to America. He must come in person to an American consulate from his home and make application for the American consul's visé on his passport; he must submit documents showing that a friend or a relative in America is keenly desirous of having him come to America; and he must wait until his documents have been forwarded to the Bureau of Passport Control at the American Embassy in Rome for examination.

Spotting the Undesirables

The new immigration laws of this country aim to exclude all immigrants who would make undesirable citizens. Under this head come persons who are illiterate, persons who are physically unfit, persons who are morally unfit and persons who are politically subversive—such as active Bolsheviks and anarchists.

The United States immigration authorities are thoroughly competent to catch the illiterate and the physically unfit among the immigrants as they attempt to enter America. But competent as these authorities are, they will find great difficulty in detecting the morally unfit and the politically subversive until they are able to employ a corps of mind readers or until the ouija board reaches a higher state of perfection and reliability than it enjoys at present.

Our immigration authorities at Ellis Island, no matter how skilful they may be, cannot tell by examining a man's wisdom teeth or rapping him smartly on the kneecap or gazing intently at the base of his tongue whether or not he is guilty of moral turpitude or whether he is given to preaching the overthrow of all organized government. The only sort of organization which can detect such people is an efficient bureau of passport control in the country from which the people come. A great deal of talk is made in America about the necessity for excluding undesirables from among the ranks of the immigrants, but in no part of Europe except in Italy does the United States exercise any really efficient system of passport control.

Without a proper system of passport control in the countries from which our immigrants come there is no possible way in which the United States immigration authorities can prevent undesirables from entering the country, for there is no possible way in which they can obtain the necessary information concerning their undesirability. Whenever passport control is done away with in Italy a great number of undesirables will enter America every year, no matter how many laws may exist to prevent their entering, and no matter how stringent those laws may be.

In one month early in 1920 twenty per cent of the Italians who applied to the American passport control office in Rome for visés were rejected because they were undesirables. Neither illiteracy nor physical unfitness had anything to do with their undesirability. They were undesirable because they had served jail sentences or because they were morally unfit or because they were Bolshevik agitators. It is estimated by immigration experts in Italy that of the 296,000 Italians who emigrated to America in 1914 another twenty per cent, or nearly 60,000 persons, were undesirable for the same reasons.

Good Reasons for Restrictions

With passport control in effect it is necessary for the Italian emigrants to come from their homes to the nearest American consulate, where their papers are taken from them and sent to the Passport Control Bureau. Their records are looked up, and then their applications for visés are either approved or disapproved and the papers returned to the consulate from which they were originally sent. This proceeding takes in many cases more than a week—sometimes nearly two weeks—and it gives rise to many strenuous objections on the part of Italians and Americans as well.

"Why," they demand fiercely, "should these poor emigrants be obliged to waste so much time and so much money when the Passport Control Bureau so rarely finds anything wrong with the people whom they investigate? Why should it be necessary for the emigrants to go through the long formality of obtaining American passports? The war is over! Why not allow them to go to America as freely as they went before the war?"

The answer is something is follows: Italy, like every other country in Europe, is shot full of Bolshevik agitators—of mob leaders whose sole business in life is to inflame the discontented masses against the government. These agitators in Italy are known as *propagandisti*. It is they who are responsible for the never-ending strikes in Italy; for the acts of violence which are constantly taking place; for the glorification of Lenine and of soviet rule.

"Vote for Lenine," read the sprawling characters on walls and buildings throughout Italy. "A vote for the Socialist Party is a vote for Lenine!"

Propagandisti are responsible for these sentiments. These are the people who are kept out by passport control; and if passport control spends two weeks examining one thousand emigrants, and by so doing prevents one of these *propagandisti* from reaching America, then passport control has justified itself—for just one of these Bolshevik agitators in America can work thousands of easily excited Italian laborers to a high pitch of fury.

It is hard, of course, on the other nine hundred and ninety-nine. Nobody could help being sorry for them. But there is no room in America for *propagandisti* or for moral delinquents.

During the past spring there was a strike of 20,000 brass workers in Waterbury, Connecticut. It lasted for ten weeks and came to a head on June twenty-first, when 260 policemen and a company of city guards fought with the strikers for more than an hour. Many of the strikers were Italians. The Italian vice consul for Connecticut, Pasquale de Cicco, addressed the strikers and urged them to return to work. A band of strikers, parading round a Waterbury factory, encountered a lieutenant of police. The leader of the strikers opened fire on him and shot him through the lung. The chief of police rushed to the lieutenant's assistance and was shot through the body.

Men of this striker's type are those that the Italians know as *propagandisti*. He should never have been allowed to come to America in the first place. All men of his sort are to-day listed on the black list of the Passport Control Bureau in the American Embassy in Rome, and when they attempt to procure passports to America—as they are constantly doing—they are refused permission.

There is agitation to-day to do away with the Passport Control Bureau. If the agitation is successful the *propagandisti* and the criminals and the other moral misfits will pour into America unchecked. There should be no talk of doing away with passport control. Rather there should be talk of extending passport control to Germany, Poland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Jugoslavia.

There is only one thing which—if there were no restrictions on immigration—stands in the way of America getting in the next few years the most staggering mass of immigrants that any country ever received in the history of the world. That one thing is shipping. Remove our immigration restrictions and provide a sufficient amount of ships, and European immigrants would surge over to the shores of America in an unending flood. The figures of the greatest year we have ever known—1907, when 1,285,349 aliens descended upon us—would shrink into insignificance.

The people of every country in Europe are yammering and howling to be allowed to come to America. The desire of these people to come to America in great numbers will be as keen for many years to come. The smartest and the most cunning and frequently the most resourceful among them are the Bolshevik agitators. Without passport control bureaus located in the different countries of Europe and all working together, our factories and our mines and our workshops will be supplied with agitators who will be roughly and rudely lifting off the roof at frequent intervals and keeping the nation in a turmoil for years to come.

The Bureau of Passport Control in Rome does its work in the following way: The chief weapon of all passport control bureaus is a suspect list or black list. This isn't a list that can be hung up on a wall. In the case of the American Passport Control Bureau in Rome the list fills filing cabinets which stretch solidly across the wall of a fairly large room. The suspect list in Rome is a combination of the Italian suspect list, the American suspect list, the British suspect list and the French suspect list.

Camorra and Mafia

Italians wishing to emigrate to America go to an American consulate, taking with them their penal certificates. Such a certificate is issued by the authorities of the town in which an applicant was born, for when an Italian commits a crime the record of it is sent back to his home town and duly inscribed on the books. Usually, of course, the record is clean. Then again it isn't.

The papers go to Rome, where the Bureau of Passport Control looks into them. It may find that the owner of the papers is all right. It may even find that a man with a jail record is all right. It sometimes finds that a man whose penal certificate is clean has bought the certificate, and that he really has a long jail record.

For example, a man appeared at the Naples consulate asking that his passport be vised by the American consul. His penal certificate showed that he had served two jail sentences, both for stabbing frays. His application was refused. A few days after the refusal the same man appeared at the Rome consulate. This time he had a clean penal certificate, which had been issued by the same officials that issued the first one. In such a case all the papers are gathered together and sent to the Italian Commissioner of Emigration. He takes the matter up with the local official who issued the penal certificates, and if he cannot explain satisfactorily why one certificate showed two stabbings while the other showed nothing, he is officially decapitated with neatness and dispatch. It is, of course, a very difficult thing for the local official to explain. The Italian authorities are anxious to stop all tampering with penal records, and they coöperate with the Americans on this particular phase of the emigration question in every way.

The Camorra and the Mafia are still very much alive in Southern Italy. Persons who are overactive in these organizations are not highly desirable citizens from an American viewpoint, for they have a bad habit of taking the law into their own hands. Any investigation into the organization or purposes of either the Camorra or the Mafia is received with marked coldness in Italy to-day. Among the people whom I questioned concerning the Camorra was an American who has lived in Southern Italy for several years and can speak several of the dialects which are common in that section. When I asked him about the Camorra he froze up and declared shortly that it was a subject which wasn't discussed. When I pressed the point he reminded me that the curiosity of a New York detective on the same matter had cost him his life. When I laughed at him he became offended.

Crime for Crime's Sake

The Camorra is restricted to the city of Naples and its environs. It is more of a state of mind, say the Italians, than an organized society. The Camorristi levy a tax on all property owners and on all ranks of society, and in return the taxpayers are protected from the depredations of the Camorra.

In Naples there is a foreigner who owns a small yacht. For years he has paid a sum of money to a Camorrista. Until last year nothing had ever been stolen from his yacht—a remarkable condition of affairs in Naples. Last year one of the riding lights disappeared. The owner of the yacht complained to the Camorrista to whom he paid his yearly tax. Two days later the riding light was returned.

The Camorra is a sort of mutual benefit society built up on a groundwork of graft and blackmail. If a man pays tribute to the Camorra he's safe. If he doesn't he is more than apt to stub his toe some day and fall on a stiletto. There appear to be different grades of Camorristi. Some of them move in the most exclusive circles, and wear purple and fine linen. They collect blackmail from the upper strata of society. Then there are the cruder or roughneck Camorristi, who gather shekels from cab drivers and peanut sellers and smaller fry.

There is a third class of Camorristi which isn't interested in active blackmailing, but which devotes its efforts either to political activity or to murdering somebody who stands in need of being murdered. There have been repeated cases where men have been openly murdered before crowds of people numbering from 200 to 2000, but in the crowds there wouldn't be a single person who would testify concerning the murderer. Camorristi spend months in planning a daring and intricate crime out of which the participants may get less than five dollars apiece.

This almost comes under the head of crime for crime's sake.

For Italians in Italy, oddly enough, the Camorra as it exists to-day is in some ways a good thing, for it gives protection that the police are unable to give. When Italians attempt to transplant it to America and mix it up with American institutions, however, its advantages become invisible to the naked eye.

The Mafia, which is a Sicilian organization, is very similar to the Camorra. It appears nowadays not to have a closely knit governing body, as a secret society usually has. It is the result of many centuries of bad government. A member of the Mafia considers it wrong—probably because he long ago found it useless—to invoke the aid of the law when he has been harmed in any way. It is his privilege, or the privilege of his relatives or friends, to obtain vengeance.

(Continued on Page 133)

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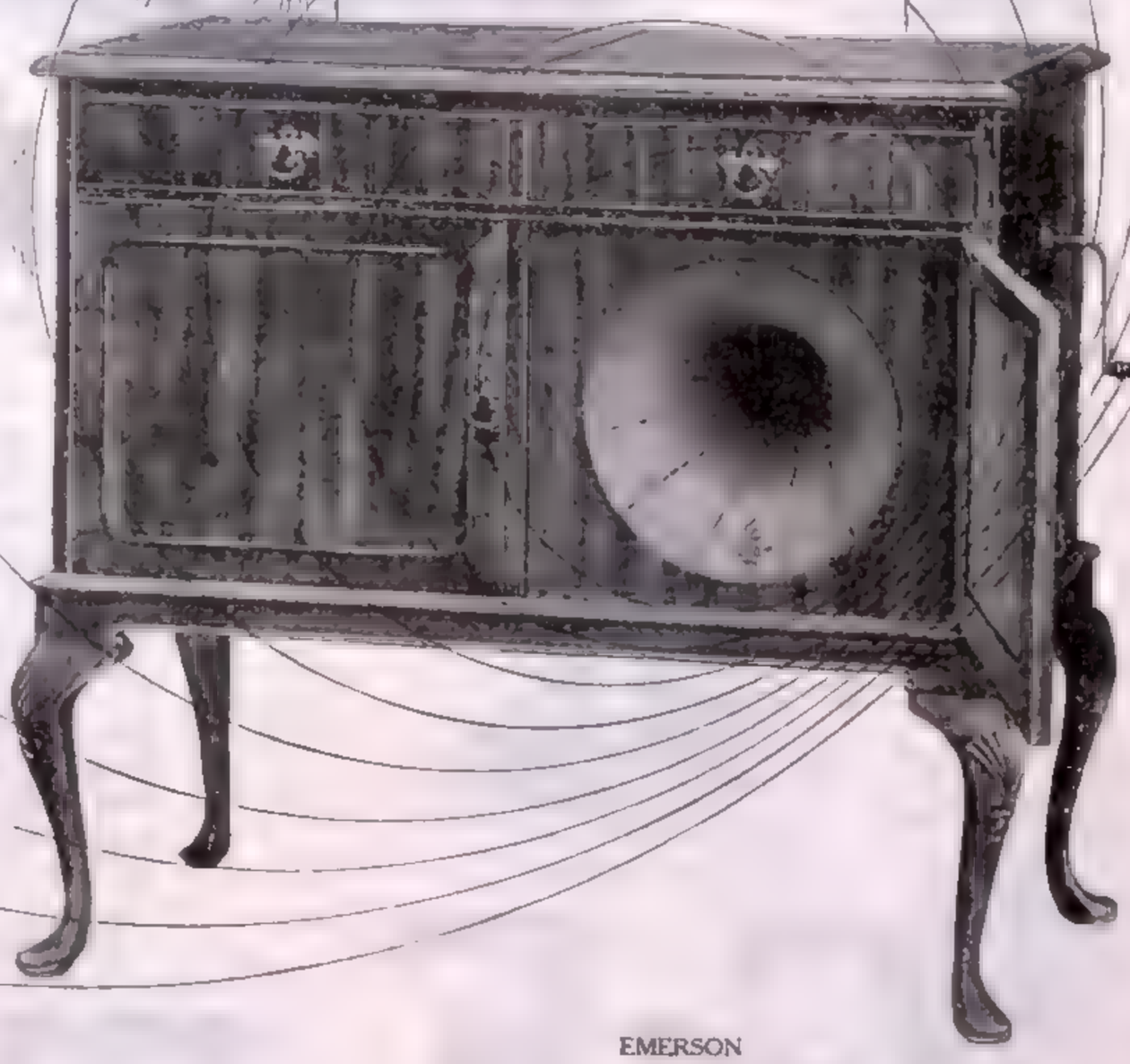

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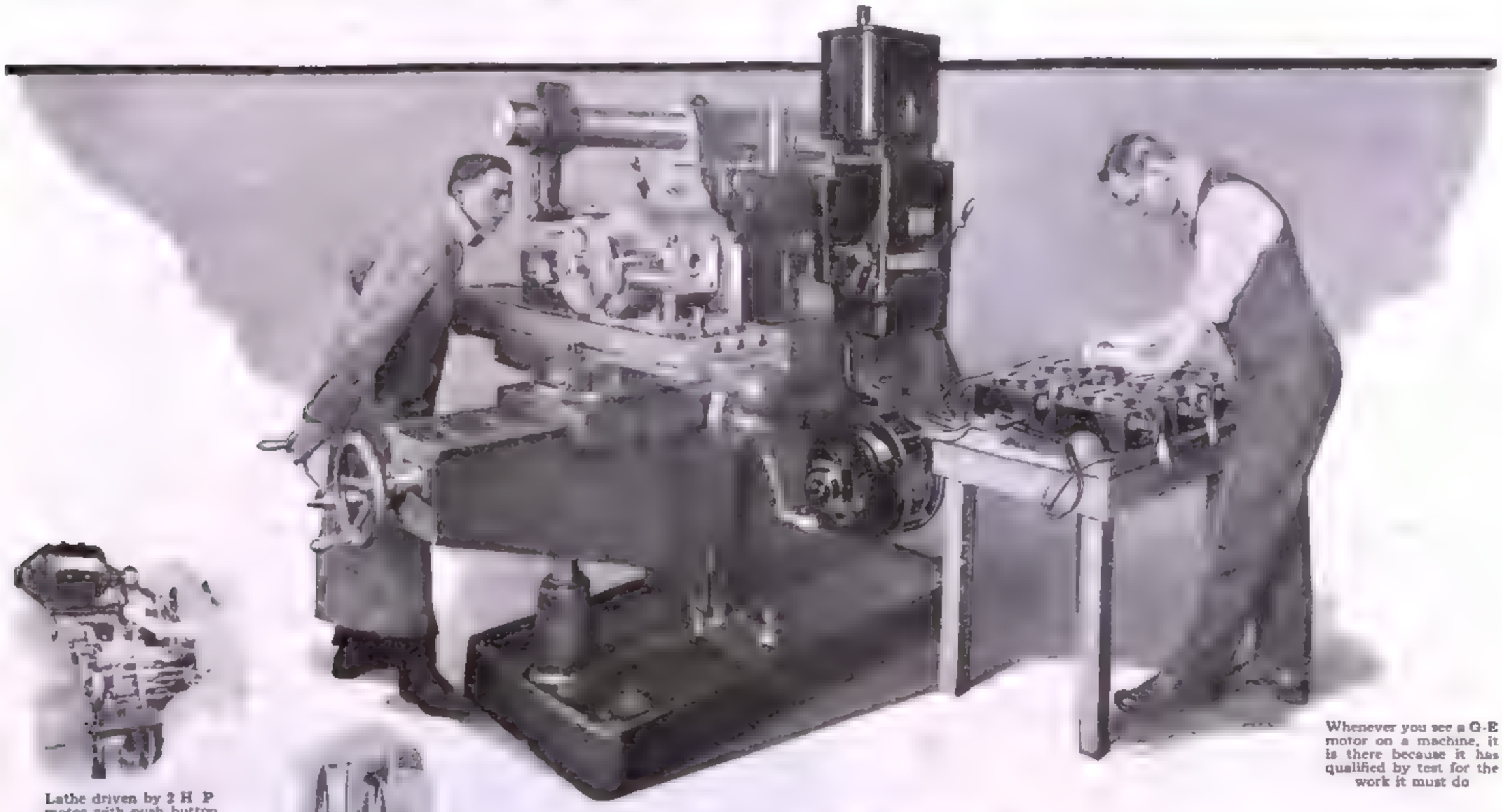

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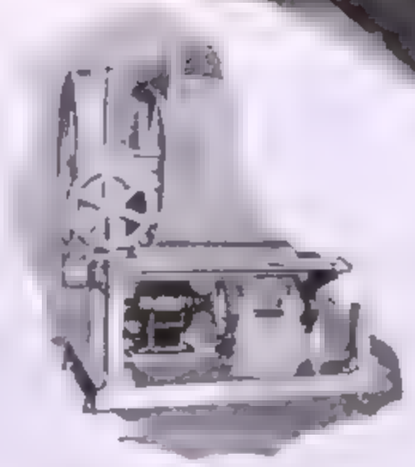

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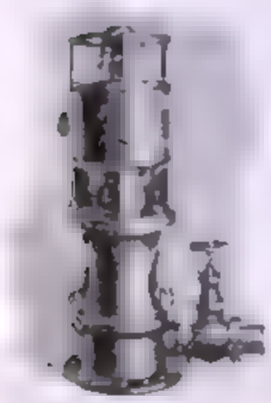

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GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 130)

America has had some experience with the Mafia. In 1890 a body of Italians in New Orleans, using the Mafia system, murdered some Italians of whom they disapproved. The chief of police took severe measures against the murderers, and as a result he himself was murdered. An investigation proved conclusively that the crime was the work of the Mafia. Eleven Italians were indicted for the murder; but the jury, after being threatened with all sorts of horrible punishments, acquitted six.

Both the Mafia and the Camorra are as active to-day as at any time in the past thirty years, in spite of many denials on the part of the Italians. The Passport Control Bureau has prevented many enterprising Camorristi and Mafiusi from going to America, and will prevent many more from going unless our sentimentalists become too greatly disturbed over the heartless way in which the poor Italian emigrants are made to wait a week or ten days while their papers are being examined by the Passport Control Bureau. If they become too greatly disturbed they may succeed in having passport control abolished. Then the poor emigrants wouldn't be annoyed by the great, coarse Americans, and could climb right on a ship and go to America without having to undergo the frightful and heart-rending experience of spending twelve or fifteen dollars for living expenses while waiting for passports to be viséd. At the same time they could bring a few thousand undesirables to America and turn them loose to go where they pleased and do as they pleased. The latter phase, however, doesn't worry the sentimentalist.

The Coming Floods

In spite of the new American immigration restrictions, which require of all our immigrants—unless they be wives, mothers, grandmothers or unmarried or widowed daughters of American citizens—the ability to read at least one language or dialect, and in spite of the activities of the American Passport Control Bureau in Italy, the number of Italian emigrants who are receiving permission to go to America indicates that it won't be long before the veritable Johnstown flood of Italians which surged among us in 1907 and 1914 will be made to look like nothing more than a high tide on a salt marsh.

In January of this year 13,426 Italians received the American O. K. on their passports. In February permission was granted to 16,175 emigrants. In March the numbers took a decided jump, the total number of American visés which were granted being 28,587. The big months for immigrants have always been April, May and June. Estimating on this basis, an authority on emigration in Italy estimated that permission to go to America would be granted to at least 250,000 Italian emigrants during 1920 alone, but that lack of ships would probably result in about 150,000 of them reaching the United States.

Some indignation has been expressed by Italian government officials in regard to the American attitude toward immigration. They seem to have an idea that the United States is discriminating against Italian workmen.

"More than ever before," recently declared an Italian government official to an American correspondent, "emigration is a vital question for Italy to-day. The chief cause of the unrest that is prevailing in Italy is due to unemployment. It is the most natural and excusable form of labor unrest, and has no connection with Bolshevism, though Bolshevism is undoubtedly seeking to exploit it for its own anarchic ends.

"Thousands of honest Italian workers who returned from America to Italy during the war to fight for their country have been waiting vainly for many months for permission to go back to the United States and to their old work. It is useless to conceal the fact that America's refusal to admit even Italian workmen who were working in America when Italy entered the war, and left their jobs to join the Italian Army, is creating bitterness of feeling against the United States in Italy."

America isn't refusing to admit Italian workmen of any sort. The Italian workers who returned from America to Italy during the war to fight for their country may be waiting vainly for somebody's permission to return to America, but all those who are asking America's permission are getting it. During one day I sat in the Naples consulate and watched 400 reservists—which is the technical name for Italians who returned to Italy from America to fight for their country—get their American visés. And the fact that the official figures of American visés granted to Italian emigrants during the first three months of 1920 amount to 58,188 shows fairly conclusively that this particular Italian government official was suffering from what might be loosely termed impurities in his carburetor.

A very popular pastime in every part of Europe is the emission of criticism of America for various things, prominent among which is America's lack of enthusiasm over the prospect of having five or ten million immigrants dumped on her already congested shores. In one breath the Europeans predict that since American goods cost so much European money, Europe cannot afford to buy American goods, consequently America will soon be overstocked, her factories will have to be shut down and the American workingmen will be thrown out of work and turn to Bolshevism. In the next breath they complain that their own workingmen are unemployed, and that America ought to be ashamed of herself if she doesn't allow them to come over and help themselves to jobs.

If the European predictions concerning the approaching over-production of all manufactured goods in America are true—and an American hears these predictions made in every country in Europe—then America has no room at all for any of the jobless emigrants which Europe is so anxious to send us. In no time at all—still supposing the prediction to be correct—they would be as much of a problem to us as they are to Europe—more of a problem in fact, because they can't speak our language and they don't know our customs.

Practically all of the South Italian emigrants are agricultural laborers. Most of the land in Southern Italy is made up of large estates owned by the nobility. The land is rented to the farmers on short leases at very high rents. An Italian who wishes to rent two acres of rich land might have to pay as high as $600 a year rent for it. Wages are very low—so low that an agricultural laborer can't afford to buy anything except his food and his very essential bottle of Chianti. Food expenditure isn't high for him either, for a few feet of macaroni and a small but highly developed cheese make a day's ration for almost any South Italian.

The tax system in Italy is such that the chief burden of the taxes falls on the laboring class. Perhaps twenty per cent of their wages goes to pay taxes. In addition to paying frightfully heavy taxes, the peasant must serve for two years in the army, so that a severe dent is put in his productiveness.

Southern Italy Overpopulated

Finally Southern Italy is very densely populated. The city of Naples is in the fertile province of Campania. The entire province is planted with fruit trees, and at the base of each tree is planted a grape vine. The vines are trained to stretch from tree to tree. Every inch of the ground is cultivated, and in addition to the fruit and the grape crop, two crops of grain and one crop of hay are produced between the trees and vines in a single season. The population of this province is 468 people to the square mile, which puts it nearly on a par with Belgium and Japan. An enormous number of Italians emigrated from Campania to America before the war, and others are procuring permission to go to-day.

All of these conditions make for economic distress and the distress is not alleviated to any noticeable extent by the very high birth rate and the consequent rapid increase of population. The poorest districts of Southern Italy are blessed with the highest birth rate.

The result of the economic distress is emigration. The Southern Italian emigrates to better himself economically—to get more money. He goes anywhere that the going is good—to Africa, to South America, to France, to America. There seems to be an idea in America that all the Italians emigrate to the land of freedom and liberty. This is erroneous. One of the reasons why the Germans at the present time don't care to emigrate to Brazil is because they will be thrown into competition with the cheaper Italian labor. There are 1,000,000 Italian immigrants in the Brazilian state of São Paulo alone.

On the east coast of Italy I got word of a yearly movement of Italian fishermen from the section between Ancona and Brindisi. Each year a matter of 500 of them sail their little fishing boats down the Adriatic and across the Mediterranean to the north coast of Africa. They stay on the African coast for six months each year, each one managing to clear a sum of money equivalent to about $100. With this they sail back to Italy again. They invest their money in their own manner, and eventually they save up enough to get a little piece of land and retire.

The extent to which Italians leave their country is shown by the records for 1905. In that year 226,320 Italian immigrants entered the United States. Yet in that same year the total emigration of Italians overseas was 447,083, while the so-called temporary emigration of Italians to European or Mediterranean countries was 279,248. Thus the total Italian emigration for 1905 was more than 726,000 people, and out of that number the United States got slightly more than 226,000.

I have heard some people argue that it won't be many years before Italian emigration to America will diminish through working itself out. They take it for granted that after a few more years of such heavy emigration there won't be anybody left to emigrate. This is a mistaken belief. In spite of the tremendous pouring out of people from Italy her population has increased. The foremost political economists declare that overpopulation cannot be cured by emigration. One of them has stated that if nobody had ever emigrated from Italy her population would probably be just what it is now, because she would have had either a higher death rate or a lower birth rate.

Birds of Passage

I mention these facts to show that the Italians don't have to emigrate in order to exist, and that emigration to America is not absolutely essential to their well-being, as some of the sentimentalists would have us believe.

At least fifty per cent of the Italians who have come to America in the past have come with the idea of making as much money as they could make in as short a time as possible, and then going back to Italy to live on their earnings for the rest of their lives. The immigrants who came to us from Germany and Great Britain and Scandinavia in the old days came with their families with the intention of remaining permanently. There is no such idea in the heads of a large percentage of Italian immigrants. They want the money, and that's all.

The Italian emigration statistics, which differ from our own, because the United States immigration year extends from June to June while the Italian emigration year extends from January to January, show that the percentage of Italians who return from America to Italy is very large. In 1910, according to the Italian figures, 222,235 Italian emigrants went to America and 104,459 returned; 155,835 left Italy for America in 1911 and 154,027 Italians came back. Departing emigrants in 1912 numbered 204,435, while those who returned numbered 129,649. The Italian figures show that 305,240 emigrated to America in 1913, and that 122,589 came back; 125,812 went in 1914 and 156,274 came back; 1915 shows 28,907 leaving Italy and 104,265 returning; 1916 shows 44,994 going and 17,248 returning; in 1917 only 8197 emigrated to America and 8763 came home; 1918 was the lowest emigration year since 1896, for the Italian figures show that only 1545 Italians emigrated to America; 4057 returned during the same year. In 1919 the figures took a brisk spurt—39,655 Italians emigrated to America and 76,479 came back to Italy. During the first two months of 1920, according to the Italian figures, 18,271 Italians emigrated to America, while 5708 came back to Italy.

Broadly speaking, the immigrant who comes to America only for the purpose of getting money to take back home is the immigrant who is undesirable—not because of the money which he takes away with him, for he has paid for the money with his labor, but because in his anxiety to get money he spends as little as he possibly can, thus living in quarters that are crowded and subsisting on the same sort of food on which he subsisted in the country

(Continued on Page 137)

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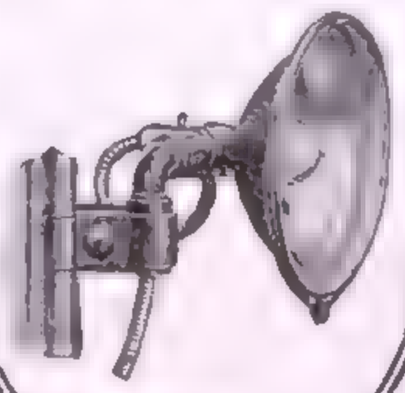

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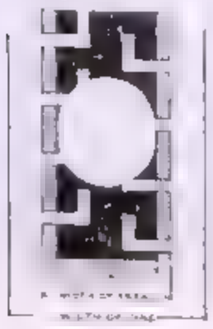
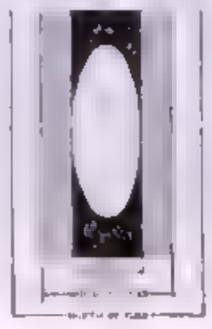
Super Tread



This wonderful wear resistance of the Super Tread is a result of how the tire makes its contact with the road in travel. Note in the left hand diagram how the tread wear is distributed over a broad surface; and how in the right hand diagram the ordinary tread wears merely along a narrow area following the center line of the tire.

Ordinary Tread



TREAD TIRES

DROP FORGINGS

MACHINERY

HAND TOOLS

INDIFFERENT to time, unshaken by haste, he cuts into his dies the faultless correctness that gives shape to Triangle B Forging, Tool or Machine. He is the embodiment of the New England conscience. In the BILLINGS & SPENCER plant at Hartford he and his fellow craftsmen carry on the ideals which earned for us, half a century ago, the confidence of Abraham Lincoln.

RELY ON ME

(Continued from Page 133)

of his origin. By so doing he undermines the American standard of living for all workmen except those in the skilled trades and helps largely to maintain—in the words of Theodore Roosevelt—"pestilential social conditions in our great cities, where anarchistic organizations have their greatest possibility of growth."

The Italian immigrants who are coming to us at the present time are a fine-looking lot of people. They are frugal and they are extremely hard workers. They are also easily influenced by agitators. If these immigrants come to America with the intention of making their homes in America for the rest of their lives, adopting American institutions and American ways of living and American ways of thinking, and becoming American citizens, they are a benefit to the nation. If they come determined to make as much as they can in any way that they can as soon as they can, they are a detriment to the nation.

The Italian authorities like to have Italian emigrants go to America. But like the authorities of most European countries, they exhibit a marked lack of enthusiasm over having their people become American citizens. They have investigated the returned emigrant and they say that he brings back American hustle and American alertness and American neatness and cleanliness to the old country. That aspect of emigration delights them. And the Italian authorities are also delighted at the vast amount of American money which is sent back to Italy every day in the year.

The amount of money that is sent back by immigrants is staggering. The Rome office of a big American tourist agency and banking house receives—or was receiving through the early months of 1920—a daily average of between two and three million lire a day from America to be deposited to the accounts of the senders or to be paid to friends and relatives. This is only one agency in one city. The same agency in Naples receives and distributes an average of more than 1,000,000 lire a day. The same thing is true in Milan, Genoa and Palermo.

In the seaport cities the steamship lines have gone into the business of receiving and distributing the money sent back to Italy by Italian immigrants in America. In addition there are the large banks and the small private banks, all of them transferring money from America as fast as they can. The money comes from every part of the United States in all sorts of sums.

Golden Floods From America

On the seventh of April I ran my finger down a recently completed page of the ledger in which immigrants' drafts were recorded. Its peak was a draft for 59,360 lire from an Italian in a southern state. There were drafts for 17,361 lire, 11,550 lire, 8432 lire, 5332 lire, and so on down to 500 lire. They came from Uniontown, Pennsylvania; Hurley, Wisconsin; Elkhart, Indiana; Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania; Ankeny, Iowa; Oswego, New York; Dillonvale, Ohio; Passaic, New Jersey; and Anaconda, Montana.

On each working day of the year at the present time a daily average of 12,000,000 lire must arrive in Italy from the immigrants in the United States. Allowing 300 working days to the year, and figuring the lira as being worth twenty to the dollar, as it was last April, this means that the Italians in America are sending home $180,000,000 in one year's time. It's no wonder, with Italy's finances in their present low state, that the Italian Government is enthusiastic over having Italian emigrants go to America in large quantities, save as much money as can be sequestrated and send all of it back to Italy.

But none of the Italian emigration officials or other government authorities has ever been caught throbbing with thrills over the Italians who truly turn American. That they do not want. The Italians regard America as a great educational institution for their people—a big free university, where the Americans hand out instruction in money-making and hustle, and at the same time disburse large quantities of money to the students.

Oddly enough, emigration in general and the Italian emigrant in particular who comes back with a pocketful of money are not such helps to Italy as some of the Italian emigration authorities seem to imagine.

One Italian student of the subject finds that many of those who return bring back vices with them and demoralize those with whom they come in contact.

Those who come back are often discontented and provoke unrest among their neighbors. Production in some of the southern provinces, as a result of the emigration of so many agricultural laborers, is even more inadequate than it has been in the past.

Land once carefully cultivated is being neglected, and consequently prices are rising. The departure of the men has forced women to labor in the fields, thus injuring the rising generation.

As a result of the breaking up of families—for the men frequently emigrate alone, leaving their wives and children behind—there has been a drift toward moral degeneracy, both on the part of the men who have gone and the women who have stayed behind. Many children do not have the benefit of the proper supervision and restraint; and tuberculosis, which was very rare in Italy during the preemigration days, is now spread broadcast through Southern Italy.

Life in Neapolitan Slums

Sentimentalists are greatly given to declaring that the immigrant is not to blame for the congested slum in which he so often lives with thousands of others of his kind. The slums, declare the sentimentalists, are due to Americans and not to the immigrants.

Naples is far from a clean city. Odors pop out on the traveler from every nook and corner. And living conditions are pretty much the same all over Italy, whether one chooses beautiful Naples looking out on its wonderful bay, or Bari over on the Adriatic coast, flat and hot in its whitish dust, or Palermo down in sunny Sicily, or one of the romantic-looking little hill towns perched high up on the top of a half-grown mountain.

Most of the Southern Italians who are seeking to come to America to-day come from the city and the environs of Bari, the city of Cosenza and the district round it, the city and district of Caserta, the districts round Naples, and the provinces of Apulia, Calabria, Basilicata and Campania. They are mostly the children of farmers, and they are very poor. Ex-Premier Nitti of Italy comes from Potenza in the south. It is one of the poorest sections in all Italy, and Nitti used to remark jokingly that the great majority of his electors were in New York.

In choosing the congested districts of Naples as an example of the living conditions to which our Southern Italian immigrants have been accustomed I may be accused of selecting an overpopulated city where conditions are exaggerated. I have looked at similar districts in the cities of Rome, Bari and Caserta in the south of Italy, and in various smaller towns, and I have no hesitation in declaring that when one is described all are described.

The houses in the poor sections of Naples are tall apartment houses, and the streets on which they front are so narrow that they look like clefts in a solid cliff rather than like streets. From these narrow, dark streets—dark even when the hot sun of an Italian noon is pouring down on the rest of the city—run alleyways which are less than one-third as wide as the streets, and apartment houses tower high on each side of them. These gashes in the dark intestines of the city are alive with people. The street underfoot is a mass of slippery odds and ends, and sometimes down the middle of the street runs a depression intended to carry away the worst of what is thrown from the buildings.

Each window boasts a little balcony. From balcony to balcony across the narrow streets run clotheslines. When all the residents hang out the wash the streets look like queer burlesques of Fifth Avenue on Armistice Day, and from the mass of garments, hung at all heights in the air, drips a steady drizzle until the clothes have dried.

The poor classes of Italians—the classes from which we draw our immigrants—know little of cleanliness and sanitation. It is true that they wash their clothes and hang them out to dry, but they also throw garbage and waste in the streets. As one progresses along the rabbit warrens which serve as homes for the Italian lower classes one must constantly be on the lookout for the slops and the refuse which hurtle down silently from the little balconies.

Each room in the rabbit warrens is inhabited to the uttermost limit. Whole families herd into one small room. Some of these crowded rooms boast of curtain partitions. The majority of them are unpartitioned, so that night finds their inhabitants sleeping wherever there is a convenient space on the floor.

The rooms are so crowded that the Italians have come to regard the street as their natural living room. It is their drawing-room, their dining room and their boudoir. Literally everything takes place in the open air, unscreened from the prying glances of passers-by.

Anybody who goes to Naples needs only to pick out one of the narrow side streets between the Corso Umberto Primo and the harbor and walk along it at any hour of the morning in order to see more of what our leading book publishers like to speak of as life in the raw than he ever saw before. He will see the street swarming with people, getting their breakfasts from wandering cooks who are busily engaged in cooking spaghetti, macaroni, fish or meat on their little movable stoves. Mothers, after making their own toilets, attend with more or less care to their children, running through their hair carelessly and otherwise ministering to their wants.

If the weather is at all warm the children wear no clothes at all. Men with trays wander through the crowds. Some of the trays contain a choice selection of cigar butts which have been collected with infinite pains. The Italian cigar-butt collector has attained great proficiency in his calling, and can snatch a cigar butt out from under the descending heel of a heavy and rapidly moving man without getting his fingers bruised in the least. Other trays are laden with pieces of broken bread and meat and cake which have been assembled at the back doors of the better-class restaurants. The dealers in cigar butts and broken foods do a land-office business.

If one is sufficiently early one will see goats and cows being driven through the streets to supply those of more cultivated tastes with milk. The goats, being small and nimble-footed, are driven into the buildings and up to the fifth and sixth floors when the occasion demands it. The cows, being larger and more difficult to navigate round the abrupt corners of the apartment-house stairs, are never taken above the ground floor. The daily presence of these animals in the streets and in homes does not tend to enhance the neatness of the sections through which they pass.

The immigrants may not be to blame, as the sentimentalists declare, for the slums in which they live in American cities. The slum living, however, is their standard of living; and in the majority of cases the places in which recently arrived immigrants live in American cities do not begin to be so bad as the slums from which they came.

Even in the country, where a family has an entire hut or hovel to itself, there is stench and filth and overcrowding.

The Song of the Sentimentalists

The sentimentalists are due to rise at this point and remark in sarcastic, frosty voices that they are quite sure we are forgetting that Christopher Columbus was an Italian, and that Michelangelo was an Italian, and that some of the greatest sculptors and painters and musicians in the world were Italians. By making these remarks the sentimentalists are implying that all of our Italian immigrants possess the same inherent love for art and music and beauty that a few of Italy's great men have possessed. Such an implication is the purest balderdash.

The great mass of Italian immigrants are poverty-stricken, hard-working, stolid manual laborers who are accustomed to living amid conditions too wretched to be imagined by persons who have never seen the slums of Europe. They will never be anything else except stolid manual laborers. Their idea of the beautiful has always been and always will be a blue-and-pink chromo of a fat girl child standing in a field of daisies and serving as a background for a calendar issued by an enterprising macaroni firm.

As for music, they are as passionately addicted to the cheap phonograph as are the laboring classes of any nation no more and no less. It is difficult to understand why the sentimentalists invariably attempt to befog the issue of whether or not the new immigrants are reducing the standard of living of the American workingman by introducing the names of Christopher Columbus, Michelangelo and Benvenuto Cellini. Those gentlemen should be paired with Miles Standish, John Singleton Copley and Gilbert Stuart and banished from the argument. None of the six has any right to be in it.

The Italian emigrant is accustomed to living on food which would mean next to nothing to an American workman. There are thousands upon thousands of them who eat practically nothing except a mixture known as minestra, composed of macaroni, vegetables, grated cheese and olive oil. Polenta, which is boiled Indian corn meal, is about the only dish which the agricultural laborers get when there has been a bad harvest.

The emigrant class almost never has meat, and when meat appears on the table it is of such grade that a strong tooth is needed to dent it. The better class of emigrants gets such dishes as macaroni prepared with green stuffs, olive oil and cheese, goat's milk, fish, rice, with red wine and vegetables. The cost of olive oil and wine was mounting skyward with such velocity in the spring of 1920, however, that only the wealthier emigrants were able to afford it.

These then are the conditions to which the majority of the Italian emigrants are accustomed. Those who come to America with the idea of returning to Italy when they have made their pile are willing to go on living in the same way. By so doing they save more money. They can live on a much smaller amount per week than could any American laborer. Indeed investigations in the past have shown that Italian families could be earning less money than the minimum amount on which a family is supposed to be able to live under existing conditions in America, and still they would be saving money. Those who come to America with the idea of remaining and becoming citizens soon become dissatisfied and make an effort to better their conditions.

A Man Without an Ax to Grind

Just so long as Italian emigrants come to America in order to make enough money on which to return to Italy and live in comfort, just so long will they refuse to spend more money for their rooms and their food than they are forced to spend. And the inclination of all of them, when they first come to America, will be to live as they lived in Italy. The only way in which they can be broken of that confirmed habit is by careful education. Not schooling, but education.

Occasionally in Europe one is fortunate enough to find an American who looks at our immigration problem from the standpoint of a one-hundred-per-cent American. He does not advocate stopping all immigration, as some of the more ardent labor leaders do. He does not shout to have all restrictions removed, as do those who are interested in getting cheap labor. He is not a sentimentalist who smells of peppermint lozenges and would have one believe that the immigrant in the steerage is invariably a noble and an idealistic gentleman, and that the first-cabin passenger playing shuffleboard or reading Green's History of the English People on the boat deck is always a selfish, dissolute waster by comparison. He isn't found too frequently, unfortunately. He is a sensible sort of person, and he believes firmly in controlling immigration for just one reason—the welfare of the American nation. Too many of the people who discuss immigration never seem to consider the welfare of the American nation. They think first of the steamship companies or of their own pockets or of the delicate sensibilities of the immigrants. But occasionally, as I have said, one meets an American who has no immigration ax to grind.

I stood on the Via Santa Lucia in Naples with a man of this type. We watched a crowd of emigrants come in from Bari and line up in the courtyard of the American consulate; and as we watched them he propounded the best and simplest scheme for giving our immigrants a start in the right direction that I have ever heard.

"The new law," said he, "requires more than 200 hours schooling a year for all aliens who can't speak English. This is bound to cause dissatisfaction, for nine-tenths of the troubles in the old Europe were caused by people of certain nationalities being forced to learn a language other

(Continued on Page 140)

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USE Champion Spark Plugs to cut truck costs.

They aid greatly in *profitable, continuous* truck operation, because they end many of the costly delays for repair and adjustment.

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Varnishes—Stains—Enamels

"Save the surface and you save all"

Purposely Made for Interior Walls

VISTAS into a thousand of the better homes would reveal *Lu-Co-Flat* as the aristocrat of wall finishes. The firmness of its surfacing gives a durability to the wall unblemished by scaling, blistering or peeling. Its charm is lasting because washing with soap and water instantly restores the freshness of its beautiful tints which may have been obscured by dust and furnace smoke.

Lucas Lu-Co-Flat—one of the many quality products of the house that has devoted seventy-one years to good paint-making.

Write for our booklet, "Suggestions for Home Decoration," with numerous color samples. Address Dept. 12

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NEW YORK BUFFALO CHICAGO MINNEAPOLIS KANSAS CITY ST. LOUIS DENVER SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES TORONTO, CAN. JACKSONVILLE, FLA. MEMPHIS, TENN. RICHMOND, VA. SAVANNAH, GA.

Purposely Made For Every Purpose

(Continued from Page 137)

than their own. In addition to that, the immigrants are hard workers, and after they've worked all day long with their hands they'll be in no condition to apply their brains properly to the study of English.

"Now we have in America a ready-made set of universities in which all our immigrants could be given a free course in Americanism. I am speaking of the army cantonments—thirty-one of them—from Camp Devens and Camp Upton and Camp Dix and Camp Lewis in the North down to Camp Cody and Camp Shelby and Camp Beauregard in the South. Ship the immigrants to these camps from the boats and let them stay there a month, and nine-tenths of the thievery and deceit and disappointment with which the average immigrant has to contend on arriving in America would be done away with.

"In one month's time the average immigrant, instructed in English and in American customs by the same sort of teachers who taught the illiterates in our own Army, would make tremendous strides—strides that he wouldn't make in two or three or even ten years' time if he gravitated straight to the slums, as practically all newly arrived immigrants do.

"The slum is the vilest training ground for American citizens that could be invented by the most vicious anti-American. It destroys ambition, it saps health, it breaks down morals and it prevents its inhabitants from coming in contact with any of the elevating influences of American life. The children of the slums, it is true, go to school; but the majority of their fellow pupils are aliens like themselves. An American who has given much thought to immigration has said that an American citizen can't be made out of a tenement slum any more than a silk purse can be made out of a sow's ear.

"The United States can work for years to Americanize the immigrants in the slums and get less results than she would get in one month's time if she should ship them to a training camp for a little course of sprouts. In these camps the immigrants could definitely find out where they wish to go, and from them they would be distributed."

Vain Regrets of the Home-Going

"It would be a big proposition, but emigration to America for the next twenty years and more is going to be a far greater movement of peoples than the world has ever known. If America cannot assimilate these people—and the events of the past few years have shown conclusively that she has not been able to assimilate most of the 10,000,000 aliens that emigrated to America in the ten years before the war—then one of two things will happen: Either certain sections of America will be populated by distinct racial groups, just as parts of Europe are populated by racial groups which are constantly on the verge of flying at each other's throats; or America will develop a new type of people with an entirely new character. Of these two evils, the latter is unquestionably the greater.

"To send immigrants to training camps would entail a large expenditure of money. But heaven help us if the American people aren't willing to spend money to retain their Americanism!"

Since the outbreak of the war nearly 400,000 Italians, according to the statistics of the Italian emigration bureau, have returned to Italy from America. It is, of course, impossible to obtain statistics on the feelings of the entire 400,000. As far as can be discovered, however, from the returned emigrants themselves and from the persons who have had dealings with them, a large number of them are kicking themselves violently for ever having been such fools as to leave America.

The place to catch emigrants of all conditions, types and sizes is, as I have said before, the American consulate at Naples. One needs only to go down there and take a picture, or pretend to take a picture, of a crowd of emigrants. The English-speaking Italians in the crowd will do the rest.

"Hello, Jack!" they shout, exposing their glittering teeth to the glare of the hot southern sun. "You take picture, huh?"

After this exhibition of acuteness and perspicacity they come crowding up and unbosom themselves of a thousand woes. For the most part those who have returned from America are greatly irked by the money situation. They change American money into Italian money at a better rate of exchange than they ever received before they left Italy for America before the war. They get the idea that prices in Italy will be exactly what they were in the old days, and that they will be very wealthy citizens when they return.

Actual conditions are much different. Prices have risen enormously. There isn't such a wide difference between the living expenses of the poor and the well-to-do in Italy as in America. For example, a poor man can get a poor suit in America for fifteen or eighteen dollars, whereas a rich man pays $125 or $150 for a suit. In Italy a poor man—last April—had to pay 300 or 400 lire for a poor suit, whereas a rich man could get a good suit for 500 or 600 lire. Thus a poor man from America would find prices very high in Italy, whereas a rich man would find them very low.

Here is a typical case of the present-day returned emigrant. He rushed up to me in the courtyard of the Naples consulate and engaged me in conversation. He owned a candy store in New Jersey and had returned to his home district of Bari with several thousand dollars. He wished, he said, to look round. That is the emigrantish way of saying that he wanted to invest his savings in a nice little business and settle down for the rest of his life. He was interrupted several times in the course of the conversation by compatriots who evidently feared that I might have the evil eye or represent the Government or something equally awful.

A Message to Italians in America

At each interruption he assured the interrupter that everything was all right. I was a writer, he announced, and maybe I would go home and get this stuff printed, and then the other Italians wouldn't make such fools of themselves as those present had done. At this all the other Italians would nod approval. All these people—and I talked to a good many—had a very emphatic message to send back to all the Italians in America. It was this:

"Prices are higher for us in Italy than they are in America. Our money is no good here. You won't like it here. Stay in America! Take out citizenship papers! Be Americans! We can't get back to America quickly enough!"

This is the condition which I found in Milan, in Trieste, in Rome, in Naples, in Caserta, in Bari and in various small towns and villages in Italy. Any Italian just returned from Italy will confirm it.

The man from New Jersey had returned to Italy six months before I talked to him, which was in April, 1920. He had saved up a few thousand dollars, and before leaving New York the poor wretch converted the whole wad into Italian lire at the rate of eight lire for one American dollar. On the day that I talked with him the rate of exchange was twenty-four lire for one American dollar, so that his money was only worth one-third of what it had been worth in America.

"Two thousand dollars," said he, "used to last a long time. Now it lasts about two days. If I want a clean room to sleep in I've got to pay almost thirty lire a day. That represents nearly four dollars a day to me, because my money was changed at eight lire for a dollar."

I protested at the price he had quoted me.

"My room with a bath at the big hotel on the hill overlooking the bay only costs me fifty lire a day. You must have given me the wrong figures."

He shook his head.

"Prices aren't much different here for the rich and the poor," he explained. "That's why our money doesn't last. On the first day that I got in from America I took a room for fifteen lire a day. It was dirty—rotten! If I want a clean room I have to pay thirty lire."

I ventured the opinion that after he had been here for a few hours he must have been wishing that he had never come.

"You said it!" chirped a stocky young woman from Bari.

An unhappy-looking young man from Caserta volunteered the information that he had brought back 40,000 lire, for which he had exchanged $5000 several months before. To-day it was worth less than $2000, because of the rate of exchange. He had intended to open a shoe store and settle down.

"The money ain't no good," he growled. "You can't do no business here."

(Concluded on Page 143)

"Horse Sense"

The U. S. Government is the largest user of motor trucks.

A good memory is a valuable asset—remember this when you buy a motor truck.

There are no automobiles in Bermuda, the only one shipped there frightened the horses and the inhabitants threw it into the sea.

"Horse Sense" and Traffic Trucks had their origin in America—now both are in evidence all over the world.

Men and machines wear out, the latter from use and the former from old age—longer life for both are possible by avoiding abuse.

The Traffic is the lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world. Built of standardized units.

Traffic Truck Specifications:

Red Seal Continental 3¾ x 5 motor; ***Covert transmission;*** multiple disc clutch; ***Bosch magneto; Carter carburetor;*** 4-piece cast shell, cellular type radiator; drop forged front axle with ***Timken roller bearings; Russel rear axle,*** internal gear, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; ***6-inch U-channel frame; Standard Fisk tires, 34 x 3½ front, 34 x 5 rear; 133-inch wheelbase; 122-inch length of frame behind driver's seat;*** oil cup lubricating system; chassis painted, striped and varnished; driver's lazy-back seat and cushion regular equipment. Pneumatic cord tire equipment at extra cost.

chassis $1495 *factory*

Traffic Truck chassis equipped with cab, hoist, steel dump body (painted and varnished), *no extras required.* $1990 complete, at factory.

Buyers of Traffic Trucks can make the same remarkable relative saving in cabs and bodies as they make in the purchase of the truck chassis, by insisting upon Traffic Truck dealers furnishing Traffic cabs and bodies. Specialization and quantity production make the same high quality and low price possible on all-weather cabs, platforms, express, stake, grain, live stock, dump and oil tank bodies.

Buy Traffic equipment and save money!

Write for catalog naming prices and specifications.

Notice to Dealers:

It is Traffic policy to make direct connections in every city, town and village in the United States and Canada.

The demand for Traffics has made it necessary to quadruple the production this year.

Many dealers are getting in line now for future Traffic franchises.

You have no time to lose.

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4000 LBS. CAPACITY

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Horse-radish and "Horse Sense"

Traffic Motor Truck Corp.
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Gentlemen:

I send you herewith a photograph of my Traffic Truck. It shows a capacity load of horse-radish, which netted me five hundred and one dollars and sixty cents ($501.60).

My Traffic has been subjected to the hardest kind of service daily, ever since I bought it, and it stands up wonderfully.

It uses less gasoline than I expected it to consume. The cost of operation and upkeep is lower than what my idea of low really was.

I earnestly endorse the Traffic Truck. I consider it the best truck on the market of its capacity and a profitable investment for any man, anywhere who must haul his products.

Very truly yours

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Largest Exclusive Builders of 4,000-lb. Capacity Trucks in the World

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Like other good grades of building material, Beaver Board is trade-marked so that you can always be sure that you get the kind of walls and ceilings you ask for and the *result you expect.*

Like other lumber, Beaver Board lends itself to various grades of practical and decorative work. It is as successful in the dining room as in the finished attic or the factory stock room. In each case it provides walls and ceilings that *never crack* and that last as long as the building.

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Distributors and dealers everywhere

(Concluded from Page 140)

Others volunteered the information that it was impossible to get enough to eat. Owing to the rationing system they couldn't have all the bread, macaroni and olive oil that they wanted.

A sixteen-year old girl who had been in America told me her objections to her home town—Naples. She spoke English perfectly.

"They don't let you do the things you can do in America," she said. "If you ride a bicycle or go on roller skates or go to the movies alone everyone talks about you until you feel ashamed of yourself. They call you a tomboy—and worse. And when I walk down the Porta Capuana or the Via Bonvero the smells make me sick. People crowd into the rooms, and they don't care what they do or who sees them do it.

"I know one place where five families are living in three rooms. I want to go back to America."

This young woman was Americanized. Too many people think that the wearing of American-made clothes and the speaking of English means Americanization. These things don't signify at all unless an American viewpoint goes with them.

My notebook gives me the name of Gaetano Bruno, who came back from Boston to visit his parents in Catanzaro. He brought $1000 from the United States. A few years ago that amount of money would have lasted three years in Italy. His thousand had lasted a little less than nine months. He pulled a restaurant check out of his pocket. It totaled nineteen lire and seventy centesimi. That was the check for his dinner on the previous day. Since he had exchanged his American money at the rate of eight lire for the dollar when he left America, that meal represented an expenditure of two dollars and a half to him. He knew where he could get a room in Naples for six lire a night. The bed was nothing but boards, and the room was so small that you could hardly breathe in it—but he could get it for six lire a night—a rock bottom price. That represented seventy-five cents to him. In Boston, on the contrary, he could get a clean room from the Y. M. C. A. for fifteen cents.

"At home"—that's the way he said it; at home, meaning America—"a feller can earn money. Here in Italy you can't earn any money. Everybody up in the hill towns just sits round and does nothing."

When those who are going to America for the first time are asked why they are going to America they reply first that prices are too high. Their second reason is always "Strikes!" "Strikes, strikes, strikes!" they say. "Everybody strikes all day long. One cannot work if he wishes to work. It is not good here."

Consulates Overrun

New emigrants going to America just at present claim—possibly because they are afraid of being turned back if they don't say so—that they are going to become citizens of the United States as soon as possible after arriving. Great numbers of them are young men from sixteen to twenty years old, and girls of about the same age. All of them claim to be going to join uncles or aunts. There are also great numbers of wives going to America to join their husbands.

A consul, according to our leading works of reference, is an agent appointed by a sovereign state to reside in a foreign city or town, to protect the interests of its citizens and commerce there, and to collect and forward information on industrial and economic matters.

In the rare old days, long before Mr. Hohenzollern had thought of retiring from the kaisering business and taking up the more refined and honorable trade of wood-chopping in Holland, American consuls were highly successful in living up to the specifications of the reference books.

American consuls were highly successful in protecting the interests of American citizens and American commerce in the cities where they were stationed; and they duly collected and forwarded to Washington, D. C., large masses of information on industrial and economic matters, such as the foibles of copra gatherers, the extent of guano deposits on the Boolaboola Islands, the demand among the natives of the kingdom of Neurasthenia for silk hats and warming pans, and kindred subjects. In the rare old days an American business man could go to one of our consuls and get information five times out of eight on almost any subject within the consul's sphere of influence. That, however, was in the days when the emigrant and the American consul had nothing in common. An emigrant got his ticket and went on the steamer, and while he was thus engaged the consul, wotting not of his existence, would be drowsily but effectively garnering information on industrial and economic matters.

To-day the American consul and the emigrant are inseparable. Every emigrant must make application to an American consul for a visé on his passport. The consul must decipher visé applications which explain in singularly involved language what it is that they want. I watched an American consul struggling with a document which declared that the signer expected "to go to the U. S. to join husband, American citizen, and my children all American-born and signed by husband." He had just finished with an application which showed the applicant to have been born in America four years before the birth of his own father. He hauled out other applications in silent agony and pointed to the manner in which the applicants had described themselves.

"Nose undulating," said one. "Face homely."

Another read: "Forehead, black; mouth, fat lips; chin, too pronounced."

A third explained lucidly, "Forehead, brown; hair, black and rare; complexion, dark; face, no particular shown."

Future Policies

Hundreds of emigrants pass through our consular offices every day. The consulate exists, wherever it is, to do work for the Department of State. As things are going at present, American consulates are being forced by circumstances over which they have no control to neglect the State Department work and to devote all their time and all their energies to the emigrants.

The present time is a very important time for American business men in Europe. There is a vast amount of trade-extension work to be done. There is an enormous quantity of information which American consuls should be getting for our business men abroad and at home. Instead of doing large amounts of such work, our consulates are doing less of it than they have ever done in their histories. All their time and energies are being given to emigrants' passports. Our business men have no place to turn for the information to which they are entitled.

Our Government has created a condition without giving a thought to the machinery which shall carry out the work that the condition necessitates. It is essential that supervision be exercised over the swarms of emigrants awaiting the opportunity to rush to America, and it is also essential that our business men be given full and complete information on industrial and economic matters.

Visé offices should be established in all emigration centers. At the head of each office should be a vice consul. This done, the consulates could go on about their business.

The conclusions to be drawn from an investigation of Italian emigration under postwar conditions are as follows:

A greater number of emigrants are desirous of leaving Italy for America than ever before. If it weren't for the lack of shipping not even the new immigration restrictions would suffice to cut down the number of Italian immigrants to the former high levels of 1907 and 1914. Owing to the prevalence of communism and extreme socialism in Italy it is highly essential that the United States maintain the Bureau of Passport Control, which is functioning so effectively in Rome.

The Italian immigrant, like individuals from every country on earth, is a very likable person when one takes the trouble to sit down and talk with him. He is eager to learn and responds quickly to kindness. We are going to get large numbers of him this year and in the years to come. If he receives decent treatment, and if the Government is willing to spend money and thought on him, he can be made into a very enthusiastic and valuable American. But if he is received on his arrival in this country by unscrupulous Italians and Americans who exploit him, rob him, cheat him and relegate him to the same sort of slum from which he originally came in Europe, then he will only too often be a menace to America and to American institutions.

300 Candle-Power of pure white, brilliant light.

Brighter than 20 old style oil lamps or lanterns. No glare; no flicker—no eye-strain.

Makes and burns its own gas from common gasoline.

No greasy wicks to trim; no dirty chimneys to wash; no smoke, no soot, no odor.

Can't spill fuel or explode, even if tipped over.

Gives 48 hours' brilliant service per gallon of fuel used.

Built of brass, heavily nickeled and highly polished. Inspected, tested and guaranteed.

Lamp is of handsome design, elegantly finished—an ornament in any home.

Lantern has mica globe with metal reflector. Is storm-proof and bug-proof.

"—and it lights with common matches"

"YES, the Coleman Quick-Lite Lamp is all that its name implies—easily and quickly lighted. You simply hold a couple of lighted matches lengthwise under generator coil, keeping the flame close to upright part.

"When the matches are just about burned up you turn the valve just enough to light the mantles and then turn it off entirely to prevent any flaming or smoking. As the mantles get dim, open the valve again, just one turn for full light.

"It is all simple and easy. There is no old fashioned burner to bother with—no hunting around for an alcohol torch. No greasy wicks to trim, no chimneys to clean, no trouble, no delay—light your Quick-Lite with matches.

Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps and Lanterns

"And just look at the wonderful light it gives! Every time you light your Quick-Lite it pours forth *that same flood* of beautiful pure white brilliance. It's a *natural* light, too, soft and mellow—without glare or flicker—without any of eye-straining, bluish or reddish rays like you get with some other forms of lighting.

"Use the Quick-Lite a few nights and you will come back and tell me that all I have said is really not strong enough. Indeed, you will do more than that. You will gladly recommend these wonderful lights to all your friends and neighbors."

The Quick-Lite Lantern operates on the same principle as the lamp. Nothing finer for outdoor work at night. You should have this handy lantern for emergencies. There are many uses for it around any home.

See your dealer today. Let him light the Quick-Lite for you and you will never be satisfied until you have one in your home. If your dealer can't supply you, write us, giving his name. Free Book on Better Light sent on request. Address nearest office, Dept P 41

The Coleman Lamp Company

Largest Manufacturers of Gasoline Lamps, Lanterns and Lighting Plants in the World

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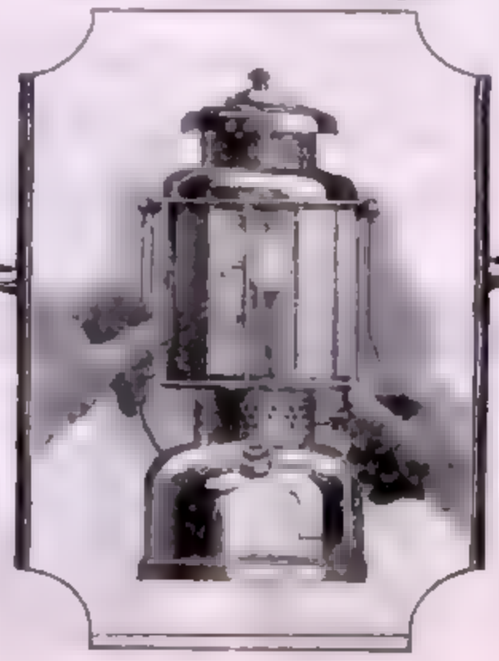


FOR 37 years we have made Star Hack Saws and owned the famous Star name and brand—selling our saws through the Millers Falls Co.

This arrangement was terminated August 15th by mutual consent and we will hereafter market Star Saws ourselves direct to the trade. This development from sales agency representation to direct selling has been going on in every line of business. Factories have found out that when they sell their own products they are in a position to give the most effective trade and users' service on the goods they make.

STAR HACK

Saws are now sold by the Makers

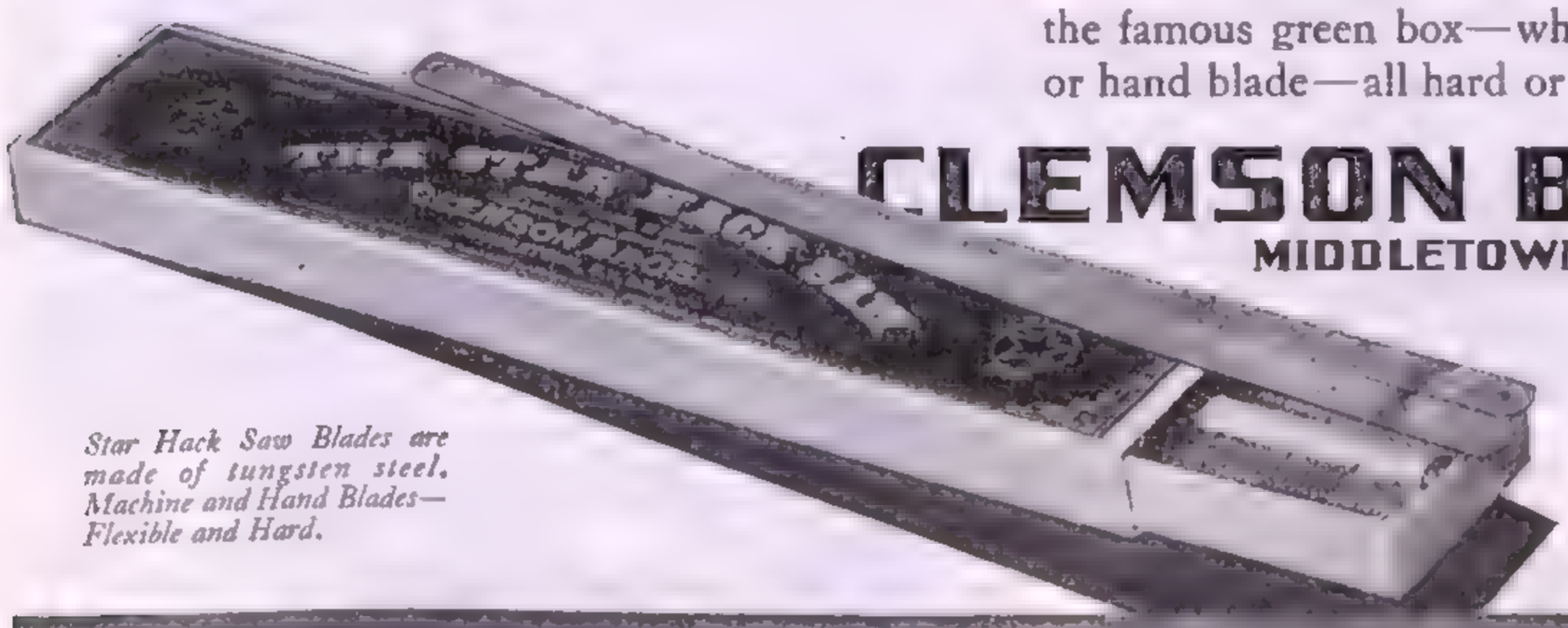
That is exactly what the Clemson selling service now means to Star Saw users and the trade. It means a closer understanding and a more constructive service, because the same organization that makes Star Saws will now be in direct contact with the customers who buy and use them.

Better than ever we will know every condition of metal sawing that comes up in the field. Calling on you direct we can now give you even more effective saw service than before.

Star Saws themselves will continue the quality leadership that for 37 years has made them the standard blades. Star reputation has cost us a life-time of effort that makes us guard it jealously and concentrate our every resource and energy in maintaining and increasing it.

We have lately rebuilt our entire factory into a large modern plant that is the last word in equipment for making hack saws. In this factory we have one special machine after another making Star blades the Clemson way and getting an unbelievable uniformity in results.

The high speed qualities of the steel—the undercut hook on the teeth—and the toughness secured by special heat treatment—these recognized points of Star Saw superiority are thus standardized by uniform methods of production. Thus you can be sure of securing satisfactory service from every blade you buy in the famous green box—whether it is a power or hand blade—all hard or flexible.



Star Hack Saw Blades are made of tungsten steel. Machine and Hand Blades—Flexible and Hard.

CLEMSON BROS. INC.
MIDDLETOWN, N.Y.

Clemson representatives cover the country in giving Star service. Write our office at Middletown, N.Y.

SAW BLADES

HANDSOMELY TRIMMED

(Continued from Page 13)

"All right," replied Anstruther, "you tell me first about the woman."

"Well," said Harry reluctantly, "you see, this Mrs. Delannoy—she'd lived here all her life. But you know what her life has been. She didn't know a lawyer in the town. But when things got to a pass—a desperate pass, when she couldn't stand torture any longer—she rode downtown on a trolley car, got off at the business section, stumbled into the first building that she came to and told part of her troubles to the elevator man. And he's—well, he's sort of under contract to steer transient trade our way."

"Ye gods!" cried Anstruther, rumpling up his hair. "Ye gods! Transients steered into the office of Anstruther & Moore by an elevator man!"

"Don't spread it, chief," grinned Harry Moore.

"Ye gods!" cried Anstruther, starting up. "The scum ——"

"The cream—the cream," insisted Harry. "He sends the scum to Morrie Kelp, upstairs. The people that I take are people that look right and act right—and are right."

"George Grimm all over," answered Anstruther—"sizing up people—taking them on because they look all right. Seven thousand dollars out of pocket. It took him over seven years to pay me back—George Grimm."

"Go on," said Harry Moore. "I want to hear about George Grimm."

"You go to thunder!" cried Anstruther, making for the door. "Even George Grimm didn't go into partnership with the elevator man."

"Didn't think about it, maybe," returned Harry.

"Ye gods!" cried Anstruther, and disappeared.

Next morning the president of the bank downstairs called on Ephraim Anstruther, bringing with him one of the more prosperous business men of the city.

"Ephraim," said the bank president, "I want you to meet Mr. I. K. P. Sutterly, of here."

Ephraim beamed on Mr. Sutterly.

"Heard of you, Mr. Sutterly," he said—"know you by reputation well."

"Hope not," returned Sutterly, whose reputation was quite concededly frazzled in his home town.

"Mr. Sutterly," went on the bank president, "has a brother-in-law who is raising the devil with Mr. Sutterly's wife. He has threatened to make her sue for an absolute divorce. Mr. Sutterly would like to retain your firm as counsel to act for him in his defense in case a suit is brought."

Mr. Sutterly produced a check book.

"I s'pose," said Sutterly, "a retainer of a hundred dollars down ——"

Ephraim Anstruther held up his hand.

"You know," he spluttered, "it has not been our practice to go into the divorce court"

"I know—I know," said Sutterly, blotting the check with a shaky hand. "I wouldn't think of asking you personally, Mr. Anstruther, to defend this suit—that is, if a suit happens to be brought. But you've got a partner who's got a reputation for handling all kinds of business pretty well. Once or twice I've seen him work. He's the man I'm after, Mr. Anstruther. He's a snoozer, that lad, and I'd like to have him defend my suit in case a suit is brought."

Anstruther, seeing green, sent for Harry Moore. Harry Moore came. He was introduced to Mr. I. K. P. Sutterly. Harry looked him in the eye. But I. K. P. Sutterly did not return the compliment.

"Boy for my money," said I. K. P. Sutterly. "Got a job for you, Mr. Moore."

He waved the check in air.

"Divorce?" cried Harry. "Sorry, gentlemen, but I we we've been retained—we're on the other side."

"The hell you say!" cried Sutterly.

Sutterly slunk downstairs, the bank president bringing up the rear. Harry stayed behind, meeting the baleful glare of Ephraim Anstruther.

"I suppose," said Ephraim when he was able to speak again, "you understand just what has happened here. Our bank—the bank for which I have been counsel all these years—hands us on a silver salver one of the biggest business men in River City. Our bank depends upon us to transact business with its customers and friends—to conserve their interests. And this thing happens." He shrugged his shoulders in despair. "What do you intend to do today?" he asked.

"I've got to try a case," said Harry Moore.

"I want to have another talk with you to-night—a final talk," said Anstruther in icy tones.

"Chief!" cried Harry.

"A talk with you to-night," said Ephraim Anstruther.

Ephraim Anstruther didn't have a talk with Harry Moore that night. There was a reason for it. Harry disclosed the reason to the president of their bank next morning. The bank president was getting out of his car as Harry was swinging into the building. The president hailed him.

"Harry," he said, "keep this under your hat. I don't think I'd mention it to Anstruther at all. I was sorry that I had to fetch that hound Sutterly up to your office yesterday morning. But you know what a bank man has to do. It tickled me to death when you told him the reason why you had to turn him down."

"It didn't tickle Anstruther to death," said Harry Moore.

"No?" returned the president.

"Mr. Vickers," said Harry, "I can talk to you. Listen! You know there's nobody I'd rather be in business with than my partner, Anstruther. Partly because my girl got me in with him, and partly because he's true blue. But there's one thing that I never dared to accuse him of—and that's this: I'd never charge him with having any sense of humor."

"You said it," winked the president. "But you can't tell him that, Harry. He's bursting with a sense of humor, according to his own idea."

"He burst with it yesterday all right," said Harry bitterly. "I've got to tell you, Mr. Vickers, or I'll burst with it myself. Not the first time he's done it by a darned sight. Listen—he told me he wanted to have a talk with me at his house last night—about Sutterly and what I did to him. I was at the courthouse until after five. I got out to his place at seven. What do you think? The birds had flown!"

"The birds?" echoed the bank president.

"My girl and her father," wailed Harry—"gone—left a message for me. Gone to Atlantic City—didn't say what hotel. Didn't say when they'd get back. Servant said the old man was due for his annual nervous breakdown, so they'd packed up in a hurry and quit; and Miss Emily sniffling most of the time and trying to get me on the phone—on the sly of course, when the old man wasn't looking—and a ton of messages from the old man, and two portfolios full of work for me to do—his work. You get me? Just vamosed, that's all. Just like as not I don't get a letter till tomorrow. And I've got to see that girl just about every twenty-four hours, Mr. Vickers, or I go blooey. Do you get me? That's a nice state of affairs."

"Maybe," said Vickers, "Anstruther did have a nervous attack after all."

"Maybe he didn't," said Harry. "He had an attack of alleged humor. This isn't the first time he's done a thing like this. It's his little joke on me. Whenever he gets down on Harry Moore then he takes Harry Moore's girl away from Harry Moore. Now isn't it a pity for a fine upstanding character like Mr. Ephraim Anstruther to have a defect like that?"

The bank president chuckled.

"What are you laughing about?" demanded Harry Moore.

"Well," returned the bank man, "there's just a trace of humor in it after all."

"There is not!" cried Harry Moore indignantly as he jerked himself away.

Well, that day—late in the afternoon—Harry heard from Emily Anstruther by mail. He had quite correctly diagnosed the situation. It was just another one of papa's periodic jokes. Papa was still seeing green, when he wasn't seeing black. There was uninteresting news—George Grimm, papa's former partner, was going to visit them, but hadn't yet arrived. Papa was talking a blue streak about George Grimm, and Harry Moore, his present partner, getting them and their peculiarities all mixed up, cussing the conglomeration liberally and denouncing all partnerships as inventions of the devil. Notwithstanding which Emily was sure in her own mind that papa thought just as much of Harry as he would of his own son, and as for what she thought of Harry—well. But there's no use going into that. It is enough to say that Emily's reassuring epistle tended somewhat to dispel the gloom, but not all of it. Emily's letter was no more Emily than a bill of fare is a dinner—and there still was gloom.

The firm of Anstruther & Moore was always full up with routine business, particularly so just now. It did the kind of business that compelled one partner or the other to be always somewhere within half an hour's reach, and this included nights and Sundays. Anstruther, who ate up routine work, was always busy, and he liked it. Harry Moore was a sprinter and not a plow horse. It was not long before his burden became more than he could bear. And there was no Emily to tell things to—and a swell chance, so Harry told himself, of getting within arm's length of her for weeks. How many weeks papa hadn't said. He felt, did papa, that he needed all the relaxation he could get.

"Of course, the miserable jokesmith!" growled Harry to himself.

However, things happened—events routine, events extra-routine. One of the latter episodes crystallized into the form of a man from the Pacific Coast. This man was an ordinary-looking man with a sort of scraggly beard and just the suspicion of a swagger. He stepped into Harry Moore's office one afternoon when Harry's eye was wildest and Harry's brain was whirling and Harry's soul was in despair. Harry waved him to a chair. The man took it and began to talk. His voice was pleasing, his manner open and companionable. His clothes were somewhat mussy, but that was mere detail. He looked Harry in the eye—he smiled at Harry. Harry smiled back.

"Son," said the man genially, "I hail from Seattle. My name—Lagay."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Lagay," said Harry. "You are a long way from home."

"Son," went on the Seattle man, "I am taking a long chance in confiding my troubles to a stranger, but you look all right to me. Besides that, I've taken some pains to get into the right pew."

"Somebody referred you to us?" queried Harry Moore.

"Not a soul, son," said the stranger. "I followed a formula. When I'm in a strange place and need a lawyer I always find out who's the counsel for the First National Bank and go to him. First National Bank—always the oldest institution in the town. Lawyers for the First National Bank—well established, sound, conservative and square."

"Bank send you up?" asked Harry.

"No," returned the other man, rubbing his nose, "I located the bank building—I asked the elevator man. He did the rest."

"Oh, I see," said Harry Moore carelessly, rubbing his nose.

"Therefore, son," went on Lagay of Seattle, taking a long, appraising look at Harry Moore, "seeing how you look and what you seem to be, I believe I can bank upon your ability and integrity, to say the least."

With a final jerk of his head, as though to convince himself that he really was in the right shop, the stranger adjusted a pair of glasses to his nose and dived into his breast pocket and drew forth a batch of correspondence.

"I have been badly trimmed," he said at length.

"In River City?" queried Harry Moore.

"Not in River City," said Lagay, "and not by any stranger in a strange town. Trimmed—in Seattle, by a friend of mine. I'm shy of strangers, so my friends always do the necessary trimming. See?"

"Tell me," said Harry.

The stranger opened up his batch of correspondence.

"I have a claim," he said, "against the firm of R. L. Drum & Co."

"R. L. Drum & Co." echoed Harry. "You mean the big banking house over in New York?"

"Ah," returned the stranger, "but my business was entirely with their Seattle branch. The Seattle branch of R. L. Drum & Co. owes me something over twelve thousand dollars—and it declines to come to time."

Harry settled judicially back into his chair.

"I'll hear you on that, Mr. Lagay," he said.

The man kept his steady eye on Harry as he told his tale.

"In the employ of R. L. Drum & Co. in Seattle," he proceeded, "there was a well-known man named Ferguson. He had some standing in their firm—well-furnished office all to himself—that sort of thing. Friend of mine too. Ferguson had inside tips—for friends. Just for close friends, you understand. I was one of 'em. Papakating—that was the proposition. It was selling for nothing. Inside of six weeks it was going to bust the roof wide open. Papakating—that was my dope. Ferguson collared me—insisted—hypnotized me. I saw Papakating, smelled it, all the time, ate it with my meals. It got me—I succumbed."

Harry smiled sympathetically.

"I know about Papakating," he nodded. "Died a swift death—just after Ferguson unloaded on you, I suppose."

"Oh, Papakating!" snorted the stranger. "Let it rest in peace! I don't care one tinker's dam about Papakating."

"Didn't you plunge?" asked Harry.

"Moderately," nodded the stranger, "and I was stung. But that's what I'm made for—to get stung. We'll let this Papakating whistle down the wind. It was Golconda—my own Golconda—that did me dirt."

"Another deal?" asked Harry.

"The same deal," said the stranger, shaking his head. "It was this way: Ferguson arranged it all—for me to buy Papakating on a liberal margin. R. L. Drum & Co. couldn't carry me of course—not without margin. I must put up margin, and I had no cash. But I had something just as good as cash, son—maybe better. Golconda, one hundred shares of it—worth then something like a hundred and sixty-five a share—a nest egg, son—owned it outright—had it in a safe-deposit box—just one certificate for one hundred shares. There was the rub. Ferguson wanted me to put up a margin of about three thousand dollars to start the Papakating deal. I could have raised the three thousand at my bank on that certificate of stock. Didn't think about it. Ferguson saw to it that I didn't think about it. Told me to deposit the certificate with R. L. Drum & Co. as collateral for the three thousand dollars' margin. See? Had me hypnotized. All right. I took the stock certificate—my Golconda nest egg—into his private office, indorsed it in blank and he entered my order for Papakating—handed me a memorandum of the affair. Never looked at the memorandum till it was too late."

"When you did look at it?" queried Harry Moore.

"You've got it, son," nodded Lagay. "The memorandum was a confirmation of my purchase of Papakating at the market. That was all."

"You had no receipt for the certificate of Golconda stock?"

"None," returned Lagay, "and I had indorsed it in blank. And so when Papakating broke through into the subcellar—why, R. L. Drum & Co. just wiped me out—that is, so far as Papakating was concerned."

"How could they wipe you out," queried Harry Moore, "when they held enough security to cover your entire transaction in Papakating—that I'd like to know?"

"Nail on the head, son. You'll do," returned Lagay. "When I went in to make a kick they handed me a bill for three thousand-odd ——"

"A bill—against you?" cried Harry Moore.

"Ah," nodded Lagay, "they said they had carried me on the Papakating transaction without margin—probably, they said, because I was a friend of Ferguson's. And they'd had to sell me out at some three thousand loss. They were about tired waiting for a check."

"What did Ferguson have to say about it all?" asked Harry.

"Ah," smiled Lagay ruefully, "Ferguson didn't have anything to say about it—not just then. It seems that he had gone to London on business for the firm. It would be a month before Ferguson got back."

"You told them about the certificate of Golconda stock?"

(Continued on Page 149)

FWD

TRUCKS

THE ability of the FWD to dispose of the extraordinary work so easily insures greater reliability at less cost in all ordinary trucking.

Reports from owners in all lines of business show economy to be the big outstanding FWD feature.

A new catalog, showing how over fifty forms of special equipment adapt the FWD to every trucking requirement, is now available.

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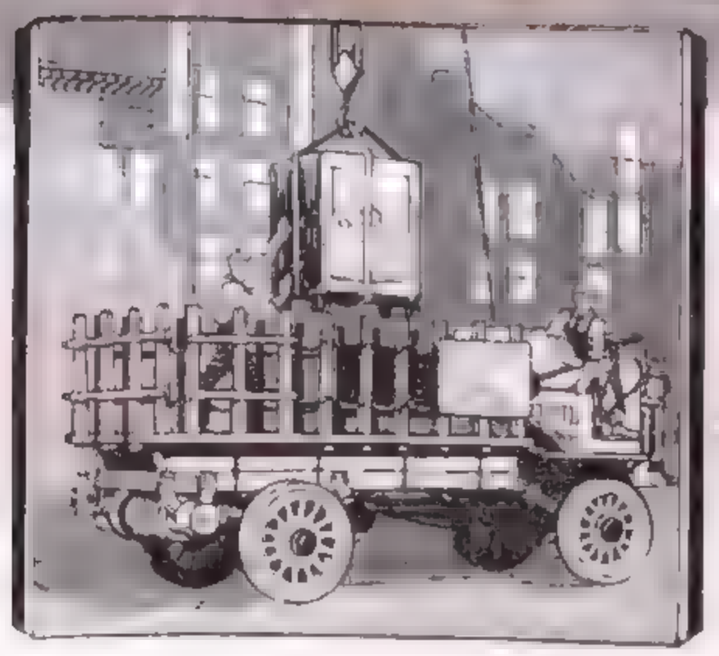

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What a 9000% Sales Increase Means

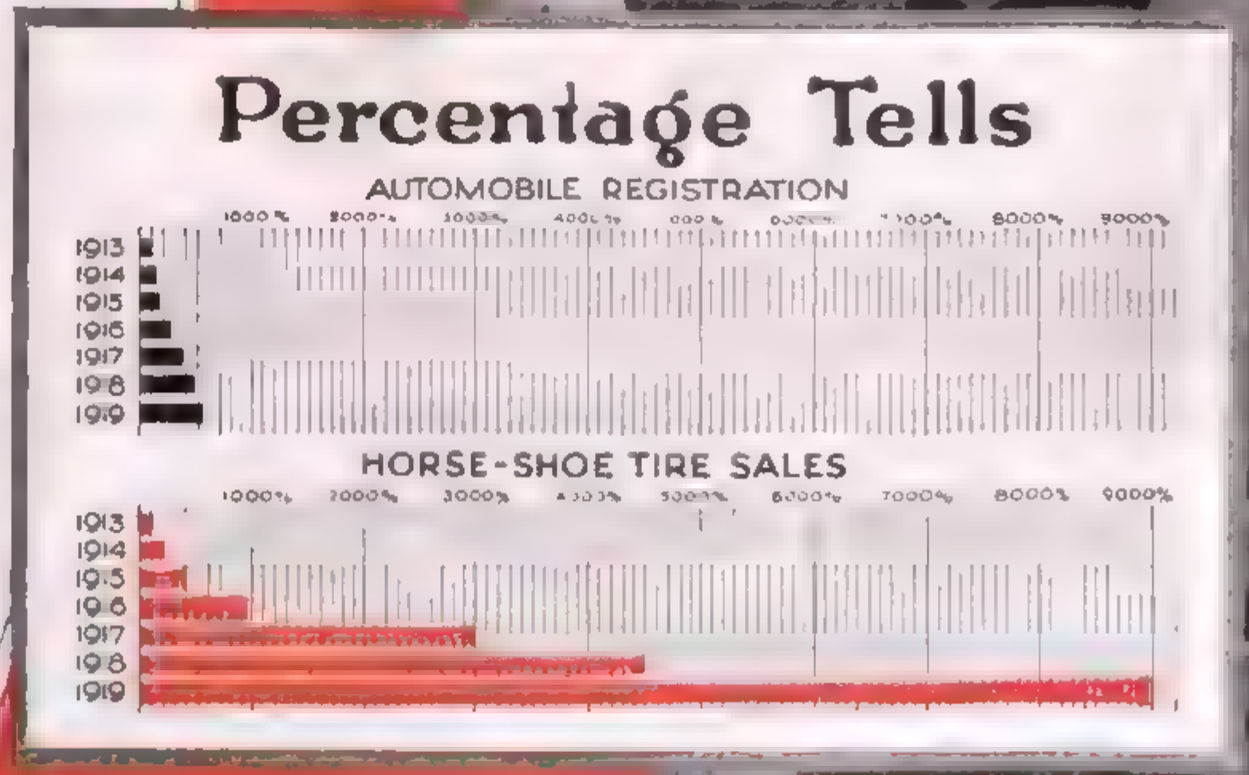
FROM 1913 to 1920, the total automobile registration in the United States increased 525%. During the same period, the sales of Horse-Shoe Tires increased 9000%.

Since the normal demand for any tire depends upon the number of cars in use, this 9000% increase in the sale of Horse-Shoe Tires is a genuine tribute to their better quality and satisfactory service.

This tribute is all the more impressive when you consider that Horse-Shoe Tires were not advertised previous to 1919.

It has been the endorsement of motorists who have used Horse-Shoe Tires that has built this business for us. What they can tell you of their experience with these tires will reveal to you the reasons for our 9000% sales increase.

Remember the Horse-Shoe Tread



RACINE HORSE-SHOE TIRES

RACINE AUTO TIRE COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

EXPORT DEPARTMENT, 144 WEST 65th STREET, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 146)

"Told 'em about everything. They said that I'd have to wait until Ferguson got back—a month. I was leaving Seattle then for good. I was on my way East, and I needed that nest egg in my business—needed it bad."

"What is your business?" queried Harry.

Lagay smiled sheepishly.

"It's a business that you never hear of," he explained, "and you never hear of me even in that business. I buy an old house in a good neighborhood—just one old house. I fix it up and sell it. I make a good living that way. It's a sure-fire proposition where there are more tenants than there are places to put them in. Seattle during the war shipbuilding—twenty-five or thirty thousand new people in town. They had to live somewhere. But now New York—from now on New York. Not New York proper, but River City—metropolitan district. If I live to be Methuselah I've got a sure-fire thing. I'm round here to stick. Made up my mind to it months ago and came across the continent feeling my way. Left a new address with R. L. Drum & Co. When I got to Chicago there was their cussed bill—three thousand-odd—waiting for me. I lit into 'em—hard." He handed over his batch of correspondence. "They answered soft and unsatisfactory. You can see the whole thing for yourself."

There wasn't much to see—perhaps half a dozen letters on each side. Harry read the R. L. Drum & Co. letters first. They were brief and to the point. There was no record anywhere of the deposit with them of any cash or security at any time by Lagay, the claimant—let alone any inkling that they'd had a certificate of Golconda stock on his account. Mr. Ferguson was still in London—business there still kept him. On Mr. Ferguson's return Mr. Lagay could take the matter up direct with him. Meantime, if Mr. Lagay would favor with a check for the three thousand-odd all would be well.

Harry studied the correspondence for some moments in silence. At length he raised his head.

"Mr. Lagay," he said, "were you doing much of a business in Seattle?"

"You mean—stock speculation?" returned Lagay, shaking his head.

"I mean," said Harry, "building over old houses—that kind of thing. Did you ask much credit?"

"Bless you," said Lagay, "I never asked credit. I always paid cash."

Harry nodded.

"As a business man you practically were unknown?"

"Absolutely."

"You had no rating?"

"No need for one."

"Then," said Harry finally, "why in thunder did R. L. Drum & Co. carry you without security to the tune of a three-thousand-dollar loss?"

"But they didn't," protested Lagay. "Don't I tell you that I put up my Golconda stock?"

"That's your side of it," went on Harry. "I'm not looking at your side. I'm looking at the story that they tell. They say they carried you for thousands, without margin. Ferguson told you they never carried anybody. Suppose your story's false."

"It's true," persisted Lagay.

"Suppose it's false," insisted Harry. "Then R. L. Drum & Co. had no earthly reason for carrying you to that extent. A concern like that would not have touched your unsecured account with a ten-foot pole. Hence I conclude that your story may be true."

The stranger stared at him in sheer admiration.

"By thunder," he exclaimed, "that's logic! I never thought of that. That's logic. You've hit the nail on the head."

"It may be logic," went on Harry Moore, "but it isn't proof. But it's enough of a hook to hang a hat on. You want me to write 'em and ask 'em why?"

"Hold on there—hold on, son," cried the Seattle man—"too fast! I haven't told you all—not by a darn sight. Maybe you agree with me that if we could get in touch with Ferguson ——"

"Suppose you can," said Harry.

"Well, it so happens," said Lagay dryly, "that we can't. There's another letter from my bank in Seattle telling me that Ferguson was sent to London all O. K. by R. L. Drum & Co., but that while in London he completely disappeared. Confidential letter, see, telling me. 'It mustn't get back to R. L. Drum & Co. that my bank told me this.'"

Harry Moore read the letter. It clinched the whole matter in his own mind. But still it wasn't any proof that Lagay's certificate of Golconda stock had been put up with R. L. Drum & Co.

"Where," inquired Harry, "was this Ferguson when you handed over this certificate of stock?"

"In his office in R. L. Drum & Co.'s suite," said Lagay, "at the same time that he gave me this confirmation of my transaction in Papakating Common. I see what you're driving at. He took my certificate as R. L. Drum & Co.'s agent. There's no question about that."

"That's the idea," said Harry, "and now it narrows down to the question as to whether or not you handed him the stock, and you've got no proof of that."

"My own word," said Lagay, "and nobody on hand to deny it."

"And you," said Harry, shaking his head, "under suspicion of being in cahoots with your friend Ferguson."

The stranger stared again at Harry.

"By thunder," he exclaimed, "I never thought of that! But wait—wait, son! We're not through yet."

"We could show that you owned such a certificate of stock—where's the fiscal agent of Golconda?"

Lagay shook his head.

"Boston," said Lagay, "and it might take a month. I've thought of doing that. But what does it get us? Nothing at all. I owned a certificate. I indorsed it in blank. Somebody's turned it in for transfer—or hasn't turned it in: and that somebody isn't R. L. Drum & Co. and it isn't Ferguson, or I'll eat my hat. No, son, there isn't time."

"Time or not," nodded Harry, "it wouldn't prove that you handed R. L. Drum & Co. that certificate of stock, and we've got no proof as yet."

Lagay drew his chair up closer and leaned both elbows on the desk.

"Now, son," he said, "you keep what I'm about to tell you strictly under your hat. I've got a young relative in R. L. Drum & Co.'s. The boy is white, but he's careful too. He's got to be. He hasn't written me a line, son, but a friend of that boy's called on me here in the East just the other day. That friend says that the boy says that if we put the screws on in just the right way we'll get what's coming to us. It seems that R. L. Drum & Co. slipped a cog when they took Ferguson on. They took him on while the war was on. He had a record as a crook, and they didn't know it. But a little investigation of him would have shown him up. They didn't make that investigation. The boy knows it. Other people know it. But there's somebody that doesn't know it."

"You?" queried Harry Moore.

Again Lagay shook his head.

"The New York office of R. L. Drum & Co. doesn't know it. If it gets to know it the Seattle management will get merry hell. Mine isn't the only case, you see. They've turned up a dozen more. Most of the men who've been trimmed are local people, still on the coast. I'm the only one who's anywhere near New York. Son, do you catch the drift?"

"I think I do," smiled Harry Moore. "If we sue R. L. Drum & Co. where they live—over in New York—the fat will be distinctly in the fire."

"And we don't want it in the fire," returned Lagay—"not till I'm made whole; and, son, I can't wait until a suit is tried. I can't wait even for you to bring a suit. I'll tell you why. I took over a dinky little row of six-room houses down near the meadows here in River City. I've just bit off more than I can chew. Inside of three weeks I'll need ten thousand dollars mighty bad. If I can get it in that time I'm all O. K. If I can't get it in that time, son, I'm a ruined community, and I'll be asking you to direct me to the best poorhouse in the place. You catch my drift?"

"You want me to get this money for you inside of three weeks?" asked Harry, shaking his head.

"That's what I'm here for, son," nodded Lagay.

"I can't do the impossible," said Harry.

"You can try," returned Lagay. "Listen, son—I've come to you to get results and get 'em quick. As true as I sit in this chair this R. L. Drum & Co. owes me money. It owes me the market price to-day of my Golconda stock, less what I lost on Papakating. It owes me more than twelve thousand dollars as the matter stands. It owes me more than twelve thousand five hundred dollars as I figure it. Now, son, you listen to me. If you engineered a suit for me to get this money, and it took a year and you did a lot of work—what would you charge me, eh?"

"My partner," smiled Harry Moore, "charges twenty-five dollars an hour. But that's all right—we'd make it reasonable. There'd be a New York lawyer in it though. He'd have to be considered."

"Suppose," went on Lagay, "you collected twelve thousand five hundred dollars after a year's work. You might soak me twenty-five hundred of it—maybe more?"

"About," said Harry.

"Son," went on Lagay, "a delay of one year wouldn't do me any good. I can't write a letter and I can't put up a bluff. I'm banking on it that you can do both, son. Listen—I want ten thousand dollars flat. You write the right kind of a letter, son ——"

"Telling them, among other things," smiled Harry Moore, "to send all their correspondence in the matter to their New York office so that I can take up the matter directly in New York; telling that if I don't hear from 'em by return mail I must institute a New York suit."

"Ah," nodded Lagay, "son, you're the boy to do it. You write that one letter, son—you write it here and now—one letter. When the money comes you hand me ten thousand dollars of it, son, you take the rest."

"You mean that?" queried Harry, nearly jumping out of his skin.

"I'll sign a memo of it," said Lagay.

Harry sighed.

"I'll write the letter," he smiled, "but if I know myself and things in general there won't be any money to be seen inside of three weeks, nor yet three months."

"Never mind about that. You write the letter, son."

Harry Moore wrote it. He dictated and redictated, corrected and again corrected it, until he got it just right—just exactly right. Lagay's eyes glittered with enthusiasm.

"You sure are a wizard, son," he said as Harry signed the original, folded it up and thrust it into its envelope. Then Lagay held out his hand—a shaking hand—and caught the letter from Harry's grasp.

"What for?" cried Harry.

"To mail," nodded Lagay.

"I'll have it mailed," said Harry.

But Lagay only shook his head.

"Son," he said solemnly, "this letter means ten thousand dollars in my pocket inside of three weeks. It goes by special-delivery registered mail. I'll see to that. I'll see to that personally, son. No slip-up. It's got to get the coast mail train from New York to-night. By-by, son," he added, rising. "I'll be in to see you just twelve days from to-day."

He was as good as his word. In the interim Harry heard nothing from Lagay. On the twelfth day he appeared, his face feverish, his manner anxious. Harry was ready for him.

"Mr. Lagay," he said, "you win."

"No!" cried the stranger.

"Yes," said Harry Moore.

He passed over R. L. Drum & Co.'s Seattle letter. It was signed by the general manager of the Seattle office. It had come in the night before. It was a complete backdown. In it R. L. Drum & Co. stated reluctantly that they had investigated all the circumstances relating to the claim of their former customer, Lagay, and were satisfied that his claim was justified and he was in the right. In view of its inability to return the certificate of Golconda Preferred, and in view of the fact that Mr. Lagay was indebted to them on the Papakating Common account, they had instructed the bookkeeper to make up a statement based upon the present market price of Golconda, and would send New York draft for the difference inside of the next few days.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" said Lagay.

"I'm that way myself," laughed Harry Moore.

"We'll have that check in by the end of the week," returned Lagay. "Suppose I drop in here on Saturday."

He did, but the check hadn't come. He dropped in on Monday, then on Tuesday, then again on Wednesday. On the following Friday, while he was peppering in Harry's office, the letter carrier laid down another R. L. Drum & Co. letter on the office boy's desk. The office boy brought it in. Harry

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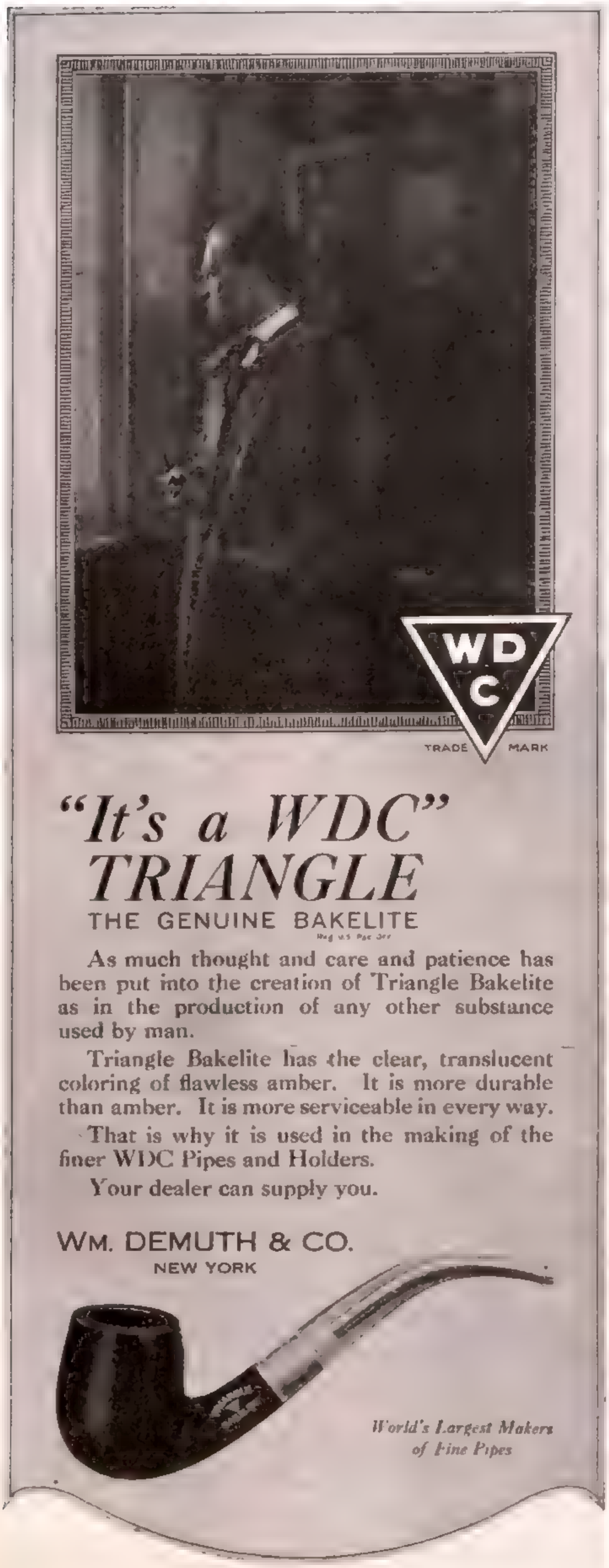

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opened it, the check fell out. Harry's eyes bulged. It was a certified check for twelve thousand seven hundred sixty-four dollars and twenty-five cents. It was made out to the order of Anstruther & Moore, attorneys for Henry T. Lagay. Harry passed it over to his client. His client looked at it. Then his face fell.

"By thunder," said his client, "they were going to send us a draft on New York!"

"Isn't it a draft on New York?" asked Harry.

"Cost us something to collect," said Lagay. "It ain't a New York draft, not by a long shot. It's drawn on the Totem Pole Trust Company of Seattle. See for yourself."

Harry saw for himself.

"However," he commented, "it's all right It's a cashier's check signed by R. L. Drum & Co.'s cashier, and besides that they've had it certified. The check is good as gold."

"Oh, it's good as gold all right," said Lagay, "only I've got to have the money on it right away."

"Bless you," said Harry Moore, "that's easy. But look here, Mr. Lagay, do you really think I ought to stick you for the big charge you've agreed to pay?"

"Son," said Lagay, "I want ten thousand dollars out of that check and not a dollar more."

Harry pressed a button. A girl answered

"How much," asked Harry, "have we got in special account to-day, Miss Rand?"

"I just figured it up," said Miss Rand—"about eighteen thousand dollars, Mr. Moore."

"That we can use?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right," said Harry Moore, "you deposit that Seattle check for twelve thousand-odd in that account and make out a check for ten thousand dollars flat for Henry T. Lagay, and mark it on the face, 'In full of R. L. Drum & Co. collection,' and let me have it right away"

"By thunder," said Henry T. Lagay, wiping his brow, "son, you sure have saved my life."

Two weeks later Harry Moore, who was working his head off in the absence of his partner—Harry had seen Emily just once since they had gone away—two weeks later Harry got a hurry call from the cashier of his bank downstairs.

"Harry," said the cashier, "there's a mix-up about a twelve-thousand-dollar check drawn on a San Francisco bank"

"Seattle bank," corrected Harry, wondering.

"Seattle bank is right," nodded the cashier—"Totem Pole Trust Company. It's been returned to us. It seems there's no such bank."

"No such bank?" cried Harry. "Haven't I heard of the Totem Pole Trust Company of Seattle?"

"Not inside of the last six years," said the cashier. "I looked it up. It used to be, but six years ago it quit."

"Merged, maybe," said Harry.

The cashier shook his head.

"Just quit," repeated he.

"My gosh!" said Harry. "Stung!"

"Look here," said the cashier, "your firm hasn't paid out any money on this check?"

"Haven't we?" groaned Harry.

"Anstruther never does," said the cashier, "until he's sure the check is paid."

"I did," confessed Harry, "to the tune of ten thousand gilt-edged dollars. For the love of Mike, look up our check!"

The cashier looked it up. It had been certified and cashed. It was indorsed by Henry T. Lagay and bore Harry Moore's signature guaranteeing that of Lagay.

"He was in a devilish hurry for the money," explained Harry.

"They always are," nodded the cashier. Then he caught Harry by the arm. "Look here, Harry," he said sympathetically, "do you mind telling me about it?"

"I've got to tell somebody about it," said Harry gratefully.

He told the cashier all there was to know. He showed him the letters and their containing envelopes. The cashier shook his head. "They prove nothing save the presence of a confederate in Seattle," was his comment. He was right. It was all clear now, to Harry Moore. When he had finished the cashier settled back gloomily into his chair.

"Just—stung!" he said. "Just trimmed—plain trimmed!"

"Handsomely trimmed," said Harry.

"Shall I take the matter up for you, Harry?" queried the cashier.

"Not yet," said Harry. "I want to think about it. I've got to think about it hard. Would you mind letting me have both those checks? First thing I've got to do is to toddle down to Atlantic City and make a clean breast of it to Anstruther. Then I'll come back and tell you what to do."

He took a night train and made Atlantic City about nine-thirty in the morning, after a sleepless ride and after some delays en route. The mirror in the dressing room told him that he looked like death. He made tracks for a hotel. He needed the hottest of hot baths. He needed to sit down in a room alone and pull himself together. Ten thousand dollars—most of it Anstruther's money! It was a crime! All the money he himself had saved, all the reputation he himself had made—all of it gone in the twinkling of an eye! The force of the whole thing weakened him so that he could hardly drag himself along. His suitcase flapped painfully against his shins. All in—he must get to a hotel.

Suddenly he brought himself up standing. He turned a corner—he glanced about him—stood there for a moment, uncertain as to the right direction he must take. And as he stood there he saw Henry T Lagay; at least he told himself that he saw Henry T. Lagay. What he actually saw was the back of a man on the other side of the street. He saw the man's back and caught a glancing view of the man's face. He was sure the man was Henry T. Lagay. True, the man's clothes were no longer mussy; and true, Harry didn't get a full view of the man's face. But the first and last impression that Harry got was this: "This man sure is Henry T. Lagay."

Harry, his suitcase dangling against his legs, stood and stared—just stood and stared. Then he woke up and followed Henry T. Lagay on the run. He was just too late. Henry T. Lagay by that time had disappeared, either round a corner or else by mingling with the crowd. As Harry Moore remembered later, Lagay—or the man that looked like him—had been walking rapidly; walking as a man walks who wants to make a train. Only he had been walking, not in the direction of the railroad station but away from it. Harry blindly followed for a block, then retraced his steps and made tracks for police headquarters. Once there, he told his story on the quiet to the chief of police, who promised action, swift, silent and immediate.

From headquarters Harry went to the railroad station. He hung about there for an hour, but no Henry T. Lagay. Disgusted more than ever with himself, Harry put up at a hotel. He spruced up and braced up with two cups of strong coffee. A dozen times he started up to begin his trip to the Andromeda, Ephraim Anstruther's hotel. A dozen times he put it off. Two hours passed, and more. They passed like minutes. Finally, Harry took a strong grip upon himself, left his hotel, darted out of the side street on the run, dropped into a Boardwalk chair and clung to it until it wheeled him to the entrance of the Andromeda, a mile away. He ran wildly to the desk, inquired wildly for the Anstruthers. A clerk phoned for them to their rooms. Nobody answered. A boy paged them, didn't find them. Another boy paged them and did. They were eating an early luncheon in the dining room. Harry Moore made his way thither. For one instant he halted just inside the threshold—he looked about him, and then his heart stood still. He stepped up to the head waiter.

"The house detective," he said to the head waiter.

As luck would have it, the house detective was at the other end of the long dining room. The head waiter signaled to him and the house detective came.

"There's a man," said Harry to the house detective, "of the name of Henry T. Lagay who is dining in this room. He's wanted. I've got a letter from the chief of police about him. I am going to brace him at his table. There will be no fuss. But I don't want him to get away."

The house detective shook his head.

"In these cases," he said, "there always is a fuss."

"All right," nodded Harry Moore, "I'll point him out. In no event must you let him get away."

"I can arrange that easily," said the detective.

(Concluded on Page 153)

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(Concluded from Page 150)

"Now," said Harry Moore to the head waiter, "Mr. Anstruther and his party are expecting me to lunch. Lead me to them, please."

In tow of the head waiter, Harry stalked down the aisle to the corner where Ephraim Anstruther and his party were eating their noonday meal. The Anstruther party consisted of three people: Ephraim Anstruther by the window on one side of the table, Emily seated at his side; another man seated on the other side—seated at the window, facing Ephraim. Just next to this man there was a fourth seat, which was unoccupied. Harry preëmpted this seat almost before they saw him or knew what he was doing. Emily saw him first. She rose and darted round her corner of the table, holding out both her hands toward Harry Moore. But Harry Moore did not respond. At any moment now, he told himself, he might need both his hands. Anstruther leaped to his feet.

"Why, bless me," cried Anstruther, who was looking fit as a fiddle, "bless me, Harry! This is a great surprise."

"More than that," said Harry grimly, "it's a dénouement, I'm afraid."

He glanced at the third member of the party. That gentleman rose.

"You'd better keep your seat, Mr. Henry T. Lagay," said Harry Moore.

"Henry T. Lagay!" cried the stranger. "Who's Henry T. Lagay?"

"You are," said Harry.

The stranger shook his head.

"I'm not Henry T. Lagay," he answered. "I don't know any Henry T. Lagay Eph, you tell this gentleman just who I am."

"Harry," cried Ephraim Anstruther, his face beaming with great good nature, "shake hands with your predecessor, my old-time confrere and associate, the redoubtable George Grimm."

When it was all over George Grimm explained, while Harry glared at him and at Ephraim Anstruther in turn.

"You see," said George Grimm, a bit contritely it must be confessed, "Eph Anstruther wrote me out at Seattle and told me he had another George Grimm on his hands. The name of this new man was Harry Moore. Well, some years ago, when I was making a stab at being Eph Anstruther's flash partner, I was stung genially and gracefully by a man from Seattle of the name of Henry T. Lagay."

"Oh, you were, were you?" said Harry.

"There's nothing new under the sun," went on George Grimm calmly, "and I was. This man Lagay, according to his story, had been stung in turn by a man named Ferguson, who was one of the Seattle office staff of R. L. Drum & Co."

"Oh, he was, was he?" sniffed Harry.

"Lagay said he was, at any rate," smiled George Grimm, "and therefore, knowing all the dope by heart—why, when I wrote Eph Anstruther some weeks ago that I was coming east, Eph saw his chance and hollered to me for help, and so I did my little best for Eph."

"You did, did you?" said Harry Moore.

Still fixing Mr. George Grimm with his cold eye, Harry produced a batch of correspondence and two incriminating checks.

"I was to be the goat, was I?" went on Harry Moore.

"For your own good, Harry," said Ephraim Anstruther—"just to show you how very easy ——"

"I'm doing this," said Harry, "and Mr. George Grimm here is going to show me how easy he's going to get out of this fix that he happens to be in. I supposed of course, Mr. Grimm, that you never mailed that letter that I wrote to R. L. Drum & Co., of Seattle."

"I've got it here," smiled George Grimm, producing it.

"I sensed as much," said Harry. "And now between you and me, Mr. Grimm, how do you expect to get away from a charge of forgery on these letters and these checks? You're a lawyer and you ought to know."

"Bless me," said Grimm, "I'm not a lawyer any more. I hire them."

"Hire a few more," said Harry, "and let 'em tell you how to get you out of the few charges that I'm going to make against you."

"Harry!" cried Emily.

"I'm doing this, sister," said Harry. "This is between George Grimm here and myself. In the first place, you got ten thousand dollars on our firm check by putting the name of Henry T. Lagay on the back of it; and you say you're not Lagay; and whether you are or whether you're not, you trimmed us to the tune of ten thousand dollars, Mr. Grimm."

"He paid it back to me," said Ephraim.

"I paid it back to him," said Grimm.

"Tell that to the judge!" nodded Harry Moore. "What are you going to do about all these letters of R. L. Drum & Co.? And what are you going to do about this cashier's check for twelve thousand seven hundred-odd dollars that you drew upon the defunct Totem Pole Trust Company?"

"Well, you see," pleaded George Grimm lamely, "I used to own the Totem Pole Trust Company of Seattle, and when I discontinued its operations, you see, somehow or other I kept all its rubber stamps and things."

"Oh, that was it, was it?" went on Harry. "And what about the cashier's signature on this check? What about the signature of the cashier of R. L. Drum & Co.? What are you going to tell the court about that little escapade?"

"Did you look at that signature?" asked Grimm.

"There it is," said Harry Moore.

"Whose is it?" demanded Grimm.

"Don't know and I don't care," said Harry Moore.

"Dadgast you," cried George Grimm warmly, "do you dare tell me you can't read my writing? I'm the cashier of the Seattle branch of R. L. Drum & Co., and that's my signature."

"Oh, it is, is it?" snapped back Harry Moore.

"Yes, it is," said Grimm.

Harry, with an air of finality, thrust the incriminating evidence back into his pocket. Ephraim Anstruther clutched his arm.

"Don't get too hot under the collar, Harry," said Ephraim Anstruther. "Don't you see that I've done for you just what I tried to do?"

"You mean," said Harry, "that he's done it for you, eh?"

"Yes," nodded Ephraim.

"And what did you try to do for me through Mr. Grimm?"

"I wanted to teach you a lesson, Harry," quavered Ephraim Anstruther.

"And what lesson did you want me taught?" asked Harry.

"I wanted you," said Ephraim, "to stop taking on strangers just because they look all right. George split on that rock years ago. You split on it again."

"Did, eh?" said Harry. "Maybe he split on it—maybe I didn't. How did I split on this rock? Tell me, if you please."

"Why," said Ephraim, "you took on George here ——"

"And he looked all right and acted all right and sized up all right—to me. I would have banked on Mr. Henry T. Lagay."

"Exactly," said Ephraim. "And you see with what result."

"Result?" echoed Harry Moore. "You tell me this: Is this George Grimm all right?"

"Why, of course he is!" said Ephraim.

"Well then," grinned Harry, becomingly good natured, "I wish you'd tell me just what lesson I have learned."

Harry waited for an answer. But there was none forthcoming. George Grimm looked at Eph. Eph stared blankly at George Grimm. So Harry took Emily by the arm. He started with her toward the entrance to the room, and then he stopped.

"By the way," he confessed with a relenting grin, "I'm afraid I've made a mess of this thing. The whole police force of Atlantic City is on a still hunt for a man that looks like you." And he nodded to George Grimm.

Ephraim Anstruther was worried.

"Look here, Harry," he exclaimed, "you'd better drive right round to headquarters and explain the situation to the chief. You'd better call them off."

Harry shook his head

"Let George do it," he commented briefly. "Come, Emily. My nervous system's on the jump. I must relax. Let's take a run down toward Cape May."

"So you fancy my GENCO, do you?"

The son caught shaving with his father's regular razor is in for a lecture. It's rather significant how men get to prizing their regular razors.

Of course, all barbers use regular razors, and that's pretty good evidence that professional shavers have found no better tool for shaving purposes. But there are more personal reasons why an owner prizes his GENCO. It does its job so quickly and economically. He can strop it so easily.

Anybody Can Strop a GENCO Razor

The diagram shows why. Bevel and back compel a GENCO to glide along the strop at the correct angle. You have only to hold the strop taut and the razor flat, and not strop more than 6 strokes—3 or 4 would be better.

You save some little time and money shaving with a GENCO, and you'd rather no one else used it. You can buy another just as good for a low price, but "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." However, we continue to sell them with our guarantee, "GENCO Razors must make good or we will."

If your dealer can't supply you, write to us.

GENEVA CUTLERY CORPORATION
230 Gates Avenue Geneva, N. Y.

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Razors in the World

GENCO RAZORS

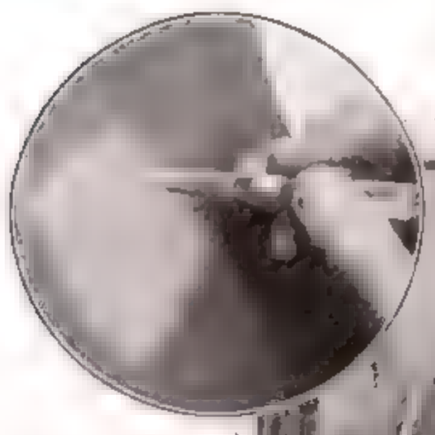
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

RAZOR

STROP

Note how GENCO Razors meet the strop in just the proper way to secure a perfect shaving edge. The bevel leads backbone to the edge and guides it on the strop.

Make this test for "filling," the great weakness of ordinary shades



Scratch lightly through the surface of ordinary window shade material. Tiny particles fall out, leaving countless pinholes. That's the "filling" of chalk or clay

Ordinary shade made with "filling"

A Brenlin made without "filling"

Brenlin has no "filling"

—it outwears two or three ordinary window shades

The ordinary window shade is made of a loosely-woven cloth that must be filled to give it weight and smoothness. This "filling," usually a chalk or clay substance, soon becomes hard and brittle. Like school chalk, it crumbles easily.

A shade so made *can't* stand the strain of everyday usage. When the wind sucks and snaps it, the brittle filling loosens and falls out. Cracks and pinhole streaks appear. The shade wrinkles and sags—is soon ruined!

The Brenlin Window Shade is entirely different. *Its* base is a material so fine, so heavy, so tightly-woven and perfect that it needs no chalk, no clay, no filling of any kind!

Instead of being brittle, Brenlin is soft and supple, yet always hangs straight and smooth. Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It is the cheapest window shade you can buy.

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town. See the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this long-wearing material—and Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

To make sure you're getting genuine Brenlin, look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy and when your shades are hung. If you don't know where to find Brenlin, write us; we will see that you are supplied.

Upon request we'll send you, free, a valuable booklet on how to shade your windows beautifully—and, with it, some actual samples of Brenlin in several different colors.

The Chas. W. Breneman Co., Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America."

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia and Oakland, Calif. Owner of the good will and trade marks of the Jay C. Wemple Co.

The Mayes Hotel, Bartlesville, Oklahoma, shaded with Brenlin by The Reliable Furniture Company, Bartlesville, Oklahoma

For windows of little importance (transoms or hampire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way

Brenlin

the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

IT PAYS TO SMILE

(Continued from Page 25)

"Miss Pegg," he said, "I—I am happy to have served you! Good night."

"Sandro!" cried Peaches. "Why do you pretend? I know you—I know. You couldn't fool me now! My dear, I thought that you were dead. But even on the day we got here I knew you—I knew you in the hall, that first moment. Oh, why do you keep away from me like that? Don't you love me—don't you want me? Why do you pretend?"

"Don't! Please!" he entreated. "Miss Pegg, I—am just a servant in this house!"

"I don't care what you are!" she cried recklessly. "You are Sandy. I know you and I love you."

"Don't!" he said, the familiar pet name striking home at last. "You cannot understand my position. I tell you I am a servant. It is some chance resemblance."

She switched on the main light then and came nearer, scanning his face closely. His hands clenched at his sides, but otherwise he remained immovable.

"You cannot make me doubt," she said at length. "You are Sandro di Monteventi, who was reported killed at ——"

"Miss Pegg—don't make it too hard!" he said humbly. "Will you not accept my statement and let me go?"

"No!" she said fiercely. "Because I know who you are—and because I know that you love me. There! I have told the truth!"

"It is true that I love you," he admitted. "One need not have seen you for longer than a day for that. But why do you persist I am this stranger?"

"Because I know it!" she declared.

"You could not prove it!" he said simply.

"I don't have to!" she said, going closer. "Oh, Sandy, Sandy, I love you so! I have been hungry for you such a long, long time!"

She slipped her arms round his neck. And then for a long while she was not conscious of anything except his lips upon hers, and the blessed iron strength of his arms about her. At length he drew away, just far enough to look into her eyes.

"Merciful Madonna!" he breathed. "You are too much for my poor strength. I have no right to touch you—but how I love you!"

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried Peaches, wild with triumphant happiness. "You'll never get away from me again, *Sandro mio!*"

But he pushed her from him roughly.

"No, no!" he said. "I—you are wrong! You have got to believe you are wrong, even though you hate yourself and me as well for the glimpse of heaven you have given me."

But she could not let him go.

"Have I got to have any other proof?" she laughed. "Oh, my dear, my dear! Good heavens—what is it?" she added in a changed tone, for he was looking over her shoulder toward the end of the room with an expression as if he had seen a ghost.

Automatically she turned to follow the direction of his gaze, and almost instantly encountered another pair of eyes set deep in a white face that stared in at the window. In another instant it was gone, and like a flash her companion had seized her by the elbows and was holding her with a gaze that riveted her attention.

"See here!" he said rapidly. "I've got to leave you. They've got me this time, I'm afraid. But I'll make a dash for it. Say nothing if I get away. Silence will help me most. And no matter who I am, I love you. It will not hurt you to know that. Good-by!"

Abruptly he was gone, slipping from the great room as noiselessly as he had entered it, his going swift as a shadow, and leaving Peaches temporarily paralyzed and at a loss. With a tremendous effort she pulled her wits together and started for the doorway through which he had vanished. To reach it she had to pass the mantelpiece, and as she did so she automatically raised her eyes to the painting whose calm beauty had been the cause of so much turmoil, and a curious glitter on the lower edge of the frame caught her eye. The flash was such a brilliant one that despite her preoccupation she stopped to examine its source. And then with a little cry of triumph she stretched out her hand toward it.

On the lower carvings of the ornate Florentine frame lay a little gold penknife studded with diamonds—her own jeweled penknife, the one with which Sandro di Monteventi had cut that long-faded rose in the garden at San Remo—the precious trinket which she had given him for a keepsake. The proof! It was the proof positive! In a single flash a great deal became clear. He had left it there earlier in the evening—at the time the picture was missed—perhaps at the time it was put back!—and missing it he had later returned to retrieve it when he fancied that everyone was asleep, and so had stumbled upon her scene with Markheim, and come to her rescue. Seizing the telltale toy she kissed it wildly and started for the door.

"Sandro! I have proof!" she cried, though she knew he could not hear her.

"Proof of what, signorina?" said a voice in the doorway. And there, bulking the entrance to the corridor, was the figure of a bearded man. With a cry Peaches shrank back, instinctively hiding the knife in the palm of her hand. The intruder had a sinister look. His hat was pulled well down over his eyes and his coat collar was pulled up about his ears.

"What do you want?" demanded Peaches huskily. "What are you doing here?"

She was retreating toward the bell as she spoke, the man's gaze following her action without protest. Coming well into the room he removed his hat, shaking a few drops from it as he did so. The shoulders of the coat were also wet. Evidently it was raining heavily outside. His face as revealed in the stronger light was less alarming, and he spoke in an even tone.

"Ring by all means!" said he. "Bring help as soon as possible! As for who I am," he went on, throwing back his wet coat and revealing a silver badge, "I am Pedro, the missing night watchman, and I have a warrant of extradition for the arrest of Sandro di Monteventi, alias The Eel—wanted by the International Secret Service for the theft of the Scarpia panels and sundry charges."

"Go on, ring, miss," said a second man, following in on the heels of the first—a man whom Peaches instantly recognized as the face at the window. "Ring, please—we know he is in the house—and incidentally don't you try to get away. We want to talk to you—you seemed to know him rather well."

**

WITH a violent movement Peaches rang the bell; and almost at once the house was again in confusion. The two newcomers, backed by the cursing Markheim and aided by Mr. Pegg, made straight for the room occupied by Sandro. Peaches followed in their wake, and saw them batter down the door—to find an empty room and a gaping window.

Of course! The idiots! Now if they had only had sense enough to wake me up I could have told them better! But no, they let me sleep—sleep, mind you, when all this, as it were, human motion picture was proceeding right under my very nose! I feel outraged, indignant, as I consider the lack of forethought and consideration which this lack of attention evidenced. Of course the duke escaped—the ninnies should have left someone outside in the garden—and their excuse that they did not believe that he could escape so rapidly from the third story of the house would have been made quite unnecessary if I had been there to inform them of his nocturnal wanderings as known to me.

Really, as I listened to Peaches' recital I became quite distinctly vexed. The fate by which I seemed doomed to remain a bystander looking on at life from a safe distance or merely to be told about it or to read of it in printed form was too annoying. Despite my utmost endeavor I was apparently to be cheated of active participation in the great drama of existence.

But no one could look at Peaches' pale and suffering beauty for long and remain unindulgent. And as I lay in the great bed enjoying the tea and toast which she had so thoughtfully brought me I restrained the comments which sprang to my lips and merely asked, "What happened then?"

"We came downstairs," said Peaches slowly, twisting the amber beads about her throat, "Mark, pa and myself, along with these two cowbird detectives. I tell you, Free, I just could hardly believe the story they told. But I had to, in the end. You see, for one thing, as I sat there I began to realize I had seen the Pedro once before."

"Where?"

(Continued on Page 157)

If the sole is not stamped like this, the shoe is not an Educator.

Educators for girls give out-of-door foot-freedom together with trim, neat appearance.

Shoes that let young feet grow up young

AND they'll even let *older* feet grow young again!

Crowd any foot—young or old—into narrow, pointed shoes, and what happens? The bones of the toes are bent—the foot is disfigured—and painful callouses, ingrowing nails, corns, bunions, fallen arches, etc., ensue.

But—let young feet grow up in Educators—the shoes that "let the feet grow as they should"—and at maturity they will *still* be young, with the healthful beauty that Nature intended a human foot to have.

You older folk, who have suffered years of discomfort, can regain lost ease in Educators. As you wear them, Nature will be at work, gradually undoing the harm your cast-off pointed shoes are responsible for.

Get Educators for the girls and boys. And get them for yourself. You'll like their neat, well-bred, well-made look, as much as you do the *shoe-unconsciousness* they bring your feet.

N. B.—All broad-toed shoes are not Educators. Be sure, when buying, to look for the word EDUCATOR on the sole—all *Educators* are stamped so.

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Guide your choice by these results — results fully equal to many thousands of miles' use on your car and with your road conditions.

Oldfields on all four wheels! That will surely be your decision.

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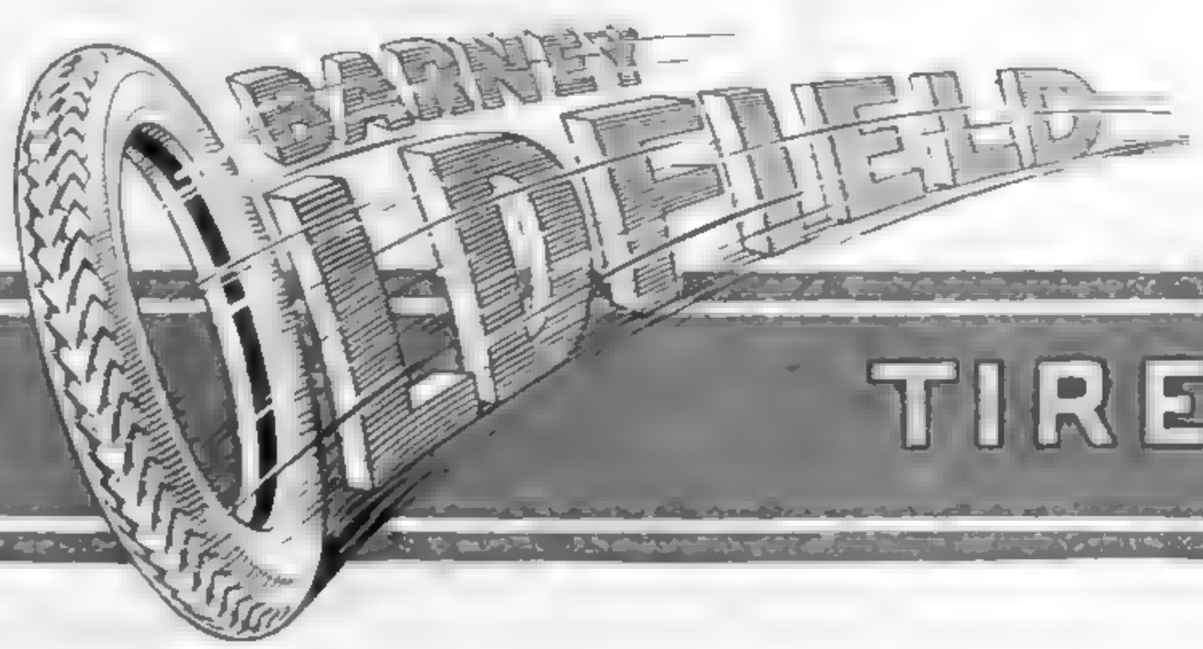


(Continued from Page 154)

"In a London movie house—and in a hotel bedroom at Monte Carlo," said she significantly.

"There!" I cried. "I foiled him twice, you see! Now it's a lucky thing I wasn't there last night, isn't it? Humph! I'd probably have defeated justice again! But what did he say?"

"He's been after Sandro for years," she narrated. "I am afraid there isn't the shadow of a doubt, Free, but that Sandy is the cleverest picture thief in the world. They have almost got him half a dozen times, but never with conclusive evidence. And thank God, they didn't get him this time, either—not yet at least! Why, do you know, they are certain that he took the Scarpia panels? It seems, if you remember, that they thought that they had been found in the cellar. But it wasn't the originals that they found. They were reproductions—synthetic pictures, like a near-ruby—do you get me?"

"But the recovery was reported in the papers," I objected.

"The authorities hushed the matter up in order to try and catch him off his guard," she went on. "And, Free, that's just what he has done in this very house."

"How do you mean? Explain yourself grammatically if possible," said I.

"I mean that the Madonna of the Lamp which is hanging in the library at this moment is the bunk," replied Peaches earnestly. "It's a fake—painted on new canvas and nicely antiqued. The cops took it down and showed it to us."

"And what did he want to steal a fake for?" I demanded.

"He didn't want to steal a fake, you dear old prune!" said Peaches, half laughing. "He wanted to steal the original, and that's exactly what he did."

"And got away with it!" I gasped, astonished into a colloquialism. "But when and how on earth?"

"Very simple, but clever," she told me, quite as if it were to the young man's credit. "He had this fake all ready on a stretcher in his room. He took the original, stretcher and all, out of the frame and upstairs, where he unmounted it and hid it—it isn't large, you know. And then, before he could slip the substitute into place, you and I came in from the garden—from the garden where we had been waiting for him to—to ——"

Here she broke off and began to laugh hysterically.

"Come, come, my dear!" I cried. "Don't do that—just remember what a lucky escape you have had. So we interrupted him before he could put the substitute in place! Well, land of goodness! I do recall that he was all dressed when he came downstairs at Mr. Markheim's command! Go on, do, my dear!"

"Well," said Peaches, complying, with renewed composure, "this Pedro-bird claims that Sandy slipped it in while we were all out in the hall with the servants and he was in and out apparently taking care of Markheim's orders. If the secret-service men hadn't been on the job Sandy would in all probability have simply stayed his two weeks out as a quiet well-behaved servant, and then gone away with a first-class reference and the original Madonna, and the substitution might never have been found out, or it might have been years—until some feast was held by a lot of experts at Mark's invitation—who knows! And he's been doing this sort of thing for years and years!"

"Extraordinary! Most extraordinary!" I exclaimed, pulling off my nightcap and starting to rise. "I must really dress and descend to take a look at that picture and the scene of the crime!"

"You can't!" said Peaches, suddenly listless. "You can't—we are both locked in!"

I could scarcely believe my ears. But Peaches was in earnest, there was no doubt about that.

"Locked in!" I repeated incredulously. "What on earth are you saying, Alicia?"

"I was saying a mouthful!" she responded. "Pa has locked us in."

"But what for?" I demanded with proper indignation.

"I told him I was going to follow Sandro," said Peaches, as if the explanation was the most obvious thing possible and she were just a trifle impatient of my stupidity.

"Are you crazy?" I cried. "Follow him—follow that thief—that—that scoundrel? Aren't the police following him? Isn't that following enough?"

"That's just why," she announced. "Wherever he is—wherever he goes, I am going too. After last night I can't do anything else. And if it's to jail—all right, I'll go to jail. But I won't stay away from him, and I will find him if the secret service can't; and I hope most heartily they will make a flivver of it. And I'll never leave him again—believe me!"

I was obliged to believe her. I had, indeed, only to look at her in order to do so. And as I looked, a gleam of human intelligence broke into my brain.

"Peaches," I said solemnly, "did you tell on Markheim?"

"Of course not!" she said, flushing hotly. "He—wasn't himself; I realize that now."

"So you just told your father that you are through with Markheim and are in love with the duke?"

She nodded dumbly.

"No wonder he locked you up!" I gasped, falling back on the pillows.

"Locked me up and said the marriage would go ahead as per schedule," she announced grimly. "Which is bunk of course. The point is—what shall we do about it?"

"Have they caught the duke?" I inquired.

"I don't believe so," said she. "There is nothing to that effect in the early afternoon newspapers from New York, though there's plenty about the robbery. Take a look!"

"Let me see!" I exclaimed, stretching out my hand for the paper.

And forthwith she spread the lurid sheets before my distressed eyes. The headlines were of the variety known as "scare." Not the German ex-Kaiser himself, or even a Bolshevist labor leader, was ever presented in larger type than was the lurid announcement of the attempted robbery. And all our names were mentioned—even that of Talbot—the sacred family name, which we had kept inviolate for generations against all newspaper publicity, excepting only mention in the society and political columns. For, of course, the difference between one's appearing as a social or political item and as a piece of mere vulgar news must at once be apparent to any reader of refined upbringing. And never before had the Talbots been news. I dreaded to think how my sister Euphemia would take it should the article chance to meet her eye. She might eventually forgive me much; but I seriously doubted whether her charity would ever extend over newspaper headlines. Alas! This was but a foretaste of what was to come!

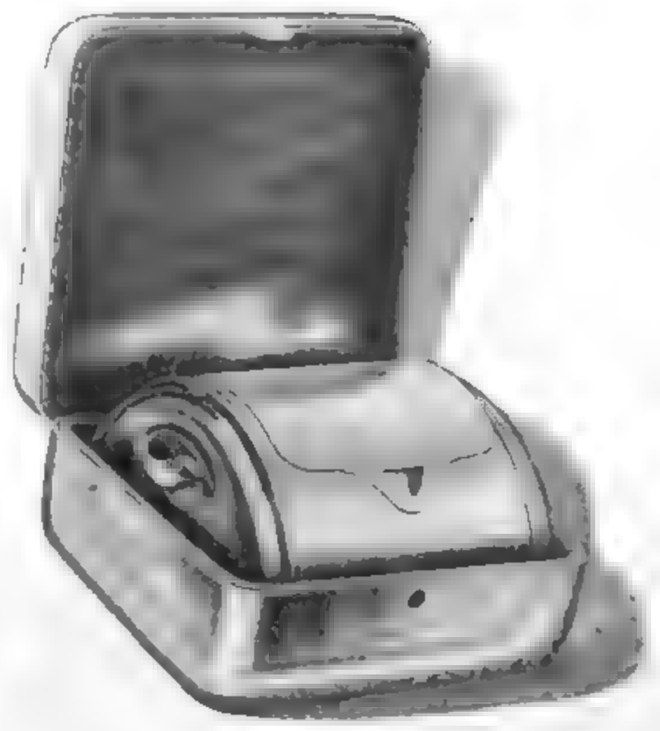
But much as the reporters had to say of the splendor of Sebastian Markheim's mansion and the beauty of Sebastian Markheim's fiancée, whose coming marriage would be of the greatest social consequence, uniting a great fortune of the East with a great fortune of the Western Coast, and so on, and though it was further replete with details of the method by which the robbery had been committed, together with a florid account of the robber's high station in life, his heroic action in battle, where he was supposed to have been killed while defending a position single-handed in a rocky pass during the Austrian invasion, thereby enabling the rest of his brigade to escape—nothing indicated that his capture was at this time considered very likely. The authorities were full of assurances but rather short on facts, to all appearances.

"Well, now, Alicia, my dear," I remarked when I had satisfied myself that no detail of importance had escaped me in my perusal of the printed account of our affair "now, Alicia, my dear," said I, "I feel it incumbent to be quite sure that you know what you are saying when you announce your intention of linking your life with that of this wild young Italian always provided that the gallows does not get him before you do. Can't you reconcile yourself to the idea that he is a thief, no matter how titled, and that therefore he is no match for an honest American girl?"

"Oh, cut the moralizing, Free!" interrupted Peaches. "I am in love with him, I tell you. And I have sufficient faith in my own integrity to believe that this wouldn't be true if he really was the yellow dog everybody seems bent on trying to make him out. Now I've got a hunch—a mighty straight hunch—that he is O. K. There's more to this than we know. Maybe the old picture belonged to his great-grandmother or something, and he's only taking it back. How do you know he isn't doing just that?"

"But the Scarpia panels didn't belong to his grandmother," I answered smartly.

"But they haven't got the goods on him for those other deals," she retorted. "And if they had, I'd still be crazy about him.



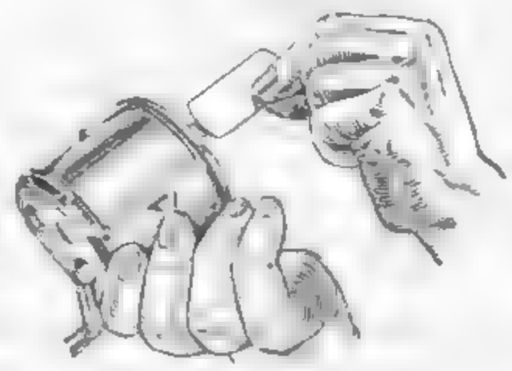
How Stropping Improves Safety Razor Blades

Stropping restores keenness to the edge of a safety razor blade just as it does to the blade of an old style razor. The edge of any razor is extremely delicate. It is composed of tiny teeth which are in alignment when the edge is sharp. But shaving gets these teeth out of line—they become bent and twisted and pull the beard. Stropping is necessary to restore the teeth to proper alignment in a keen, even edge.

With a Twinplex you can quickly stroke the misaligned teeth of your double-edged blade back into keen cutting edges. It is best to start with a new blade. Then by regular stropping you will get delightfully clean, smooth shaves from a single blade indefinitely.

In stropping an old style razor, first one side is stropped, then the other.

In stropping a double-edged safety razor blade, the Twinplex with mechanical precision strops first one side then the other, turning the blade over and over—the correct principle of stropping.



Twinplex Stropper

Twinplex is sold on 30 days' trial and a 10 year service guarantee. Price $5.00 in satin lined, nickel or leather case. Sold also in a variety of combination sets. At leading cutlery, hardware, drug and department stores.

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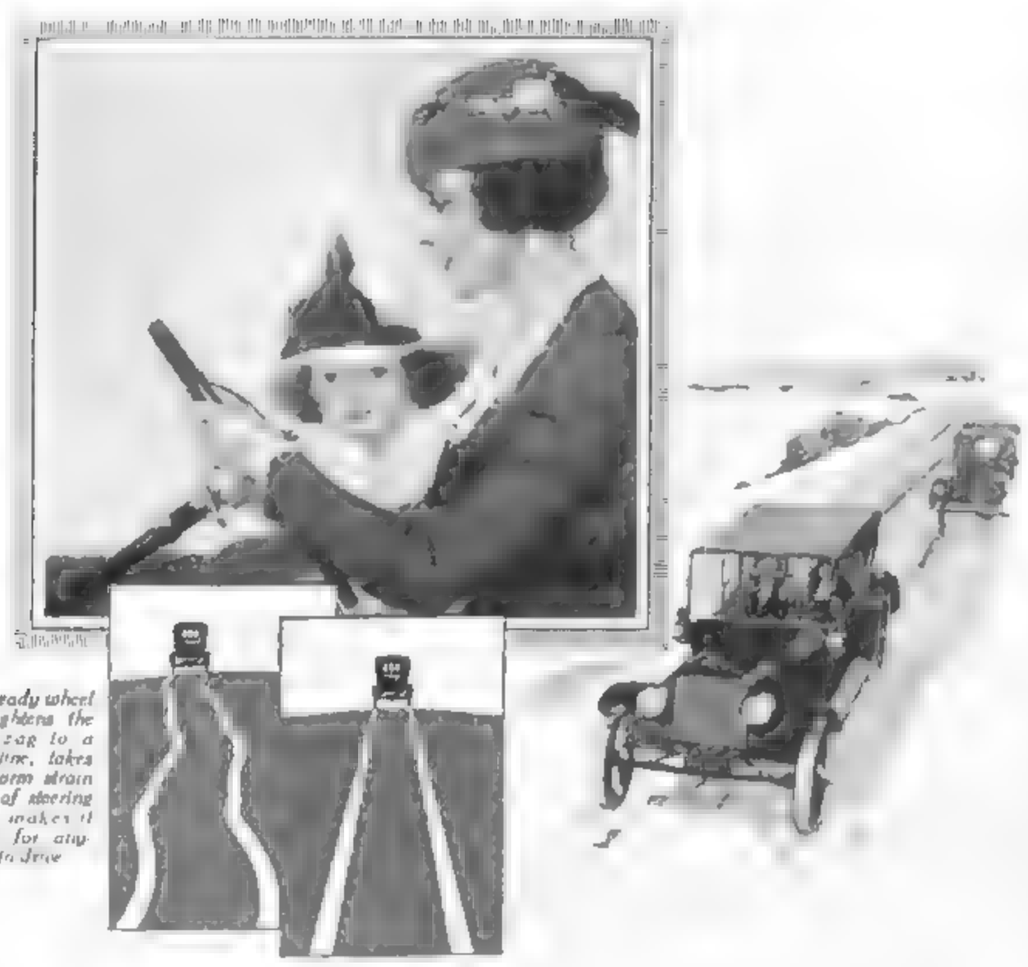


A steady wheel straightens the zig zag to a bee line, takes the arm strain out of steering and makes it easy for anyone to drive

Make it Safer for *Her* to Drive the Car

Many a man won't hear of his wife or daughter driving his car.

It isn't that he's penurious, or afraid of the overhead. It's simply that he realizes the arm effort and vigilance required for steering.

Men who like to have their wives or daughters drive; women who wish to drive; motorists who seek ease of steering, and maximum safety at the wheel—equip their light cars with Balcrank Stabilizers.

"A Steady Wheel—the Secret of Ease in Driving," mailed on request.

The Balcrank Stabilizer prevents jolts and jars from reaching the steering wheel—consequently it eliminates the vibrations that ordinarily make it necessary to grip the wheel tensely—that provoke arm strain.

The steering wheel of a machine equipped with a Balcrank Stabilizer is as steady as the wheels of heavier cars—the machine is responsive to a touch. The driver can sit back easily—can relax.

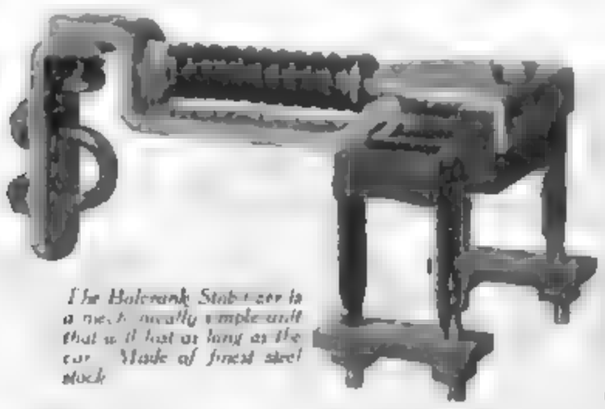
The car itself is benefited—the front wheels are steadied. Instead of the wobbly motion that wears out tires, they run straight and true. The machine keeps its course easily on a high crowned road—it isn't veering constantly to one side. Other cars can be passed in safety. On rounding corners, the car straightens out smoothly of its own accord.

Driving is made genuinely more pleasurable.

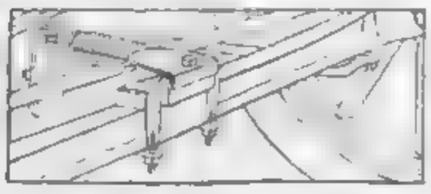
Equip your car with a Balcrank Stabilizer—gain freedom from the arm strain of driving; make it safe for *her* to drive. Any accessory dealer can supply you, or if you like, write direct. The cost is only $6.75—a trifling sum quickly regained in a single season in comfort, safety and tire economy.

The Cincinnati Ball Crank Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

Manufacturers also of Drag Links, Starting Cranks and Ball Joints.



The Balcrank Stabilizer is a mechanically simple unit that will last as long as the car. Made of finest steel stock



It attaches to the front axle and tie rod, strengthening the entire steering mechanism. Can be fitted to car, with a wrench, in ten minutes. No holes to bore, or machine work to do

BALCRANK STABILIZER

FOR FORDS AND OTHER LIGHT CARS

Freedom, this is a question of the rest of my life. You've got to take my side."

"But what are you—we going to do?" I pleaded, bewildered by her intensity. "And what is all this nonsense about our being locked in these rooms?"

"You just try to get out and see if it's nonsense," replied Peaches. "You were asleep when they locked me in, and as there is no lock on the doors between our rooms, they locked you too. I wouldn't let them disturb you, not only because you were so tired but because I knew darn well that if I let you out I wouldn't get this chance to talk to you."

"Well, this is outrageous!" I exclaimed, rising in good earnest this time. "We shall see whether your father can imprison two adult women in a free country to suit his whim! I shall make my toilet at once and then we shall see what we shall see!"

"Better hurry up then!" replied Peaches. "Because they—he and Mark—are going to the city on the twelve-o'clock train. Don't you remember why we came home early last night?"

Last night seemed a thousand years ago. But she was quite right; I did recall the fact that it was necessary for Mr. Markheim to go to town that day, and accordingly made all possible haste, Peaches assisting me.

"Now look here, you flighty young thing!" she warned. "Don't do anything rash! Remember, you are the only person I have to depend on for help. Don't go get yourself kept away from me now!"

"I must and shall interview your father," I protested. "But perhaps if you would be kind enough to give me an idea of what you intend doing I shall be in a better position to be of assistance."

"I'm going to leave this house before another twenty-four hours are over," she declared firmly. "If you can persuade pa to let me go like a human, and come along with me, so much the better. If not, I'll have to go some other way that may not be as agreeable to him in the long run."

"Why not let me tell him about that terrible performance of Mr. Markheim's?" I suggested. "That will be sufficient, or I mistake your father greatly."

"Sure it would be sufficient," said Peaches. "But then I'd have to give myself away pretty badly, wouldn't I? And there might be a roughhouse. Pa is a dead shot and I'd rather get him out of shooting distance before I break the information to him. At present he just about thinks I'm crazy in the head."

"Well, I'll do what I can to persuade him that this is the twentieth century and not the middle ages!" I responded. "This indignity certainly cannot be allowed to continue. But suppose you—we do get away from here to-day, what then? How do you propose to find a thief that the police will have a hard time discovering?"

"I don't propose," said Peaches. "I intend. That's a whole lot stronger. How, I haven't the remotest idea. But it's plain enough I can't do anything while they've got me cooped up like a marketable yearling, can I? Let's get out of this, that's the first thing to accomplish."

"Very well," I agreed, gathering up my reticule and taking up the house-telephone receiver.

I asked to speak with Mr. Pegg. The request was at once attended to by the footman who responded, and in a tone which brooked no delay I commanded the Citrus King to come upstairs and release me. My tone must have foreshadowed the mood I was in, for he responded as if by magic. In less than five minutes I was face to face with him in the hall.

"Come on over and sit down in the conservatory, Miss Free," he entreated as soon as he saw my face. "We want to keep the servants out of this as much as we can, you know!"

"All right, Mr. Pegg," I agreed, for this was my own thought. "All right. But if you allow the situation to continue you will have a hard time in doing that!"

Accordingly we repaired down the corridor to a little glass room full of plants, where we could talk in seclusion. Mr. Pegg, as usual, chewed upon an unlighted cigar and looked at me thoughtfully over the top of it, his shrewd eyes half closed.

"You've got awfully pretty hair, Miss Free," said he unexpectedly. "I'm glad you've took back to them curls again."

"Now see here, Mr. Pegg," I said severely, not to be diverted by any frivolous remarks. "Now see here, Mr. Pegg, what is the meaning of this outrageous performance?"

"When I was a cattleman," said Mr. Pegg, looking at the ornate ceiling, "we used to lock 'em in a corral until they cooled off a little."

"What—who?" I demanded.

"The ones we was breaking," he informed me. Then his manner changed and he brought his big fist down on his knee with a thump. "Now, my dear lady," he said firmly, "I know what I'm doing. Why, I had to keep her on the ranch, watched like a hawk—and simply because she kept thinking she was in love with some undesirable or other. I've seen her do this before. So I'm just going to detain her where she'll be safe until she comes to her senses."

"Mr. Pegg, you are taking the wrong track with Peaches this time!" I warned him. "You can't play the Roman father with your child and marry her out of hand—you cannot! You engaged me as a social mentor and I would be doing less than my duty if I didn't inform you that this sort of thing is no longer being done in the best families!"

"Say!" remarked Mr. Pegg, removing the cigar and staring at me. "Are you trying to be humorous, or what?"

"I assure you I am far from any such idea!" I replied with hauteur. "I merely affirm that you cannot, even legally, keep an adult female child imprisoned against her will and then marry her off to—to a swindler!"

"A swindler!" exclaimed Mr. Pegg. "Oh, come now, Miss Free—smuggling in that picture wasn't Mark's fault. You can't say he did it—because you don't know it. Why, you and he have always been good friends; you're not going back on him now? Peaches is just a kid. By the end of the week she will have changed her mind again. Good heavens, look at the fix it would put us in if she insisted on breaking her engagement now! The invitations out, the presents coming in—trousseau bought! We'd be the laughingstock of the country. Not that I'd give a—cuss—if it wasn't that I know Alicia. She'd up and go back to him when it was all thoroughly broken off. You see that what she needs is the high hand. I've had to use it before."

"Mr. Pegg," said I, "you are mistaken. What is worse, you are a cave man! I am convinced Peaches really is in love with Sandro di Monteventi and that you will break her heart if you persist in your heroic attitude. I beg you will desist."

"Nothing doing!" said Mr. Pegg, rising and lighting the cigar—a sign that the interview was closed. "I'm not in a desisting mood. I may as well add that I am on to the fact that she's been mooning round after that fellow ever since she came into this house. Cimball's Commercial Arithmetic, indeed!"

"I don't know to what you refer, I assure you!" I said stiffly. "And I insist upon at least having a key to our rooms."

"Will you give me your word of honor not to use that key to let her out with?" asked my employer doubtfully.

"Certainly, if you wish," I replied. "You may have my word for that!"

"Well, here you are, then," he answered, taking a key from a great cluster on his ring. "You'll keep the letter of your word, I know, no matter how uneasy the spirit gets. And now I must mosey along. Mark and I have to run up to town on business, and he wants to see the family doctor about his eye—he ran into his bedpost in the dark last night, and maybe it's just as well to keep Peaches from seeing him wearing the beauty spot."

With which intelligent and discerning remark Mr. Pegg left me to my own devices, and of course I promptly returned to my apartment and the waiting Peaches, who greeted my entrance the more eagerly when she observed I let myself in with a key.

"You wonder!" cried she, embracing me with a look of rapture. "So he gave in to you—you enchantress!"

"He did not!" I said dryly. "He put me on my honor not to let you have this key, and my honor is sacred, and I'm going to keep it that way!"

"Free—you beast!" cried Peaches. "Give it to me. Don't be absurd!"

"Keeping one's freely given word is never absurd," I observed. "Besides, if I were to break it and let you walk out, do you think for one minute that the servants would let you get away without protest? Or without notifying your father by telephone? It is you who are absurd!"

(Continued on Page 161)

FORD ECONOMY

How Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" reduces friction-heat, carbon and wear

WHEN a Ford owner turns to Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" he nearly always gets one of the big surprises of his motoring experience.

He finds that engine overheating—excess carbon forming—spark plugs fouling—excessive gasoline and oil consumption—excessive friction and wear, are all unnecessary.

He finds that the Ford high-speed conditions *need* not invite frequent overheating.

He finds that he never before really knew how little carbon need accumulate in a Ford engine.

He finds that previous fuel and oil consumption was unnecessarily high.

He finds that frequent repairs and replacements of worn parts are no longer necessary.

He secures new power, especially noticeable on the hills.

The ability of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" to reach all moving parts is due to its scientifically correct *body*. Its ability to absorb and radiate heat and give full protection to the frictional surfaces is due both to its high *quality* and to its correct *body* and *character*.

This means full protection—particularly vital to a Ford when low gear is in frequent use.

Combustion heat plus excessive friction-heat causes overheating of the engine, boiling and evaporation of water from the radiator and unnecessary wear of the moving parts. Water is cheap. Repairs and replacements are not. Ford economy—great under all conditions—is made even greater through the year around use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E".

This has been demonstrated repeatedly in all parts of the world. It is being proved daily all over the United States—*perhaps today by your next-door neighbor!*

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COFFEE — *the universal drink*

(Continued from Page 158

"That's so!" said Peaches, suddenly weary. "Oh, Free—you think it out! Help me, I am so tired."

"Lack of sleep," I pronounced. "And I'll wager you have eaten nothing. The first thing to do is to have a nice hot luncheon sent upstairs. I presume your father's instructions permit the service of food. And then you must get a few hours of complete rest while I take a stroll in the fresh air and perfect some course of action."

"Then you will help me?" said Peaches eagerly.

It was really pathetic to see her so comparatively tired and helpless. She was never more than comparatively so, I may state. However, my compassion for her was not lessened by this fact.

"Of course I am going to help you," I declared. "That any mere man should attempt a performance of this kind outside of Bolshevik Russia is too outrageous to be endured. But first some hot soup and a nap. I will have a plan when you wake up, I feel sure."

Meekly as a little girl she submitted to my ministrations, hot broth and all. And when at length she lay sleeping amidst the golden glory of her loosened hair, her face like a pale sage lily in its midst, I stole downstairs, first faithfully locking the door behind me and pocketing the key.

The garden between walls was filled with the roseate glow of sunset as I stepped forth into it, and the night promised fair. The earth was damp and fragrant from the April storm of the night before, and the new buds seemed to have doubled their endeavor to make the world green overnight. On the edges of the paths the frail hothouse-born tulips lay beaten into the earth. But in the meadow toward the river the wild crocuses marched bravely. Robins were warbling their mellow sunset note, and the world seemed sweetly peaceful and greatly at variance with my mood.

With my mind continually revolving the problem at hand I walked about the bordered barren beds with a step that was listless enough in good sooth, pausing now and again to glance up at the walls of the fine dwelling, which was now to all intents and purposes a prison. And after a little I began to realize that my attention was turning more and more frequently to the window that had been Sandro's and the problem of his escape.

That he had come out by the window upon the first occasion of my discovering him in the library, and simply let himself in at the casement door, was plain enough, leaving his door locked from the inside to avoid invasion by the other servants; indeed it had developed that it had been his habit to keep his door locked during the entire period of his employment in the house. But how had he got there? That was the question. So far as one could see there was absolutely no means of reaching the ground from that third story, unless one excepted a frail and narrow wooden lattice intended for the encouragement of vines, which extended upward to the level of the higher windows.

Obeying an impulse I went over and made examination of this lattice, and the riddle was a riddle no longer.

"I wonder, I wonder!" I said aloud.

"I often have, myself!" agreed a cheerful voice behind me.

With a guilty start I turned about, and there, of all people on earth, was Richard, the chauffeur, big nose and all, smiling at me in his familiar, friendly manner.

"Richard!" I cried warmly. "What brought you here?"

"I—say, Aunt Mary, I had to come, that was all," he said with troubled eyes. "It's Peaches. You know how I feel about her—how I have felt all along. I had to see her. It was as if she needed me. Just a fool hunch. But I came. I couldn't help it—you understand?"

"Understand?" I cried. "Bless the boy, I do!" Then a way out of our situation began to make itself clear in my brain and I seized him by the arm, dragging him to a bench out of general sight from the house and making him sit beside me, greatly to his bewilderment.

"Richard," I said solemnly, "have you been at the house yet?"

"Why, no!" said he. "I came right into the garden when I saw you as I came along the drive."

"Does anybody know you are coming?"

"Not a soul!" declared Dicky. "Why all this mystery?"

"Listen!" I said rapidly. "Something awful has happened. Peaches is a prisoner. Your intuition was right. She—we need your help, and need it badly."

"Is she hurt?" he asked. "A prisoner? What in the name——"

"I want you to get a big powerful automobile and have it at the entrance of the park at twelve o'clock to-night. As soon as you arrive, park your car, and come to the foot of that trellis over there. When you get there give the whistle you used to call Peaches with. If you get an answer, wait for us. If after half an hour you don't hear anything, call me on the telephone first thing in the morning. Is that clear?"

"Yes—but Great Scott! What's wrong?" he exclaimed.

"Never you mind, except that something is very wrong here. Markheim is an unspeakable beast, and Mr. Pegg is trying to force Peaches into going through with the marriage in spite of what she has found out. He has locked her in her room, which opens into mine."

"Well, why not unlock her, then?" he asked with stupid masculine simplicity. "Haven't you got a key?"

"I have," I said. "But I have given him my word not to unlock it to let her out!"

"But you'll break your word!" he said with a satisfied grin.

"Not at all!" I disclaimed the suggestion. "Not at all. However, I made no promise in regard to the window. And with your assistance——"

"I get you!" cried Dicky, springing to his feet. "Twelve sharp to-night it is. And I'd better be off now before the old boys get back from town and spot me—eh, what?"

"Yes," I agreed.

Then I hesitated. Should I tell him of the duke? Was it possible that he had not seen the afternoon paper? Evidently so, since he had not commented upon the robbery. Assuredly they had escaped his notice. And why tell the poor lovesick boy about Alicia's part in it? I had a feeling that he would be even more effective in assisting us if he did not know until we were well on our way that night. So I merely repeated my instructions and hurried from him to impart the glad tidings to my charge and then to secure my knitting, in order that I might be flaunting that badge of womanly innocence in the drawing-room when those wretched cave men, Markheim and Mr. Pegg, came down dressed for dinner.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Cut down the wastage on your portable electric cord

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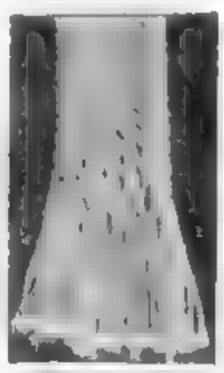

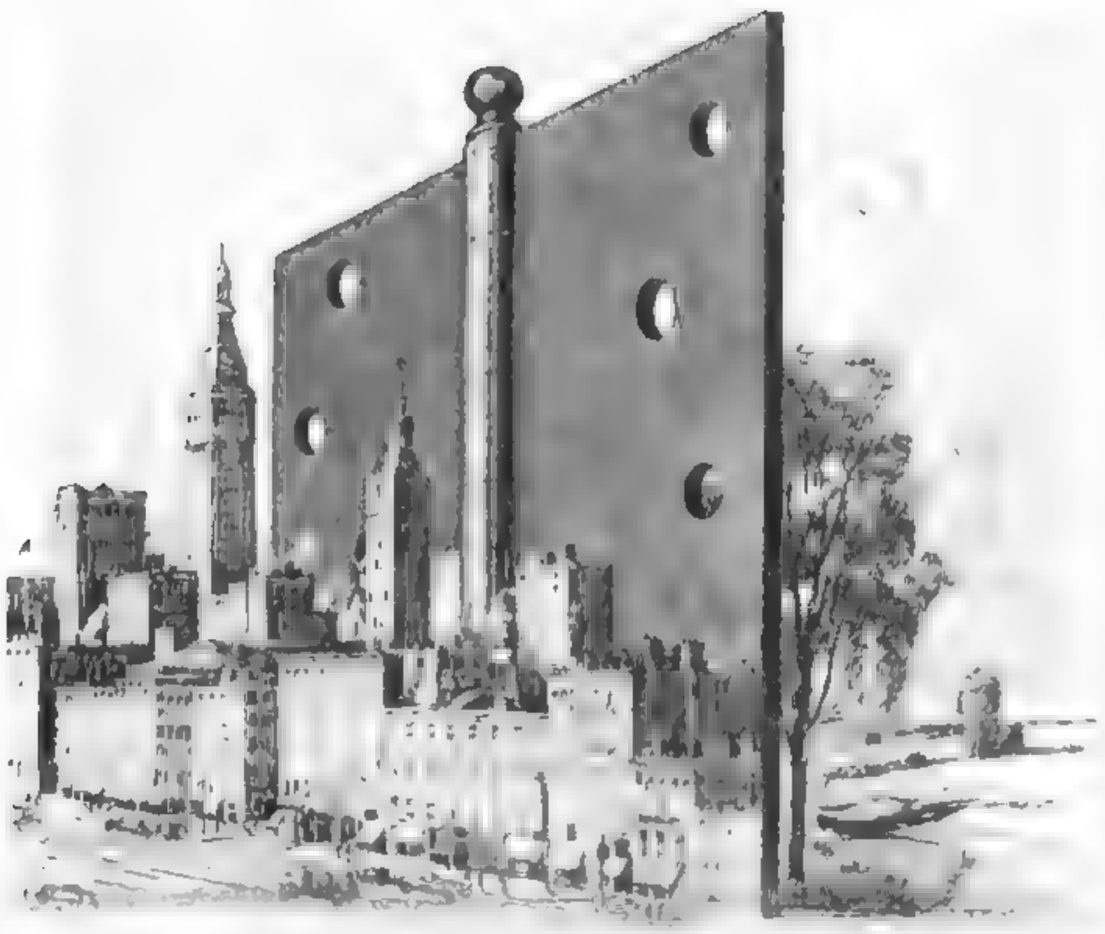

The HINGE harbors Activity

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Looking for the McKinney mark on the hinges or butts you buy is a precaution—a careful-buyer sign. When planning for building or repairs you'll do well to locate the McKinney dealer in your neighborhood. He is always a good man to deal with.

You can get McKinney Hinges and Butts to match any architectural design. Whether for heavy factory door, home interiors or rustic gate, they combine pleasant design with practical everyday service. There is a size to fill every hinge need perfectly.

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Also manufacturers of garage and farm building door-hardware, furniture hardware and McKinney One-Man Trucks. These McKinney One-Man Trucks eliminate the need of extra helpers and cut trucking costs in half.

THE REDS AND THE GLANDS

(Continued from Page 7)

misgrowth, malnutrition or destruction of a part of the brain. In these cases we have forms of insanity, of idiocy, imbecility and mental deficiency in general.

But the form of disturbance which needs most consideration here is that of the functional activity of the brain cell. This comes about through toxins left in the body by diseases, such as typhoid, pneumonia, scarlet fever, infected teeth or even through the absorption into the body of poisons from the intestines. These poisons upset the glands and disease them. The glands discharge too much or too little of their secretions, which act unfavorably on the nerve centers, and the evil work is done. We have an unstable, overemotional, uncontrolled person, likely to commit anything from the most harmless *faux pas* to the most atrocious murder, entirely according to the degree of disturbance and the kind of concept that comes into the mind at some crucial moment.

Again, to be perfectly plain, a person so afflicted—and there are millions of them in the world—is to a greater or lesser degree unable to control his acts. He is liable to emotional pressures which may drive him to the most incredible follies, the most unspeakable crimes. At best such a disturbance makes this person an unstable, unreliable, excitable fellow, swayed into any mad course by but slight causes.

But the cases in which this emotional disturbance is caused by toxins left behind by disease are perhaps the exceptions. In the great majority of such experiences the disease of the endocrins and the resulting sick nerve centers has been brought about by emotional shocks, thrills, excitement, strains—as Doctor Schlapp phrases it, by the stresses of life. And note this well, for here is the thing that has been unseating the reason of the world; that for fifty years has been undermining all the structures of Western mankind. We shall return to this problem presently.

Just now, the case of a woman who suffered this trouble. Not long ago this refined and wealthy wife lost her husband suddenly through an accident. She was much more deeply attached to him than seems to be the rule in these disturbed days. She had always been of a deeply emotional nature, high-strung and liable to deep excitement. Not only was she badly shocked by his death but she was inconsolable. She grieved and brooded. Every sorrow only made progress toward greater grief. She found no nepenthe in anything. Finally her suffering became so acute that she was seized with a form of phobia, which grew more pronounced with time. At first she could not leave the house and go upon the streets, for the sight of strangers such as she had seen at the funeral threw her into uncontrollable agonies. Next she was unable to see even her closest friends, for they evoked thoughts of the dead man. Several cures were attempted, with but little effect. One night the relatives of this woman induced her to go to a theater, hoping that a comedy would give her some distraction and turn her thoughts from painful channels.

When Emotion Rules

Suddenly, after the fun had been in progress about twenty minutes, this correct and socially formal woman jumped up from her seat, rushed home from the theater without giving the slightest excuse and locked herself in her room, to be racked by a frenzy of weeping. Here is one of the almost invariable manifestations of this form of illness—the sudden and irresistible impulse to act, to run away, to weep, to laugh hysterically, to steal, to commit any sort of uncontrolled act.

It is pleasant to record that this woman was treated and eventually rid of her trouble. She had an endocrin disturbance brought about by continued grief, excitement and shock.

Everyone has seen the man who tries to drown himself in drink after a bereavement and the men and women who are forced to turn to all sorts of dissipation. The strain and excitement of strong emotional passages call for ever more excitement and stimulation and the thing goes on at an increasing rate of speed till the disaster comes.

The emotions, such as fear, anger, excitement, suspense, anticipation, sorrow, grief and various shocks, including pain, stimulate the suprarenal gland to overactivity. The suprarenal begins to give off too much of its hormone. This secretion starts the thyroid and very likely the pituitary glands to racing, so that they too give off too much of their substance. All these hormones begin to attack the nerve centers in the emotional side of the brain and they bring about a lowering of the point at which the emotions override the intellectual controls and cause rash acts. What happens specifically is that the hormones from these glands bring about a lowering of the explosion point of various cell substances, especially in the nervous system and particularly in those cells which discharge emotional waves.

But the deeper trouble lies in the fact that these newly discharged emotional waves again react on the suprarenal, causing that organ to accelerate still further the speed of its hormone discharging. This additional hormone again acts on the thyroid and pituitary, which are lashed to redoubled efforts. They give off still more of their stimulating substance, and this reattacks the emotional cells, causing still more feeling and frenzy. By means of a vicious circle progressively greater activity in the glands causes constantly intensified emotional waves and these again augment the discharge of the glands. The thing can end only in a complete blowup unless something steps in to break the circle. The original emotion, which started the endocrins on their hyperactivity, came from without, but the following emotional waves are created in the sufferer himself and his own excitable nature is his undoing.

The Chemistry of Control

Doctor Schlapp tells of the case of a man who was normal in other respects and of a highly intelligent type, but emotionally disturbed. And just here it ought to be said that these sufferers are often of the very highest type intellectually. They are not mad. They are not mental deficients, as idiots and imbeciles are. They are mental defectives. I use these two terms in their exact meanings. There is no deficiency of intellect, no lack of what is commonly called brains. Indeed many of the foremost geniuses and the best thinkers may be rated in this class. Such persons simply are suffering from a defect in the functional activity of their brain cells. This defect, brought about by a bad hormone mixture, causes what is technically called a lowering of the threshold of functional activity.

Such a term may seem like a lot to swallow at one gulp. It ought, however, to be clear in the light of my previous explanations. In plain terms, it means a lowering of the point at which the emotional cells explode and give off their stored energy. It means that the point at which the intellectual side of the brain is robbed of its control has been lowered. To make another simple comparison, it is as if several layers of stone had been taken off the top of a dam and the waters allowed to flow over unrestricted. That is just what happens in the mind. The threshold—dam—is lowered and the emotions—waters—flow over unrestrained.

The man in question was, as I say, of a superior mental type, but his threshold was too low. It was too low because there was too much of the gland secretions free in his body. The fine chemical balance of his blood was disturbed. Chemicals were in his blood in improper proportions.

Let us see what happened to him. He was leaving an institution one night and failed to observe that the outer door of the vestibule had been locked and the key taken away. The inner door closed behind him and secured itself with an automatic lock. There he was, imprisoned in the vestibule, with little likelihood that anyone would discover his predicament before morning. He was shocked to find himself caught. The shock reacted on his suprarenal, which gave too much hormone to the thyroid and pituitary. These spilled too much of their juices upon the nerve centers—the emotional explosions began. These again whipped up the suprarenal, and the vicious circle was in full swing. The man got more and more excited. He pounded, yelled, screamed, beat his hands bloody, butted his head against the wall, rushed

(Continued on Page 165)

Patented May 13, 1913, May 6, 1919

KREOLITE WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

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Blabon Art Linoleums in plain colors make admirable floors for dancing, especially when waxed and polished. Their smooth surface, practically devoid of cracks; their cleanliness; their quietness; their resilience, all make them a joy to the tread—a comfort to tripping toes.

Not only have the beauty and easy-to-keep-clean qualities of Blabon Art Linoleums earned them a place for every room in the house, but they are approved for floors of public buildings, hotel corridors, libraries, churches, auditoriums and other places where large and brilliant assemblages gather.

The Blabon floor shown here is of plain brown linoleum. The color goes clear through to the burlap back, as do the patterns shown below, which are also appropriate for such a floor. Their beauty will remain through all the years the linoleum itself endures.

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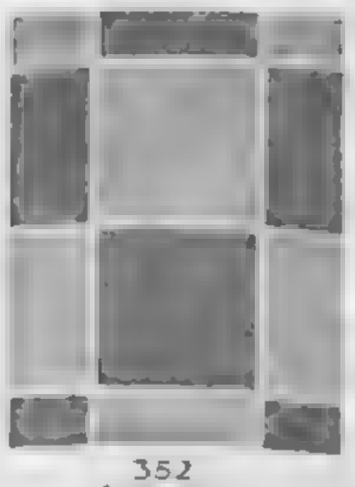
The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia

Established 69 years



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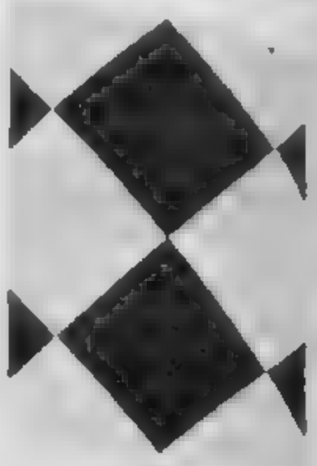

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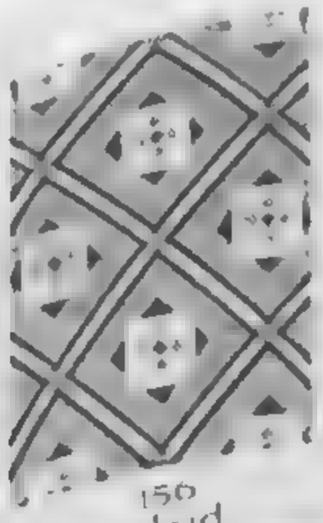

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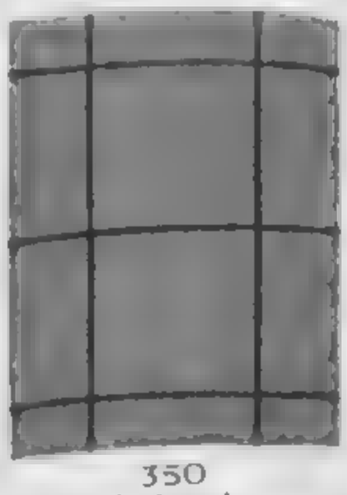

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against the doors. Finally, with a supreme burst of emotion, he broke through the inner door and fell crashing into the hallway, where he collapsed and was later found unconscious.

Any ordinary man would probably have tried to attract attention, and failing, would have lain down on the rugs and gone to sleep. It was warm and safe in the vestibule. The man was well known in the institution. Nothing could have gone amiss. But he got excited and his endocrins got to work with his nerve centers and undid him.

Thereafter the man was for a time unable to leave his home. When he did manage to go out he walked into an entrance of the New York Subway and down to the platform. He had no more than reached this place when the concept of being locked in flashed through his mind. He began to quake and tremble in every joint. His mouth grew dry. His eyes stared. He turned and rushed madly up to the street and the open air, and he was never able to enter the Subway again until he had been treated and his cure effected.

There can be no doubt of the action of these gland secretions on the nerve centers or of chemical unbalance in the blood on the same delicate regions. A rabbit treated with strychnine becomes so oversensitive that ordinary light will throw it into the most violent spasms. A breath of air suddenly blown upon the fur of such an animal will give it a shock sufficient to make it unconscious.

The experiments of Doctor Cannon, professor of physiology at Harvard, and of other investigators, show how shock and excitement augment the discharge of the suprarenal hormone. Doctor Cannon has taken from animals the blood as it flows from the suprarenal gland before and after strong excitement and his analyses have shown invariably a much greater quantity of the suprarenal extract after the shock or thrill—after the emotional wave has been let loose.

A Case of True Kleptomania

One of the physiological facts which make the investigation and the treatment of these subtle troubles so difficult is that all these glands seem to work in a sort of unison. There is not only the vicious circle of emotion which releases hormone and of hormone which explodes further emotion, but there is the fact that all the organs of the endocrin system seem to react and interact. When one becomes disturbed all the others will be more or less deranged, and all must be repaired before the treatment can be successful.

It is as if an intricate and delicate line of machinery manufacturing a highly explosive material were operating on a common belt in an industrial plant. The line of machinery is the endocrin system, the belt is the connecting flow among the organs and the plant is the human being. Such a series of individual machines takes in raw materials at one end and begins the conversion of these into a finished product. Each individual machine down the line performs one or more operations. All these machines must move synchronously, smoothly, without halt. If one becomes disordered or clogged it cannot send the materials on to the next at the proper rate at the right moment. The fault in one machine throws the whole line out. It may throw the belt off or destroy it. A complete breakdown in the line of machines may blow up the plant. So with the human being and his line of hormone-making machines.

The variety of outbreaks such disturbances may cause among humanity is endless. The daughter of a wealthy man had been guilty from early childhood of small thefts. She could not control the impulse to take money and small valuables belonging to others. Again, she constantly made up the weirdest fictions about herself, put herself into imagined dramatic situations, told pathological lies and sent her relatives scurrying in the maddest excitement by her fabrications. She did all this because her distrait nervous system required constant added excitement. Finally she was caught shoplifting in a city department store and arrested. Her pilfering was absurdly small—some mere article of clothing or adornment such as her father would have bought her by the gross had she asked. Here was this young, blooming, handsome girl, rich as anyone ought to wish to be, and yet unable to keep from petty thievery. She was treated and turned out a normal human being.

Another girl could not refrain from talking in an office where she was employed She was warned again and again. She tried to keep still and let the work of her place go on. Her employer had some insight and had the girl examined. She was suffering from lowered emotional threshold. She felt the impulse to talk and could not control it.

A young man had the habit of bursting suddenly into song or whistling as he worked at his desk. At other times he broke forth into sudden loud talking to himself. Again he blurted out political and personal opinions against our authorities which were so repellent that he got himself into trouble. He too was found to have an endocrin disturbance, a bad chemical balance of the blood and a lowered threshold.

Still another young man was repeatedly afflicted with the sudden and vivid image or concept of a fight which leaped into his mind at the most inopportune moments, often when he was walking quietly along a street. At such times he either launched out violently and struck down the nearest spectator or he was seized with panic and could not help running for blocks at a furious speed, stopping only when he was exhausted almost to the point of collapse.

Far more dramatic and complex than any of these was the case of a young man who had served his country in the war. I cite his trouble as exemplifying the effect of long-continued strains on unstable people. The war and his experiences in the Navy had been a drain on the boy. He had seen active service on the other side and suffered protracted emotions of fear and suspense. He came back worn and keyed up. He was given a place in the office of a New York broker. This boy was of a respectable family. He was of a clean, almost a fine type. Nothing had ever been said against his character and honesty. But he was poor and had a mother to provide for. The strain of poverty was present.

An elder boy, working for another broker, suggested to the hero of this story that he might use some of the firm's money for a few hours and make a killing. The lad was horrified at the suggestion and shunned his tempter. But the concept of making this money dwelt in his mind. It goaded him. The other boy saw him again and renewed his urgings. The poor victim lost sleep, got more and more worked up and finally took a thousand dollars which he had been told to bank. He speculated and lost the money in an hour. Instead of running away or trying to conceal his theft, he went to his employer and told him the complete circumstances. This man liked his employee and believed that one good lesson would be enough for him. He put the youth back to work with the understanding that a small sum would be taken from his wages weekly until the whole thousand dollars was repaid.

Lowered Resistance

The boy brooded about his theft and the shortage in his pay envelope. He grew intensely disturbed emotionally. He began to see in the papers the accounts of holdups by which the criminals had got large sums of money. The concept of committing such a crime and solving his money problems leaped into the brain of this unstable boy. He resisted with all his power, but the thing haunted him. He walked the floor night after night. One morning he put a revolver into his pocket, left the house without breakfast and walked rather aimlessly down the street. At one point he picked up a piece of pipe and hid it under his coat. He went on until he passed a pawnshop where diamonds and Liberty Bonds were displayed in the window. The notion of getting one of these bonds and discharging his debt came into his mind. He entered the place without any definite plan of action.

Just as the pawnbroker was showing some rings the telephone rang and he stepped to the rear of the store. The boy followed him and felled him with a blow from the pipe. In that moment all the young fellow's forces seemed to leave him. He trembled violently, let his weapon fall from his nerveless grasp and turned to fly. He made no effort to rob the store. Instead he rushed away. The pawnbroker, who had been no more than stunned, gave the alarm and the boy was caught.

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Corns Will End

when you touch them

Millions of people know that corns are ended by an application of Blue-jay.

One tells another about it, and now a large percentage of all corns are ended in this scientific way.

A touch applies Blue-jay—the liquid or the plaster. The pain then stops, and soon the whole corn loosens and comes out—usually in a couple of days.

Your every corn trouble can be quickly ended.

Gentle, easy, sure

The Blue-jay method is gentle and yet sure. The old harsh treatments are unnecessary.

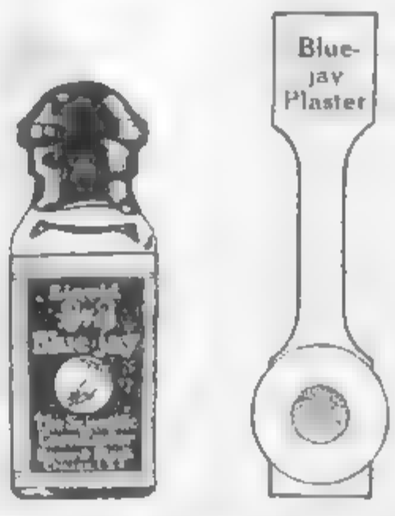
It is vastly easier than paring a corn.

Blue-jay is made by the B & B laboratories, of world-wide repute.

You owe yourself a test. Corns should never be permitted. Millions have found the way to end them. It is time for you.

See what Blue-jay does on one corn—and tonight. Buy from your druggist.

B&B Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender



Liquid or Plaster

Blue-jay comes in both forms now. Tell your druggist which you want.

Both forms apply the same scientific method. Both are quick and easy—both are sure.

The corn pain ends and the corn comes out with either.

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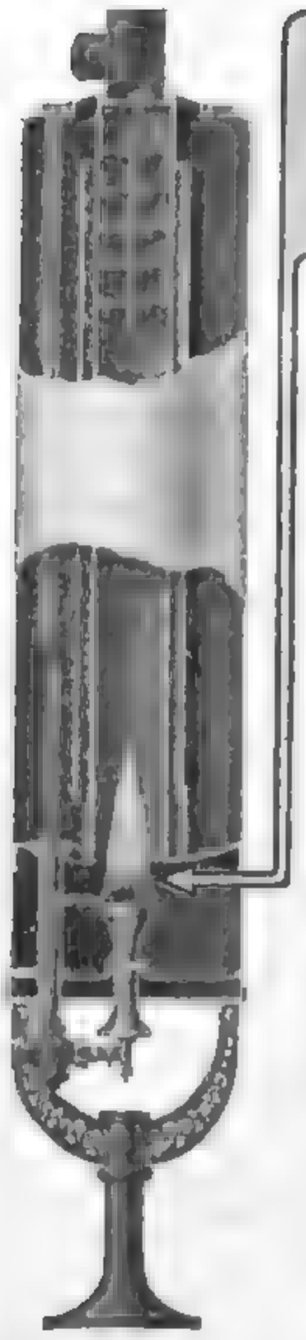

The Flame within the Water!

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Odorless
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DISTRIBUTORS: Write for information upon the new Lawson Boiler-heater. Simple in construction, easy to install. No cast sections, no circulating pipes to clog up, or rust the water. Consumes less gas. It is the coming popular gas heater.

Flame does not come in contact with any metal

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DETACHES PANTS
Son may be just a "kid" in short pants, but he's a man at heart. Promote his manly pride by getting him the
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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A Real Supporter — Not an underwaist that keeps parts and buttons neatly in place. Saves Mother rubbing, mending and button sewing. The long-lasting, elastic webbing "gives" freely to every move.
At Boys' Clothing, Furnishing and Notion Departments or write us. $1.00 and up.
DEALERS: Buy from your jobber or from us.
HARRIS SUSPENDER CO.
624 Broadway, at 4th St., New York
HOLDS HOSE
DETACHES HOSE

It is well to observe that this youth is in no real sense a criminal and in no ethical sense responsible for his acts. He may have known their nature and consequences, making him liable to the law, but he was not able to control himself. His crimes were entirely involuntary. He is a mental defective in the sense of being emotionally disturbed. Too much endocrin extract in his blood.

Let us compare this case with that of the Chicago physician who became a radical. This man had been subjected, as was the boy, to prolonged emotional strains. He too was a nervous, fiery, unstable man, likely to be swayed to extreme courses by his feelings. In his case there was at first no personal issue involved, but in many individuals the sympathetic regard for others may stir the emotions as deeply as sufferings which strike directly home. It is an intensified feeling of human fellowship. It is in principle the same thing which operates when we witness a drama and are moved to the depths by sufferings that not only belong to others but that are totally fictitious. The strange hero of the Chicago story was worked up gradually through a whole winter of watching the despair and agony of other men; by coming into contact with their wounds and woes. His feelings activated his suprarenal and started his endocrins and nerves on their fatal circulation of evil stimuli. His emotional threshold was lowered. He went out to join in the demonstration of the sufferers. He lost his head, was brutalized and suffered a complete explosion.

We have here a more dramatic instance than may be usual. But the same set of compellents are at work in the case of all firebrands, according to Doctor Schlapp and his followers.

In cases of gland disturbance and consequent oversensitiveness of the nerves and the emotional centers the sufferers nearly always manifest inability to brook restraints. They chafe at order and control. Their personal efficiency is lowered. They find the pace of the world too hot for them. They see conditions about them ill suited to their nervous requirements, ill ordered for their security and comfort. And so they are, but the fault lies more with the individual than with a civilization whose imperfections may be cheerfully admitted.

Such individuals are the natural firebrands, agitators, radicals. They feel the necessity—to them—of changing the sorry scheme of things entire. The strongest among such people become the leaders and instigators of revolution and general unrest. They are able to sway others like them but less well equipped, less strong in dramatic ability. When the condition of nervous disturbance is sufficiently widespread in any region, such leaders are able to rally about them numbers sufficient to overthrow the existing order.

A Whole Town Affected

Some years ago a poor white girl in a minor Western city was attacked by a negro. There was immediate excitement, but no turmoil. This was not a Southern city; not a place likely to start a lynching bee. There was a comparatively small black population, generally as well behaved as the white. The town was essentially Northern and there was no antinegro feeling. The affair was discussed in every home, no doubt, but the quest for the guilty man was left to the police.

A few days later, however, the daughter of a prominent man, a girl well known and highly popular in the community, was chased by a negro who caught her and was forced to release her only when her screams attracted passers-by. This second episode began the inflammation of the townspeople. Rewards were offered and many amateur sleuths joined in the search. The newspapers were full of accounts and theories every day. But a week went by and no trace had been found of the guilty man. Every negro was now more or less suspected. A feeling began to grow up.

To make things worse, a fresh attempt against a young woman was made, but she escaped by her fleetness. Now the town was in a fever. Nothing else was talked of. The police were inundated with complaints and anonymous letters and worthless clews. A newspaper began to attack the officers and demand the capture of the criminal.

Finally, one misty morning after the lapse of another week, the dead body of a widely known young woman was found in a railroad cut at the edge of the city. She had obviously been the victim of this degenerate.

Three days later, after the police had been flooded with that type of strange letter which always pours in on officials after every dramatic crime, revealing the neurotics and pathologues in a community better than anything else might, a young negro was arrested. He was undoubtedly touched with mania and apparently guilty. For safety he was transferred out of the city, but he had to be brought back a few days later for arraignment. Meantime the newspapers flared with extravagant accounts, little groups formed on the corners, the saloons filled with excited men choking over their threats. The funeral of the slain girl was attended by thousands of morbid people. It took no knowledge of technical psychology to understand that the repeated shocks and excitements had this town on the verge of emotional fulmination. As the day of the mad criminal's arraignment approached the town grew more and more unstable. It was certain that the man could be brought to court only at desperate risk.

A mob of several thousand men, women and children surrounded the courthouse. Every face was strained with excitement. The man was led through this rabble by a heavily armed group of sheriffs. He got to the court safely, was arraigned, refused to admit his guilt and was taken back through the square, down the street and to the county jail without more than a menacing movement from the crowd.

Is Half the World Mad?

Once in the jail, however, the danger of the culprit began to be real. The crowd outside was milling, growing more excited, waxing in numbers. One man of the town mounted the band stand in the courthouse square and began to harangue the crowd in the most inflammatory terms. Finally he sprang down and made a rush for the jail. Here the sheriff displayed his arms and held back this impetuous leader, who retired and left the field to less voluble and more determined men. New leaders, swayed by the first man's oratory, sprang forward and assumed control. They rushed the sheriff and drove him indoors. They got a telegraph pole from a near-by siding, manned it with a dozen stout fellows on either side and battered down the steel door of the jail.

The negro was seized and carried to the scene of his murder. Here he was burned at the stake in the presence of perhaps ten thousand persons, among whom only one man—an ancient retired judge—lifted a voice against the atrocity. Only his venerability saved him from similar outrage at the hands of the furious town.

This horrible drama continued to be the chief conversational piece in the city for a year afterward and for months it could not be referred to without the risk of exciting the most incontinent feelings.

Here is no common lynching case, where a group of hot-heads get together and satisfy an abnormal passion by savagely putting to death an abnormal criminal. This was a case of an entire community lashed to the emotional explosion point by excitements which came originally from without but continued to be augmented from within.

What happened to the numerous individuals whose cases I have cited, what overtook the Chicago physician and the town which lynched the negro has, within limits, befallen our whole Western world. It has come about gradually, through the years, through a couple of generations. Its causes have been various, deep, subtle. Instead of a sudden dramatic attack on the emotional equilibrium of the nations, such as happened in the case of the lynching town, this thing has been creeping over the world for slow decades, undermining our stability, gnawing at the roots of our culture.

Doctor Schlapp received me recently in his laboratory and gave me a statement of his opinions in this matter.

"For more than fifty years," said the professor of neuropathology, "the pace of the world has been gradually quickened. Industrialism has assumed the foremost material rôle in that period and the demand for human efficiency has constantly increased. This is one factor. Again, our manufacturing age has drawn many men and women from the farms and villages into

(Continued on Page 169)

1¾ Pounds of Dirt

from a 9 x 12 rug

This is a true story of the way dust accumulates without the housekeeper's knowledge. It proves how homes, to be well kept, should be equipped with a Premier Vacuum Cleaner.

The owner of the rug in question cleaned her rugs the old-fashioned way. She swept and brushed them and every so often sent them to the cleaners.

This especial rug lay in a room very seldom used. It wasn't cleaned quite so often as the others.

Then the Premier was bought and the revelation followed. The dirt it extracted from this 9 x 12 rug weighed *one and three-quarter pounds!*

The owner refused to believe it until it was actually weighed and the scales told the story.

You may perhaps say that this is an extraordinary case —that the average rug couldn't be so horribly dirty.

A home demonstration of the Premier has amazed many a woman who kept her rugs as clean as ordinary methods can.

Powerful suction
The thorough cleaning method

The process which actually gets the dust and dirt from rugs, carpets and also the floor beneath is suction —powerful suction, such as is developed by the Premier.

While light as a toy—though weighing less than 12 pounds —the Premier develops more power than other machines.

This powerful current of air extracts every grain of dust, without the slightest wear on the rug. It raises nap and freshens texture. It increases wearing qualities.

It also makes the Premier attachments really efficient. They clean curtains, hangings, walls, upholstered furniture, pillows and mattresses. They dust floors, woodwork, chandeliers, pictures, radiators. They leave the dustcloth hardly enough to do.

The New Premier
MODEL 19 ELECTRIC CLEANER

Have a Home Demonstration

The only way to prove that the Premier is an indispensable appliance, essential to proper modern housekeeping, is to accept our offer of a home demonstration.

Phone the nearest Premier dealer. (If you don't know his name, write us and we will have him see you.) This dealer will send a demonstrator with proper credentials who will clean a rug for you and thoroughly demonstrate the Premier and its attachments and will explain the easy payment terms.

Only then can you decide if it is really worth while trying to worry along without this greatest aid to efficient homemaking. Nine women out of ten decide it isn't and the Premier never goes back to the store. The Premier is made in two models —one with power-driven brush, the other with suction-driven brush. Write for the name of the Premier dealer nearest you today.

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Making Time double the yield

Time is one of the most important elements in American agriculture today

WITH the whole world dependent on our utmost crop acreage—the short season for tillage—the necessity for swiftness in harvesting and threshing—the amount of work that can be put through each day becomes the vital issue.

Twin City 12-20 makes Time double the yield—more than double it—multiply it many times. For into Twin City is built the utmost dependability—freedom from lay-offs—certainty of performance where the going is worst.

Its 16 valve (valve-in-head) engine provides great surplus power, with more economy; Twin City success in alloy steels and heat treatment accounts for its great strength and light weight.

Write for the interesting story of the full Twin City line. It includes a tractor for every acreage and every use, besides Twin City All-Steel Threshers in three sizes and Twin City Motor Trucks.

Built to do the work—not to meet a price.

Branches and wide distribution for immediate service. Correspondence is invited from dealers in territories not covered.

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Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Co. of Canada, Ltd.—Winnipeg, Man.; Regina, Sask.; Calgary, Alta.

(Continued from Page 166)

the cities. These men have been taken from what I term fundamental or essential production into the production of articles of modernity whose basic necessity is open to grave doubts.

"This rush to the cities has greatly augmented the complexity of life, and it is a well-known principle of biology, which applies as much to the social state as to a fish or a man, that the complexity of an organism adds to its vulnerability.

"We have seen the pace of life grow hotter in many other respects. Our extravagance is what it never was before. Our quest of pleasure, of constant excitement, is now so pronounced that no student of human nerves can look upon it without the gravest apprehension. Our home life has disappeared. Leisure, contentment, quiescence have gone out of the world. The family gathered at the fireside in the evening is a homely picture which has receded into the memory and is now looked on only with laughter.

"Everything has been speeded up. We rush here and there in automobiles at incredible rates of speed and we shall soon be magnifying this speed in the airplane. We are under the constant strain of speed in our pleasure as well as in our work.

"In our business life the strain and turmoil have constantly been punched up. We are traveling at a rate never witnessed before. The contest for material possessions, which formerly drove only limited numbers at high power, now takes in the great majority of mankind and ever-growing proportions of womankind."

The Increase of Crime

"Observe now what happens. The number of men and women willing to remain on the farms and in small communities, producing the fruits of fields and orchards without which the human race cannot survive, grows less every year. The congestion of the cities and the manufacture of luxuries augment every year. Worse than this, the number of men and women who are absolute consumers, who are engaged in utterly senseless occupations and turn back to the world nothing of real value is rising at an appalling rate. I speak of men and women who supply nothing but decorations, extravagance, inane and harmful amusements, disturbing shows, and the like.

"If less of the fundamental necessities are produced their price must go up and the struggle of existence be made thereby the more fierce.

"Humanity cannot stand to have its nerve forces taxed beyond a certain point. Though there is no way of measuring the exact strain which the human being can carry, it is certain that the resistance is limited and that the limit has been reached. We test steel to see what strain it will bear, and only madmen try to make it carry an excess. We do not dream of loading our engines, our machinery in general, with tasks they were not made to perform. But we have slowly, for two generations, increased the strains put upon human brain and nerves until a general breaking down is in prospect."

"How does this apply to the present world unrest?" I asked.

"The world is restive and revolutionary," he replied, "because all men cannot bear the same strains and because the tension of life has now become so great that only the strongest can bear it. The weaker ones—those whose nerve forces are not so great and whose nervous systems are not so resistant—have been suffering keenly under the pressure and gradually falling out of the impossible race. These men and women have become excitable, resentful, emotional. They have found the world ill suited to their needs. Their emotion has stimulated their endocrins and these have upset their whole nervous equipment. Fifty years ago neurasthenia was unknown. To-day it is common—one of the commonest complaints.

"The emotionally unstable are people whose endocrins are disturbed. They are the emotional types which fill the ranks of the disturbers and agitators. They form the inflammable mass of the population which may be led to the destruction of our society by leaders themselves swayed by their sick nerves and glands—by their unbalanced emotions rather than by their intellects."

"Why do you say," I wanted to know, "that a general breaking down is likely? Are there any signs of it?"

"Are there!" Doctor Schlapp ejaculated. "To the neurologist the evidences of the gradual sapping of our nervous energy and normality are everywhere. The statistics on criminality, insanity and mental deficiency alone are enough to convince any thinking person. In the matter of crime there can be no doubt of a most disquieting increase. In America we know that the prisons are full and that more must be built to accommodate the growing numbers of lawbreakers. This increase is out of all proportion to our population growth. If you will remind readers that more than nine-tenths of all criminals are mental deficients or defectives, it will not be hard for them to understand the relevancy. We have more crime because we have more bad nervous systems.

"America is not alone in this. It is true all over Europe. In Prussia, for instance, where the crime rate is very low compared with ours but where we have most reliable statistics, the number of convicted criminals per one hundred thousand of the population was nine hundred and ninety-six in 1882 and twelve hundred and twenty-nine in 1906. The increase has been in proportion since that time.

"Again the numbers of the insane have increased all over the civilized world. We have not kept reliable count of our mad people in this country for a period long enough to make American calculations worth while. What we do know is that the asylums are crowded and more must be built. For figures we may take England. In 1859, with a population of about nineteen and a half millions, England reported thirty-six thousand seven hundred and sixty-two insane. In 1910, with a population of about thirty-six millions, her insane numbered one hundred and thirty thousand five hundred and fifty-three. Other countries show similar contrasts, and what is true of the insane and the criminal is applicable to the feeble-minded, to the idiot and to the imbecile."

"Does endocrin disturbance figure in insanity, feeble-mindedness and criminality in general?" I asked.

"Mainly through heredity, largely through the mother," the scientist replied. "You raise an aspect of the problem that often seems to me the most serious of all. The modern woman will not like my views on the subject. She has a way of resenting science whenever it seems to disagree with her notions and desires. However, the fact is that the stress of modern life is telling on women very severely and through them on their offspring."

Eating Her Loaf

"We have seen that trouble in the glands causes bad chemical balance in the body, in the blood. Naturally a mother who has not the proper chemicals or the proper proportions of them in her does not supply the necessary substances to her child in the period of gestation. Therefore the child's cell growth is abnormal and it may come into the world very unstable or feeble-minded. Disturbances of this sort in the mother have a way of acting most often on the delicate cells of the child's brain. The figures show that this tragic thing is happening with constantly greater frequency. The reasons are not far to seek.

"By nature woman was designed to be the quiescent and man the active part of the race. She was made to keep the home, to bear the children, to be the conservative factor, the perpetuator of institutions. Man was designed for the struggle, for the quest of living necessities. In terms of biology, woman is anabolic and man katabolic. That is to say, he is designed to discharge energy, she to store it. This she must do. She was intended to be quiet and to store up vital forces and chemical substances against the drain of the great crises in female life. Man may burn up his substances, if he does not go too far. Woman must reserve hers. If she does not she lacks the vitality for childbirth and her offspring may be defective in one way or another.

"Our women are rushing and hurrying along with their men. Whether they are being drawn into industry, whether they are seeking the fatal goal of equality with men or whether they are merely wearing themselves down in the quest of excitement, pleasure, notoriety, social leadership—it all comes to the same thing. Woman cannot eat her loaf of reserve force and have it. She cannot struggle and strive and yet be a sound mother. All the pretty doctrines and all the gallant arguments in the world will

Can you thread straight pipe, bent pipe — nipples and bolts with — equal ease

THE OSTER MFG. CO. Cleveland

OSTER

PIPE-THREADING MACHINES

D-FLEKT-O-*the Correct Side Shield*

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WHEN the sun beats down or your motor makes the car too warm, *swing your D-FLEKT-O Side Shields and enjoy a delightful breeze, without direct draft on anyone in the car!*

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D-FLEKT-Os are the one accessory you cannot afford to be without. Always useful, summer or winter—making your car handsomer, safer, more comfortable. Absolutely correct in principle, D-FLEKT-Os assure you:—

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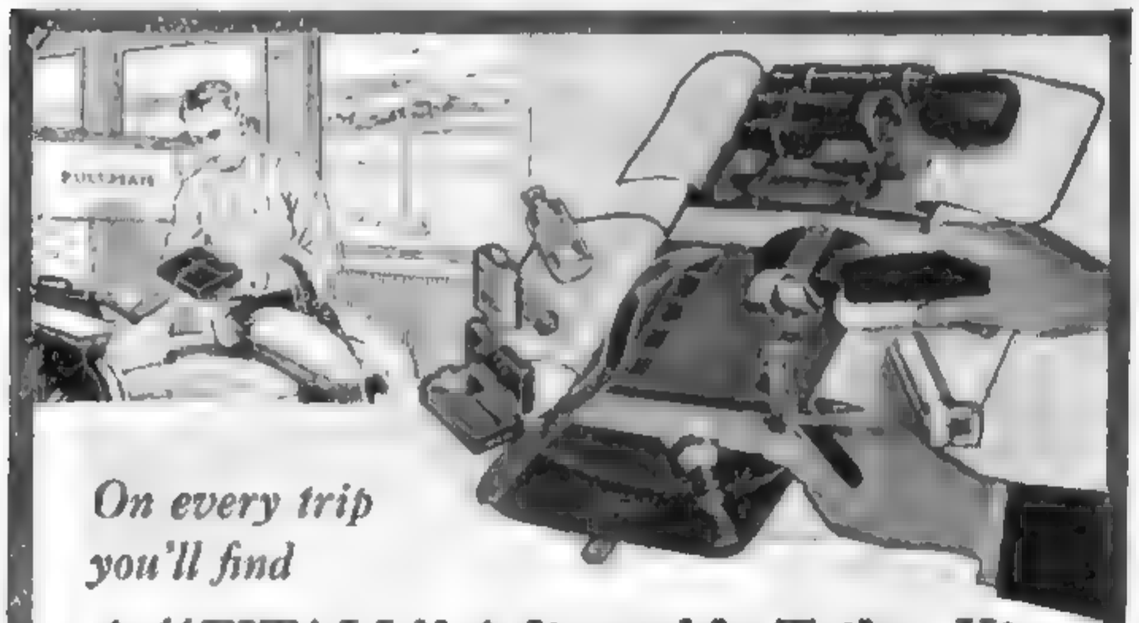

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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

never change this solid fact. If this is false, then there is no medicine, no biology, no neurology.

"In this day women are perhaps the most avid pleasure and excitement hunters. It has been made clear that one excitement merely leads to a craving for another. There is no such thing as satisfying the love of pleasure as it exists to-day or the craving for stimulation and excitement. Thrills, suspenses, shocks and excitements stir up the glands. The unhealthy flow of hormone attacks the nerve centers, as already explained. Thus one spell of pleasure hunting and excitement starts our vicious circle going. In a little while the woman becomes excitement wild. She must have ever-increasing doses of external stimulation to answer the unhealthy stimulus within her endocrin system. Unless something happens to stop her she is soon emotionally sick. Her threshold is too low. She is actually mentally defective, though perhaps in too slight a degree to be marked in a race where real normality is so rare.

"For such a woman to bring children into the world may have the most serious consequences. Such a woman sacrifices to pleasure or egotism her true value and her noble function. Women cannot dodge the responsibility of motherhood without dooming the Western world to extinction, to early conquest at the hands of peoples we now deem barbarians. They cannot carry both their natural burden and the strain of the pace that kills. It may be there are exceptional women who can pour their energies into politics, suffrage, industry or pleasure and still bear normal children here and there, when they have time to spare from needless and perhaps vicious activities for their imperative duty. But such cases prove nothing.

"The offspring of these very women will suffer in some respect, and if this offspring continues in the path of the mother its children will be—I hesitate to think what—part of the uncontrollable defective population which is destined to drag our world down unless we take proper steps to prevent this catastrophe.

"Let me not, however, give the impression that women are to be charged with the whole of the trouble. They are most important because of their greater influence upon posterity. But the men and the children of to-day are playing their part in the general scramble and unhealthful mode of life that have undermined our nervous systems and brought an unsteady, volcanic world into being. We are all working, playing, living at a mad rate. We are all thrill chasers. We have lost the art of play. Instead of it we have athletics, many forms of which excite and strain the nervous system instead of resting and relieving it. We have forgotten the art of placidity, the noble qualities of refined idleness."

The Menace of the Moment

"The greatest menace of the moment is the disturber and agitator who would tear our world up by the roots and overturn it. He poses as a social thinker, as a champion of masses of mistreated people. In my opinion, this type of man or woman is always more or less defective mentally. He or she may be as brilliant and keen as they come, but there is in such people always unstable emotionalism. I wager that an analysis of their blood would show marked chemical disturbance. Their glands are not functioning properly; they are emotionally off balance. Their very fervor and passion indicate this to begin with. Such people are of course the very worst of leaders. Most of them are foments because of some personal wrong or are in rebellion against some personal restraint. The brother of Nikolai Lenine, the Russian revolutionary dictator, was hanged. Lenine himself was imprisoned and banished.

"Other radicals have found themselves unequal to the battle of life—unable to fight according to the rules laid down. They want to change the code for their own advantage. Still others are nervously unsuited to present conditions and they instinctively turn to revolt. And, finally, many agitators are genuinely affected by the woes of mankind. Where this feeling goes as far as to make its subject into a firebrand, we have the certain evidence of emotional unbalance, which is mental defectiveness.

"Our problem here is not so much the individual inciter to unrest or violence as the mass of our people. If we take care that the nation is not allowed to go too fast, to live abnormally, to chase shocks and so to upset its endocrins and nerves, the agitator will never have more than a handful to do his bidding. But our present pace will cause more and more men and women to become unstable and excitable. The result of this is likely to be revolution."

"And the remedy?" I asked.

"We must return to normality," said the physician. "We must slow down all round. I do not mean that industry must be halted, but more care must be taken to see that men and women are not overdriven. We must be certain that those who work hard by day repose at night. Men and women on whom the struggle for material things makes great demands must be taught composure and relaxation. Simple pleasures should be provided for them—rustication, resting.

"Our women must be persuaded that adventuring into the commercial, industrial and political worlds is bad for them and bad for the race. They must be convinced that the home and motherhood are more dignified and more rewarding than struggles and tawdry attainment or what is called independence. We must dignify and glorify the true functions of woman and surround them with privileges and honors such as they have not worn before. Only by this means can we counteract the tendency of women to desert their posts."

Put on the Brakes!

"Every means at our disposal must be used to keep people from the cities. It is a fact that every great city in the Western world is now crowded with those who are no more fit for urban life than for wings. They are not only unhappy and constantly in turmoil because city noises and strains are uncongenial to them but they serve no good purpose in the city. They had better be put on the farms and into the rural villages to produce the great necessities of life. Farming and essential production must be dignified and honored. Every effort must be made to render rustic life more pleasant and more rewarding.

"We must also look carefully to our pleasures. We must augment them. We must play more than ever. We must cultivate idleness. We do not need athletics so much, as many of its forms are straining and shocking to the nerves. The more quiet forms are to be preferred. A stroll in the country, an evening with a good book—these are the things. What can be more invigorating, soothing, pleasant than a day of angling by some quiet stream? We have got clean away from the old concepts of pleasure. Everything must rush and bustle nowadays. There must be a halt.

"It is a fact that we ought to slow down the speed of our automobiles. Touring is undoubtedly a beneficial pleasure, but too many of our people will not be satisfied with leisurely progress through the country and the enjoyment of Nature. They want to add the thrill of speed. When they drive automobiles or ride in them they are under constant tension. Nothing could be worse.

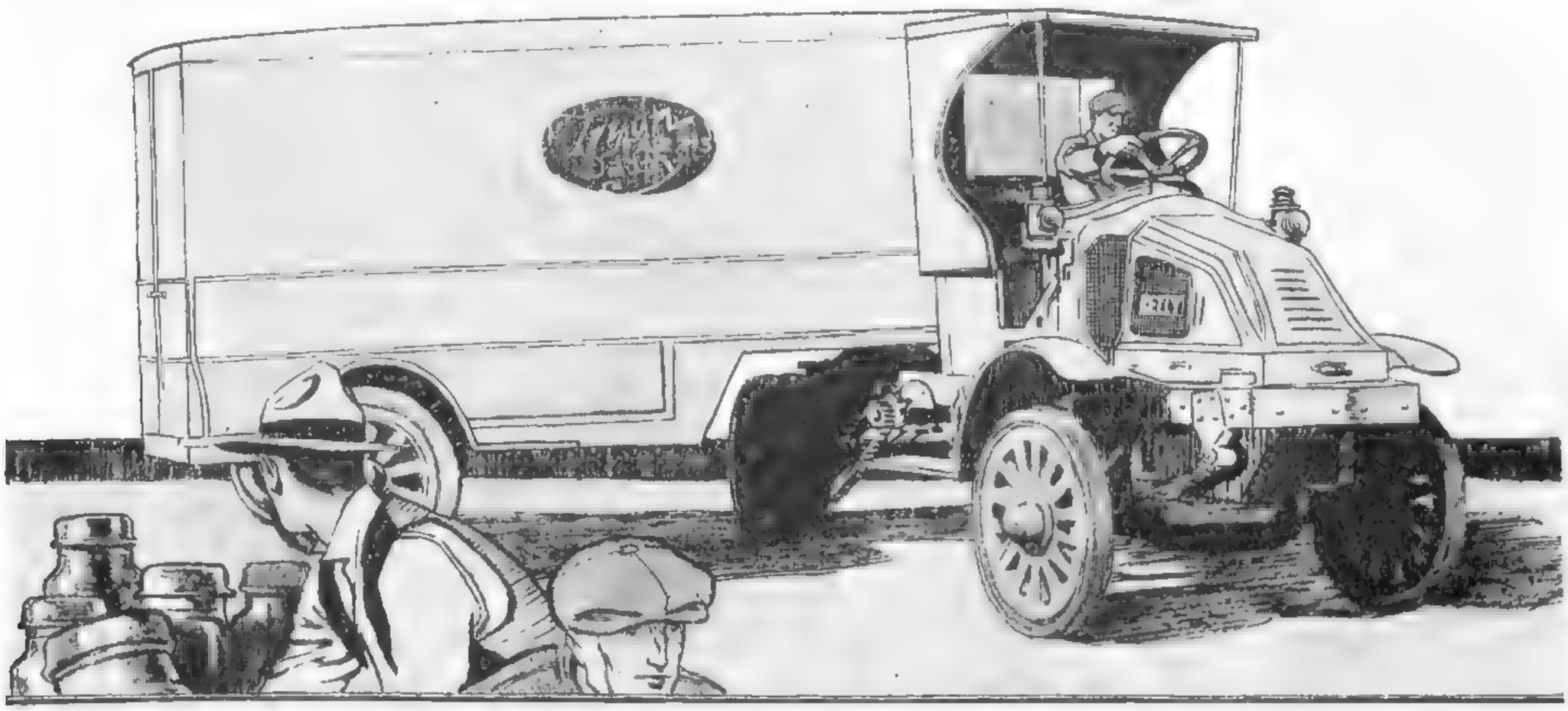
"I want to call attention here to the amusements now provided for our children and to say that the care of the nerves of the young is specially important. Gland and nervous derangements which begin in youth grow more serious in maturity. Likewise it is in youth that these maladies are most amenable to treatment.

"We may not realize it, but we are rearing a race of neurotic children to-day, and one of the great factors is our perverse idea of youthful pleasure. I speak specifically of moving-picture thrillers. These blood-and-thunder affairs so shock the delicate nerve centers of the young that trouble is bound to result. The first experience starts the vicious circle to work and the result is that the child craves more and more of these shockers.

"I advocate in the most serious way a rigorous censorship over motion pictures and the exclusion of children from most houses.

"To fight the radical problem we must buckle down to work and to sanity. We must discard the notion that everyone ought to drive himself to the utmost in the hope of achieving some paltry material success. Gains won at such cost only react on the winner and wreck him nervously and physically.

"Speaking generally, the whole Western world must put on the brakes unless it wants to wreck its vitality."



What the "Science of Motor Haulage" Means to You

UNLESS it can be expressed in terms of dollar savings, to you the "Science of Motor Haulage" is a mere jumble of words. With Kelly-Springfield, this science is more than an abstract study of the laws of motor haulage. It amounts to a practical application of those laws, with better and cheaper transportation as the goal.

In other words the "Science of Motor Haulage" is *one half* of Kelly Vocational Trucking. Not only do we accumulate and systematize the general truths of motor haulage, but we apply the lessons learned therefrom to the building and selling of Kelly Trucks.

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This picturesque pack-train of Llamas represents the past in the transportation history of the South American Continent. The General Tire is typical of its future efficiency.

Like their relations, the Camels, Llamas will go four or five days without water—and they will carry passengers and freight—but when they are weary they lie down—and nothing can move them until their loads are taken off.

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Built in Akron, Ohio, *by* The General Tire and Rubber Co.

THE GENERAL CORD TIRE

THE MAN WHO WAS NEVER KNOCKED OUT

(Continued from Page 19)

Izzy Polacki pondered the idea for some time. Instinct told him that there was a good deal in the point.

"How long would ya agree to stay?" he finally asked.

"Ten rounds—for one thousand dollars. Nothing if I lose."

"Cripes, Red! Ten rounds is an awful long time!"

"The first six is short," said Red. "The last four is eternity!"

"You've said a Sunday supplement. Plenty of men could get you in less than ten rounds. Why not make it six?"

"Because I always give the fans a run for their coin. Anybody who knows half what I do can stick along for six frames. Ten will be a regular show and nobody'll holler for rain checks."

"I'll tell the world you're a game old rooster," said Izzy admiringly. "And to show you I'm on the level I'll do better than you ask. If you last the distance—which take it from me you won't—I'll add ten per cent of the gate. If you're knocked out you get a hundred iron men for every round you last after the third."

Red Clancy rose to his feet with a sigh of relief and stuck out a huge paw.

"I always knew you was square, Izzy! That's why I come straight to you."

"I'm too square for my own good," declared the manager feelingly. "It's kept me a poor man!"

Which was not strictly accurate, though he almost made himself believe it was.

As a long hard course of training could only result in weakening Red at his age, it was agreed that the match should be made for the first open date at the Arena, which was just four weeks ahead.

The long and honorable record of Red Clancy prevented the sporting writers from poking more than good-natured fun at his return to the ring. The cartoonists could not resist making him a little fatter and balder than he actually was—though he was about as hairless as a door knob anyhow. One or two pictured him bearing an hourglass in one hand and in the other a championship belt that failed by about eighteen inches to clasp his generous girth. But right down the line the boys were fine to him. Old files were scoured for anecdotes of his heyday and he got more genuine free advertising than Izzy himself could have asked.

K. O. Kelly had offered no objections whatever. He was playing safe for the present, taking no chances while his match with the champion was pending. An easy proposition like this would keep him in condition and help out on current expenses. That there was anything unsportsmanlike in knocking out an old man who needed a little change so badly he was willing to stake his choicest possession for it did not even occur to him. He backed himself to win within six rounds and was perfectly confident that he could do it in three if he chose. Fifty-odd years old—fat—out of condition—and belonging to a school already looked upon as primitive in its technic! It was a cinch.

The Widow Clancy, beholding the cuts in the evening paper she read, was sorely aggrieved. As the sister-in-law of Red she had enjoyed a certain heartening prestige. But between the man who was never knocked out and the man who was knocked out once there is all the difference in the world! Not for a moment did she think he could win. She rather wondered how he had earned such a reputation at all. Familiarity had bred contempt. To her he was a kindly but clumsy old fellow. Had he ever come into her house intoxicated or plagued the children—which he never had—she would not have hesitated to put him out herself. In her heart she had always believed that her Mike could have licked him any time, as boy or man!

It was to his late brother's home that he came to live while preparing for the fight. He needed home cooking, for one thing—the dairy lunch will never compete with the training table, though it has its points as an obesity cure. Had faithful old Sligo been alive Red would have put himself unreservedly into his hands. But Sligo had been gone ten years and more.

About all a man of Red's age can do he could do for himself. There was nothing about the game he did not know inside out. He was in splendid shape, judged by the standard of a life-insurance examiner; heart sound, muscles flexible, eyesight perfect, wind good. A year's training would not bring him to that point where he could hope to be a real contender against any second-rate young boxer. All that he could do was to fit himself to hang on for dear life during thirty minutes of slugging in three-minute doses.

The Clancys lived close to the bracing Atlantic. Into it twice a day Red plunged, swimming against the strong tide rip. There is no better exercise for the wind, not to consider the tonic of its salt and iodine laden air. In the barn he set up a punching bag. He jogged for miles along the beach in the warm sun, wearing a couple of sweaters. The only boxing he did was with the young lads at the village Y. gymnasium. To them he seemed a superman, whose glove-incased hand moved faster than their eyes and whose old bald head was never where it ought to be when they swung for it.

There was one secret rite connected with this head which he followed as faithfully as any other training detail. Every night he carefully oiled it and polished it with a silk handkerchief until it shone like a heliograph in the sun.

The approach of the fateful night found him perfectly satisfied that he had done all possible to put himself into shape. He hadn't taken off more than ten pounds, but he had cultivated a neat belt of hard muscle over the mark, that abdominal pitfall which has brought many a stout champion to his knees. His wind, never at all bad, was much better, and he had boxed enough to get back his judgment of distance. Had he gone to a city gym, a lot of fresh young chaps would have sweat off too much flesh and drained his vitality in the process and would have tried in a month to make him unlearn all that thirty-odd years had taught him about boxing. As a result he would have been weak, nervous and confused. His only trouble now was to avoid the seductions of Mrs. Clancy's table!

On the night of battle K. O. Kelly rode to the Arena in a twin-six limousine. Two strutting bell hops carried his suitcase between them from the hotel lobby to the car, whose door was opened by a uniformed starter as big as a white hope. Three satellites entered with him and an admiring crowd sped him on his way.

Red Clancy rode up from the South Terminal in a surface car and attracted no attention save from one flippant stenographer who on wedging her fur-coated young person beside him remarked that "some old parties oughta pay two fares, the room they take up!"

Clancy did not hear her, his thoughts busy with other nights, when from Billy Parks' or Jim Early's place a roaring crowd had escorted him forth to the waiting hack with its matched pair of bays, and shiny top hats emphasized the ruddy jowls of the best and biggest-hearted fellows in the world!

He slipped quietly into the side entrance of the Arena and headed for the dressing rooms in the familiar labyrinth of tanbark, iron girders and crossbeams supporting the tiers of seats.

Not entirely forgotten, at that. For as he rounded a dim corner a bent black figure emerged and thrust something into his hand. It was old Hannibal, call boy of the Arena for so many generations that the mind of man ran not to the contrary. Nobody knew his age; but he had turned gray both of hair and face. He might be eighty, or a hundred. He knew as little about it as anybody.

"Lookee, Mistah Red! I done fotch mah rabbit foot foh you-all. Done tote it mahse'f sence de big wind!"

Red smiled gratefully and thrust the rag of moth-eaten fur into his pocket.

"Thanky, Hannibal! We old-timers die hard, huh?"

Hannibal grinned broadly, showing, alas, but the ruins of once notable ivory.

"Sure do, Mistah Red! Sure do! I knows you-all can show up dis Kelly pusson proper. Jes' tote de ole rabbit foot inside yo' lef' mitt. It's done got cunjur in it!"

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In the swamp lands of Florida, through winding channels bordered by sharp-toothed saw grass and sunken cypress roots, naturalists and reclamation engineers find the Evinrude a great aid to water travel.

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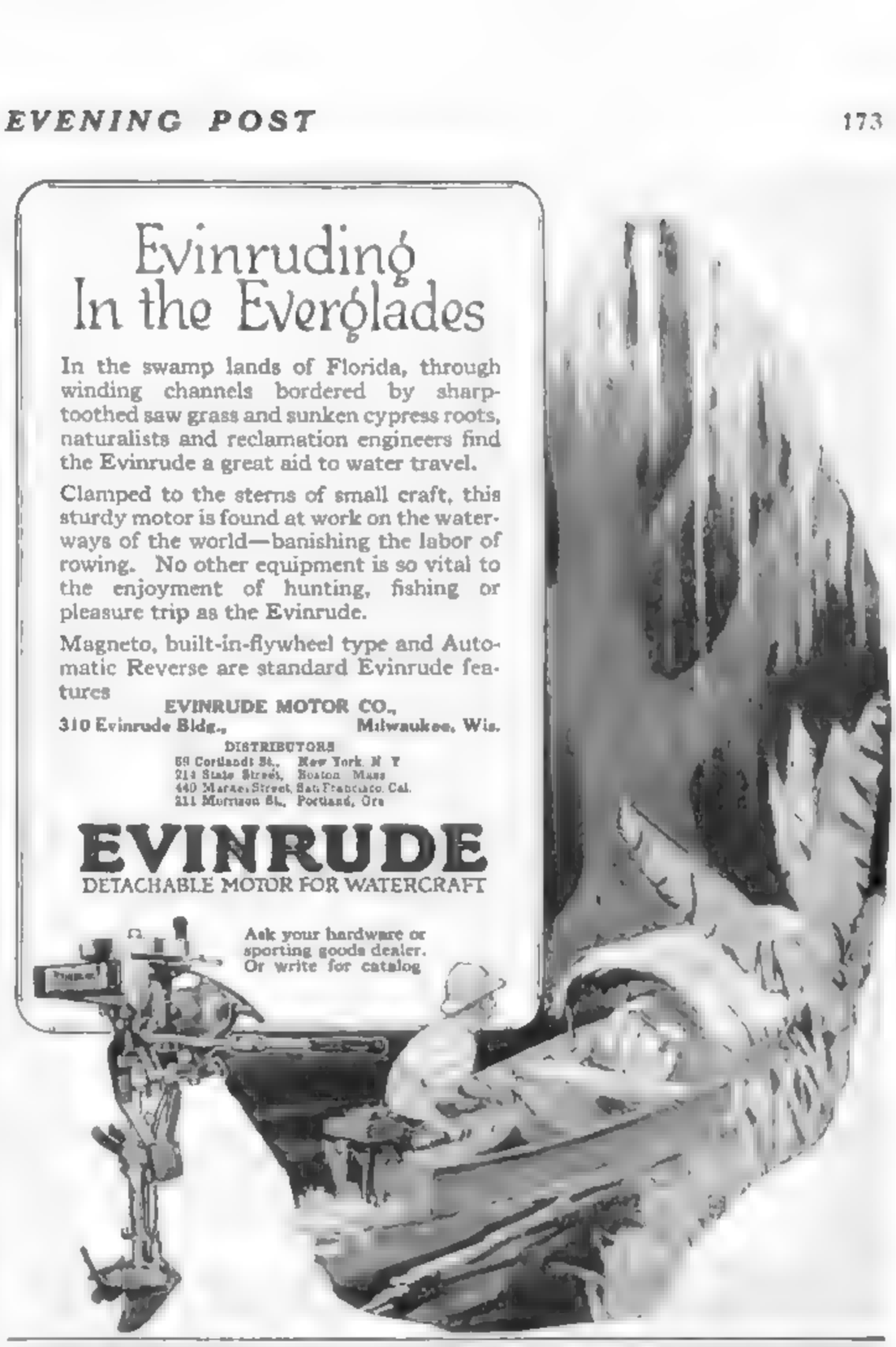

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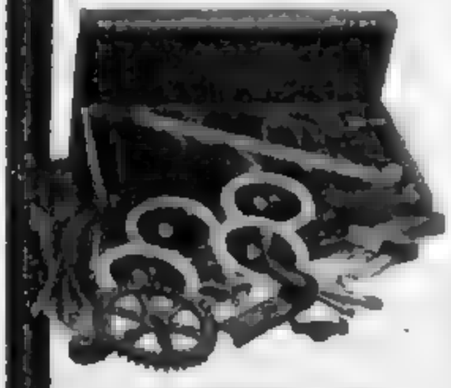

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GILBERT TOYS

Red passed on, warmed by this faint echo of the past. Hannibal, old even then, had called his turn the night he had beaten the Whitechapel Slasher here, twenty-eight years ago.

He found his quarters, the bare wooden cell with its rattan couch, cracked mirror and row of rusty iron hooks. He leisurely unlaced his shoes, removed his collar, hung up coat, vest and hat and threw himself upon the couch. Hurried steps pattered up and down outside his door. He heard the first pair of prelim. fighters called, and a moment later the dull roar of stamping feet, shouts and whistles from above told him they had clambered into the ring. Then his door opened and Izzy Polacki entered.

"Well, you're lookin' fine and hearty," he breezed. "There's a good house here—no papering. All paid admissions. The press boys used you fine, didn't they? An' they're here to-night ready to let you down as easy as they can."

He laughed at his own humor.

"I got a couple of nice quiet lads for your corner, Red. Told 'em on their lives not to give you no advice. Just to work over ya and keep their traps shut. That right?"

"Sure," said Red. "I don't want any green hands tellin' me things I learned before they was weaned. When'll I go on?"

"I'll have Hannibal call you soon as K. O. leaves his room. He'll prob'ly figger on stallin' and keepin' you waitin' in the ring for fifteen or twenty minutes. Nothin' doin'! It'll likely be about nine-thirty when your bout's called. The handlers will see you before then. Anything you want?"

"Not a thing, Izzy. I'm just going to take a snooze wrapped up in my bath robe. I can get into my togs in three minutes."

"Sure they'll fit?"

"Yeah. Mike's wife let 'em out for me. Got my old shoes all fixed up too. I'm all set. Just you take my watch and roll to your safe."

He handed them over to the manager and five minutes later was peacefully dozing, his senses lulled by the old unforgetable aroma of the ring, a blend of tobacco, liniment and sweat-soaked leather.

It was an hour later that the two handlers knocked on his door and prepared to massage him. They were hangers-on at the Arena Club, rangy youngsters with ambitions of some day performing in the ring themselves. Meanwhile they acted as rubbers and bottle carriers and did odd jobs for Polacki. They got to know most of the boxers of the day and studied them in action. Sometimes they got a chance to put on the gloves with some of them. Many champions have trodden the same path.

They looked curiously at the massive old fellow extended upon the couch. His glittering bald head was what especially held their eyes. The rest of him was well covered with his faded bath robe.

Red sat up and greeted them affably, throwing aside his robe and preparing to change into tights. As he peeled off his garments one by one, his great smooth muscles, broad chest and sinewy legs were revealed. For fifteen minutes, with considerable skill, the boys massaged arms and legs, kneading the muscles, doubling and extending the limbs, moving each separate bone and joint. There was no stiffness apparent.

The rubbers departed and a few minutes later old Hannibal stuck his grizzled head inside with a toothless grin.

"Dat Kelly pusson, he done got tired waitin' an' is started foh de ring," he announced. "Golly, Mistah Red, savin' yo' haid, yo' looks same as when yo' fought dat Whitechapel man. Is yo' got mah rabbit foot by yo'?"

Red laughed and patted his bath robe pocket.

The old negro nodded with satisfaction.

"It never done failed me yit in mo'n thutty yeahs. Dis way, boss! But ah reckons you knows it in de dark."

He approached mysteriously, glancing about for eavesdroppers. Putting his lips close to Red's ear—the cauliflowered one—he whispered: "Ah got ten dollars on you-all, mistah man!"

It was a good house, as Manager Polacki had said. The ringside seats alone, those choice close-up chairs whose holders see every little byplay of the game, hear the laboring breath of the hard pressed, note the fateful quivering of the thighs which is the very first premonition of defeat, feel at times the very drops of blood spattering warmly from lacerated flesh—these were empty. Ever since prohibition had come these seats had held but a scattered handful. The old plunging, roaring, wine-buying sports represented in ancient English prints by beefy top-hatted gentry clinging to the ropes during a contest and in our own time by those in the ringside section were no more. They had disappeared as completely and mysteriously as certain races have vanished from earth, to the bewilderment of scientists and historians.

The rest of the Arena showed few vacant places. The galleries were packed. Izzy Polacki had put on a strong card and the main bout by its novelty had caught the popular fancy. Few of those present had ever knowingly beheld Red Clancy; but, thanks to the sport writers, they had heard all about him, those who had never looked up his record. It was a young crowd; K. O. Kelly was the god of the hour. Most of them had bet on how long the old man would last. The cartoons had made his general features familiar to them. Kelly had already received his ovation. When Red Clancy climbed through the ropes a yell of delight shook the circular structure of brick and iron.

There was nothing malicious about it. They were pleased, like so many children, to find that he looked just like his pictures; that was all. In particular, his bald dome glittered like a lighthouse. They shouted "Foxy grandpa!" at him. And one thin and penetrating voice from a top gallery christened him "Methusalem!" Others asked him if he'd brought along his scythe.

Unmoved by it all, paying no attention to it, in fact, Clancy looked with interest upon his opponent, whom he had never seen. He was a beefy young chap with very black thick hair growing low on his forehead. His eyebrows were bushy and joined in one straight line. He had a round, cannon-ball head, wide shoulders, unusually long arms. He grinned superciliously at Red and remarked audibly to his trainer that he hoped he didn't get pinched for murder!

Nick Scully, one of the Arena staff, was the referee. He called the men to the center of the ring for instructions. They shook hands and returned to their corners. Scully then cleared his throat and turned to the audience.

"Gen'l'men!" he howled. "In this corner, Knockout Kelly, who has challenged the holder of the middleweight championship of the wor-rld!"

When the tumult died down sufficiently: "In this corner, Red Clancy, the man who was never knocked out!"

A generous applause, mingled with some laughter and catcalls, was given him as he rose and bowed.

An instant later both men shed their bath robes and appeared in the surprisingly scant attire of the ring. Kelly wore an American flag about his waist. Clancy wore the faded old green silk he had always appeared in. Their seconds began to lace on the new gloves, working the horsehair away from their knuckles.

Red's big frame carried his weight well. He looked amazingly big and muscular. With a good crop of hair he would have passed as a young man. Expressions of admiration were freely uttered at his barrel of a chest, the rippling muscles down his back, the strength of his legs. He was tanned a rich red-brown by his seashore work. Kelly, who had done his conditioning in a city gym, looked very white in the arc light.

The gong sounded and the men rose, met in the center of the ring and perfunctorily touched gloves. It had been in Kelly's mind to extend his hand and, instead of touching his opponent's glove, whip in an unexpected and disconcerting blow to the face. But a glance at Red's steady eye showed him that his intent was known to the old scholar, and he laughed and jumped lightly away.

In their seats the men had appeared well matched. It almost seemed as if Red had the advantage. His physique was much superior and in his prime he must have been an infinitely more powerful and aggressive fighter. But once on their feet a different story was told. Youth will be served! Kelly was as light and springy as new Pará rubber and the young muscles beneath his skin moved as resiliently. The old man stood square, moved a little heavily. Plenty of power—but no speed. He seemed as cool as ice, and the great pistons that had wrought such havoc for thirty years and more stole in and out, softly,

(Continued on Page 177)

Chemical tests of rubber in Habirshaw Research Laboratories

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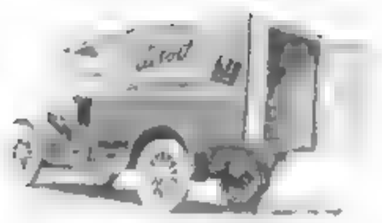
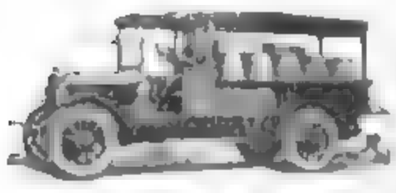
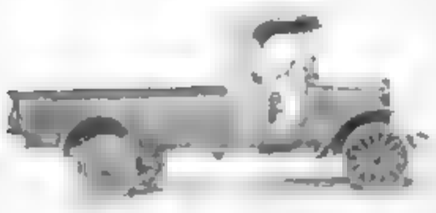


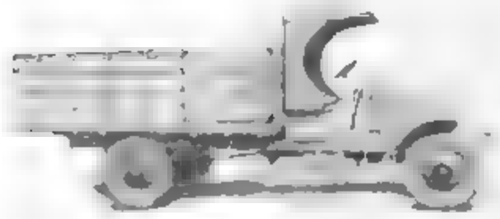
¼-Ton



1-Ton



1½-Ton



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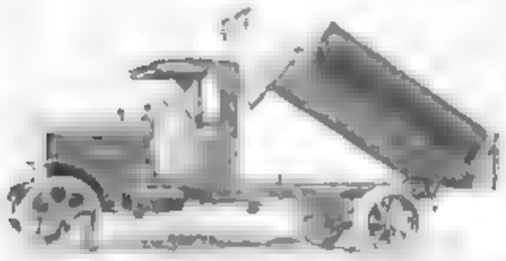

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Every dollar invested in a Stewart is a working, earning dollar. Stewarts pay profits to owners. Today more than a million dollars a month is being paid for them throughout the United States and in 38 foreign countries.

Factory output has been more than doubled this year. Production keeps pace with demand. There is a Stewart for every need of business. Made in six capacities.

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION
BUFFALO, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 174)

dangerously, the huge knots of muscle about the elbows, the thick bulging forearms making his biceps seem almost slender by comparison.

Red was indeed entirely at ease. He knew perfectly well that Kelly would not try to knock him out for three or four rounds at least. He would seek to tire him, to worry him, inveigle him into chasing him about the ring, get him to breathing hard. His older, stiffer lungs could not weather the tobacco-laden air as long as Kelly's could; the longer the affair lasted the weaker he was bound to grow. About the fourth round Kelly would begin to go after him in earnest. Well—he didn't have to knock Kelly out! The boy must come to him. Oblivious of the jeers, the ribald urging of the fans, Red continued to follow the other slowly round, always facing him squarely, unmoved by his feints, side steps, sudden threats or the outthrust chin tempting the old man to put all he had into a wild smash.

The round ended without a blow having been struck.

The second was exactly like the first. Red was not even breathing as hard as K. O., whose efforts to make him exert himself had proved to be a boomerang.

The crowd was good-natured on the whole, because of the peculiar nature of the contest. They realized that the old man would merely try to stick along, and nobody blamed him. When he got ready the young one would put him out. A few, who had rashly bet he would do the trick inside of three rounds, began to curse and yell for action as the boxers came up for the third session.

Kelly, seeing that his opponent was too cool and wary to be tricked into taking the offensive, realized that he must begin to weaken him by actual blows. So he changed the tactics. After what the reporters chronicled as a series of brilliant feints, but which were as legible to Clancy as newspaper scare heads, he shifted and drove his left to the pit of the stomach.

One of those leisurely pistons, moving slightly and almost lazily, swept the arm aside as one might brush off a fly; the other snapped out and up and rocked Kelly's head on his shoulders. A thin trickle of blood crept down the side of his chin.

The crowd, rising as it has from the days of the Roman Circus to the first sight of blood, rendered tribute to Red's craft. Kelly learned then that, slow as he might be on his feet, the old lightninglike speed was still there when he was within arm's length. He was angry and the blow smarted. Without getting his bearings he laced out wildly with right and left for the head; and in return got another and harder smash between the eyes. He was wise enough then to fall into a clinch until he had winked the tears out of his eyes and blown his nose smartly. Nothing further marked the third round.

Red's thoughts as he sat behind the flapping towel of his handler were of Mike's wife and the kids and the fact that the bout was almost a third over and his heart not yet skipping a beat.

K. O. Kelly was no green boy at the game. He had everything: strength, courage, speed and the experience of a score of hard fights. He had backed himself to put away this old ghost of bygone days inside of six rounds. Half of that number had gone and he had not even made an impression on him. He prepared to give all he had.

It is a perfectly well-known fact that a purely defensive game rarely wins. This is true in war, love, chess, tennis or boxing. The things that K. O. did to Red during the following six rounds are a vital part of this story, but add nothing to it by being detailed. After all, Clancy was past fifty-two. Toe to toe, swapping punches, he could still have put the younger man away. But his arteries were a little stiffer, his feet a good deal slower, his very brain less active. He had a burdensome weight to carry and for the past three or four rounds had been breathing heavily through his mouth.

Not that it was all one-sided. Kelly had not gone unscathed by any means. And the thing that had bothered him most of all had been that gleaming, glittering bald dome! Try as he would, he could not keep his eyes from wandering to it as it shimmered in the powerful overhead reflector. Whenever his gaze wavered toward it Red had whipped in one of those short-arm jolts to his jaw or wind. When, in rage, he swung at it, his blows glanced off and hurt only his own knuckles. The frenzied yells of the house as round after round wore on with the old man still lasting through stimulated Kelly fairly to outdo himself. On Red, who had heard them so many years, they had no effect at all.

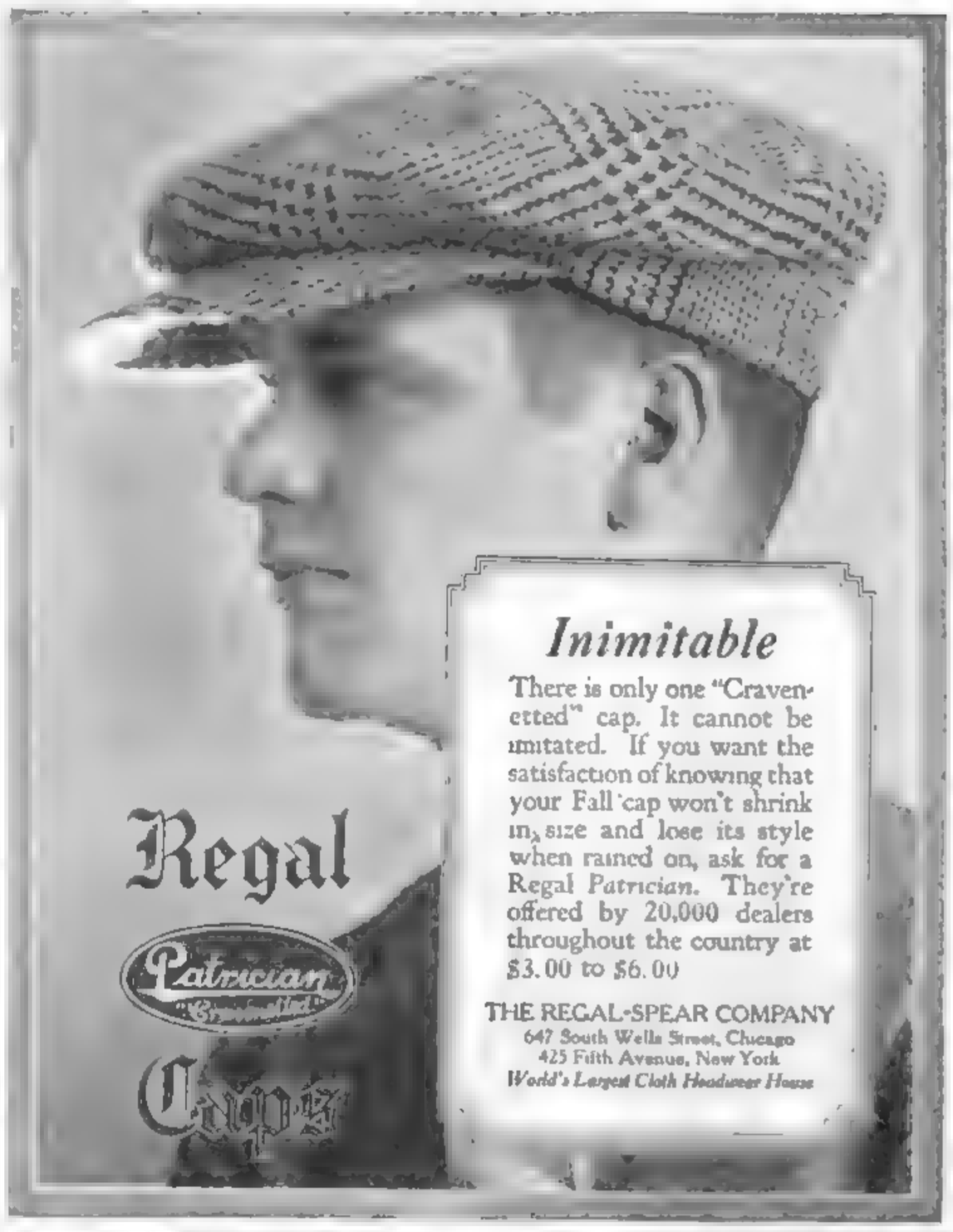
Now as he made his way groggily and instinctively to his corner at the end of the ninth he was a beaten man. Beaten to the point where he did not even care to stick through one last period to win that thousand; to the point where he ceased to remember why he was there at all. Flesh and spirit, he was numb. Not cowed; but in that curious condition wherein a man may be virtually knocked out, yet still keep his feet and go subconsciously through the old familiar gestures of offense and defense. And Kelly knew that he was beaten and heaved a gusty sigh of relief. A tough old bird he had been! Must have been a regular he-man in his day.

As he slumped onto the stool which had been whisked into the ring with the first sound of the bell, Red's handlers, who knew as well as anyone that their man was all through, nevertheless continued their ministrations. They sponged his face, stuck a slice of lemon into his swollen mouth, extended his shaking arms along the ropes, stirred the evil air with a great towel, pinched and rubbed his old legs.

It was then, in the brief and final rest before he rose to take his medicine, that Red's eyes, gazing vacantly out over the house, beheld a strange thing. Unnoticed by him, that circle of empty chairs, the ringside section, was no longer empty. The chairs were filled to the last one! His eyes dilated as he recognized their occupants.

There was Honest Jim Foley, his great shoulders looking wider yet in a loud checked suit, his diamond horseshoe glittering, his ferocious mustache uplifted. There was Sheeny Goldberg, his pale intelligent face like a mask, dark eyes fixed upon Red. John White, squarest of referees, sat beside him. And Billy Parks, his countenance redder than one of his own boiled lobsters, with Shiftless Hines, the world's champion eater of raws.

The face of many another he had known in the old days leaped out at him; faces of men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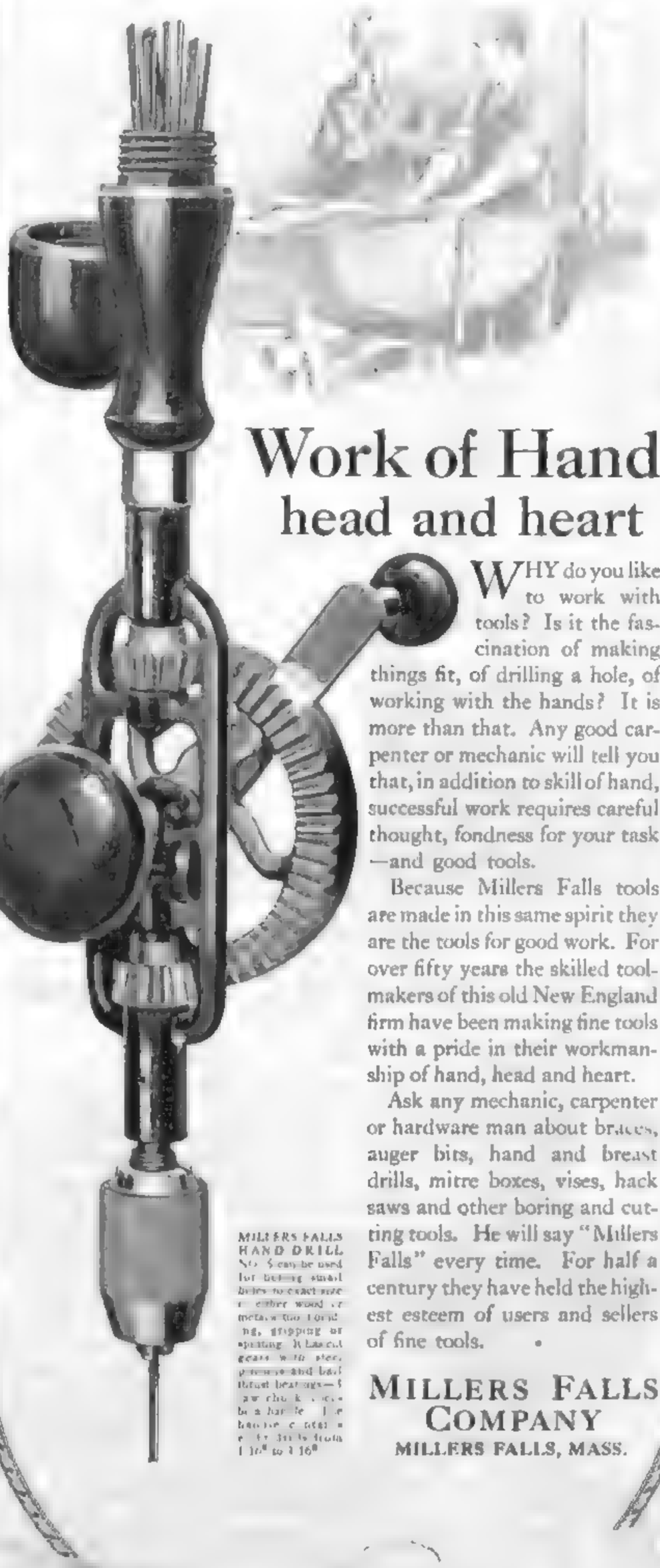

Work of Hand head and heart

WHY do you like to work with tools? Is it the fascination of making things fit, of drilling a hole, of working with the hands? It is more than that. Any good carpenter or mechanic will tell you that, in addition to skill of hand, successful work requires careful thought, fondness for your task—and good tools.

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MILLERS FALLS COMPANY
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MILLERS FALLS TOOLS

beside whose deathbeds he had watched, men whose requiem masses he had attended, men he had loaned money to, and borrowed from, and fought and feasted with, and loved, and who had always turned out in a body to root for him and to back him to the limit!

In his dazed condition it didn't seem strange to him at the moment that they should be there; but their silence puzzled him.

They fixed him with a sorrowful and concentrated gaze, but uttered no sound. In sporty clothes, in dress suits, some of them in seedy cast-offs, but all silent and motionless.

Suddenly it burst upon him like a flame. They were disappointed in him! He wasn't making good! For the very first time they were seeing him quit cold!

A slight sound caused him to turn his head. By his side, dragging the well-remembered green wooden pail, old Sligo was clambering over the ropes. Old Sligo—whose funeral expenses he had paid in full! With twenty hacks and no end of flowers and a decent stone at the head of his grave.

Sligo opened his mouth in a reassuring grin. He set down his pail, unnoted by Red's two handlers, and laid a skinny hand upon his shoulder. His lips almost touched his ear.

"They can't knock ya out, Red!" he croaked.

Then the bell jangled, the handlers disappeared with their paraphernalia like jumping jacks and Red advanced for the tenth and final round.

Nothing warned K. O. Kelly that it was not the same Red he had sent staggering to his corner a minute before and who was now returning with the dirt and blood sponged from his face but otherwise unchanged.

He is in no way to be blamed. He could know nothing of that vast reservoir into whose black and bitter waters we dip our bucket in our last extremity. He could not see that silent, watchful ringside crowd, nor dream that from its collective stare there flowed into Red Clancy's brain and heart and arteries and nerves a life stream of will power and energy. He did sense something odd in Red's eye, something peculiar in the thrust of his jaw as he slowly advanced, where Kelly had expected him to stand still and cover up.

He feinted for Red's body and, as his arms dropped an inch or so, put all he had into a left swing for the jaw. Red made no effort to avoid it save by turning his head a very little; and K. O.'s glove skated over that scintillating bald surface and caromed off into space. But Red's own left seemed to sink into Kelly's midriff almost up to the wrist.

His face twisted with the pain. He had not trained too hard for this go; it had not seemed necessary. He was in prime condition, but lacked that armor plate of solid muscle at vital points like the solar plexus. The breath was driven from his body; for a second or two he was paralyzed.

Red was all over him in an instant following up with a wicked jab to the nose, and a return to what the old writers used to term the bread basket.

There was no great steam to these punches; had there been Kelly would have taken the count then and there. But they hurt and they gave him no time at all to recover. He tried to fall into a clinch and nearly got his head knocked off. In the end he was actually forced to take to his legs and run away. Red tried to corner him, but was too slow.

And now from the ringside rose a babel of voices. Honest Jim Foley stood on his chair pounding poor little Sheeny Goldberg and yelling like an Indian. Silk hats shot into the air or were ruthlessly telescoped over their wearers' luckless heads. Billy Parks seemed about to die in a fit.

"They can't knock ya out, Red! They can't! They can't!"

Over and over they repeated it, till it seemed as if they would drown the sound of the gong which found Kelly, his youthful vitality quickly restored, swapping blow for blow with Red Clancy in the middle of the ring!

Considering all of which, it is a singular fact that the great demonstration was ignored by all the newspapers.

To quote Ben Hur, who in his column in the Post next morning gave as good a write-up as any of them:

"The astonishment of the vast crowd was so complete that as Red Clancy clambered unassisted over the ropes and through the empty ringside seats after his remarkable exhibition of gameness absolute silence reigned. Not a solitary cheer greeted the man who was never knocked out."

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Rudolph Schultz."

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"JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER."